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Fairfax, September 2d, 1871

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The Nautilus

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Terms 2 Dollars per Annum

Motto

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Editors 1st William H. Shepard 2 & 3rd
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Fairfax Oct 15th 1851

Greatness: I procure a man a
comb but goodness alone discovers
an [illegible]

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THE NAUTILUS.

Fairfax Feb 25th 1858

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"Semper nitens"

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In the worlds broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life
Be not like dumb driven cattle
Be a hero in the strife (Longfellow)

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Vol. II. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1869. No. 13.

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Off the Cape.

CHAP. I.

"MAINTOP!" shouted the captain of our little privat-er, as he ran his eye up rapidly to where the look-out sat on his lofty perch.

The man turned, but his answer was lost in the shrill, sharp whistling of the gale.

"Keep a sharp lookout to windward!" again thundered my uncle.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came faintly down.

"It's a hurricane of a blow, Dick. I shouldn't wonder if it brings the frigate down upon us; how the old storm howls around the Cape! Did you ever before see a sight like that?" said my uncle, as, stopping suddenly, he pointed over the weather-quarter, toward the murky horizon.

We were rounding the Cape. The wind for two days had been increasing, until it now blew such a hurricane as even in that stormy latitude is rarely seen.

The night before, young as I was, I had watched the sun go gloomily down; and as I saw the long waves, which seemed to run a quarter of a mile, sweep against the frowning horizon, I had stood more proudly on our little quarter-deck, that I had gazed on a scene so awfully sublime.

Now however, the scene was changed. The morning was just breaking, and all was dim. There was no longer the magnificent horizon of a stormy sea, stretching in awful grandeur around us, but the morning mists curtained all from our sight, and we could see nothing but the waves, whitening on our quarter, and the spray driving into the thick darkness ahead—into which we as rapidly followed. The brig had labored so uneasily in the night, that she had been put before the wind and was now scudding along with the tempest at a frightful rate. The darkness, the uncertainty, and most of all, the anxious look on my uncle's face, stirred a strange and new feeling in me; it was something akin to fear.

"A sail!" suddenly sung the lookout, at the maintop.

"A sail!" came hoarsely sweeping from the foreyard.

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Off the Cape.

CHAP II.

She was rapidly, however, falling away into the mist, and I began, with a fearful feeling, to think of myself. In the hurry and confusion which, I knew, must result, I had little chance of being missed, and I was now floating on the ocean with nothing but a frail spar for my support. The velocity with which I was urged through the water surprised me, but another wave dashed over me, and I rose again drenched, to the surface. Shaking the spray off, I looked up and saw that I had grasped what was apparently a broken spar from the frigate, to which, by its hamper, it was still attached. The hope which had died in my breast revived, and I shouted aloud. But all this had not occupied a minute.

"Keep her to it, quartermaster; we can do nothing with the Yankee in such a gale, and our fore-topsail-yard gone," muttered the officer of the deck. "Away, there," he sang out in a louder tone; "hurry up that spar—send the carpenter aft!" and then came the quick hurrying of feet overhead.

I was hurried along, buried in the foam, and dragged with the spar almost under the vast hull of the frigate. Consequently I was not discernible from the deck. I saw this, and shouted again, for it was my only hope. They did not hear me.

I could feel that the cordage which kept the spar to the frigate was slowly loosening, and at every surge I fell further toward her stern. I renewed my shouts in a voice of alarm.

"Cut away that hamper!" exclaimed, angrily, the officer of the deck.

"Oh mercy!" I cried, in frightful desperation; "cut me not loose – hilloo!"

My impotent cries were echoed from the overhanging side of the frigate, or lost in the loud roaring of the gale, and in an instant, with a quick jerk, I was cast loose, a wave surged over me, and when I again rose to the surface I was far astern of the rapidly-receding man-of-war. I shouted again, but it was in vain. The loud splashing of the waters easily drowned my feeble voice.

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Off the Cape.

CHAP. III.

I knew now the storm was lulling. I felt a new life within me. But a moment before, in that calm resignation, which the certainty of our fate, however dreadful, brings upon us, I had gazed almost with apathy upon her; but now, as if by magic, my whole nature changed, the stony disregard was gone, hope and fear ebbed in my heart, and a thousand stormy feelings rushed tumultuously through my soul. I clutched my spar, and strained my eyes upon the brig, trembling lest I should have deceived myself. The surges still washed over me, but I gazed, dripping, on that distant beacon-ship. Once or twice she swerved a little from her course, and I held my breath a little till she wore round again. It was a half hour of thrilling suspense.

Down at last she came. She was not more than two cables' length distant and with but one sail set, and every rope cracking again, the spray at intervals sweeping far away by her, and at intervals burying her hull in a thick, white mist, she came careering over the giant billows with the velocity of a race-horse. It was plain, however, I was not seen.

I shouted with all my might, but my puny voice went unheard down the gale. I had nothing to raise as a signal—how then could I attract attention? I knew too, the difficulty with which such a small object as my spar and myself could be seen in such a gale, and my late towering hopes at the thought perished in the bud. But a few minutes would decide my fate.

All at once I heard, faintly, the tap of the drum. They had at length missed me, and were beating to quarters to make it sure. The brig was nearly upon me, and would shoot by, perhaps forever. There was no time to be lost; I roused up my chilled faculties and shouted with all my strength.

"Foretop, there, do you see anything of him?" thundered a well-known voice.

"No, sir," came mournfully down the gale.

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I WOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN.

CHAP. I.

I do not care to remember how many years it is since the stage-coach set me down at the door of Dr. Bloxam's school with my two boxes. I know that I was a poor trembling little lad, cold and cramped with my long journey, and miserable at leaving home for the first time. I was thankful to be permitted to go up stairs, and creep into bed in the large resounding sleeping-room, whither several of my school-fellows presently followed me. But I am not going to dwell upon the early days of my school-life; I pass on to the time,—some six years later,—when I had come to be one of the older boys in the sixth form.

Hillbrow Hall faced the high road in front; but on the north side of its extensive buildings there was a precipitous descent towards the Darkwater, a tidal river which flowed beneath. Several of the dormitories were built almost on the verge of this descent; but only the boys in the higher classes were placed in these rooms, as it was not considered safe enough for the younger ones. In the rear of the school-house there was a narrow lane, which rose from the banks of the Darkwater to the summit of the hill at the back of the house, and then descended on the right towards the lower parts of the town.

During the summer months the older boys were allowed to go down to the river before breakfast to bathe, provided they were back in time for morning school. Tony Brice, a boatman and an experienced swimmer, was always in attendance at that time, as a security against accidents. The proper way down to the water-side was across the play-ground, through the garden, and along the lane turning to the left. This, however, was rather a long way round; and so the favorite method of descent was a winding pathway, which led down the face of the precipice to the water's edge. There was no real danger in this descent in broad daylight, and with proper caution; but it would have been a fearful risk to attempt it in the dark, or even in twilight.

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I WOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN.

CHAP. II.

AMONGST the day boarders who attended our school was a boy named John Braudon. He was universally known by the name of Jack. His father was a surgeon residing in the town, who had an excellent practice, and was extremely popular. Jack was intended for his father's profession, and was already beginning to learn it. It was his great delight to hold the patient's head whilst a tooth was being extracted. He was perfectly unmoved when witnessing the most excruciating agonies; not from any innate cruelty of disposition, but simply because he was himself almost insensible to pain. His father used to say, that he would have made a subject of his own hand or arm, rather than go without. And this was not altogether such an exaggeration as it would seem; for he had during several weeks an open wound in his leg, brought on by an accident, which caused intense suffering every time it was dressed; and yet he endured the oft-repeated torture without the quiver of a muscle. This young enthusiast had an old lumber-room at the top of his father's house, which he used to call The Museum; and thither he had conveyed, from time to time, a collection of the strangest odds and ends that were ever brought together in the same apartment.

The doctor's equanimity would have been seriously disturbed if, by any chance, he had ever crossed its threshold, and witnessed its wild disorder. A deal table near the window was covered with worn-out surgical instruments, which it was Jack's delight to sharpen for his own private anatomical studies. A tourniquet, carefully cobbled by his own hands, was his favorite; and it afforded him great pleasure to try it on any of his friends,—who would submit to the infliction; and in default of an accommodating patient, he would fasten it upon his own limbs, and screw it up to the utmost pitch of endurance. The skeleton of a cat grinned at the skeleton of a monkey on a shelf opposite the door; and he was fond of them exceedingly. Bones of every descrip-

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I WOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN.

CHAP. III.

THEIR preparations were soon completed. The hideous skull was so placed in the full light of the moon, supported by a bolster tied round a cricket-bat, and dressed in Thornton's night-gown, that it seemed as if it were sitting up in bed. When all was ready, Borlase came quietly down the stairs, and I went up to see what they had contrived. Although I knew what to expect, I was very much startled, as I entered the room just as St. Oswald's clock tolled nine o'clock from the adjacent tower. There was something that almost terrified me in the ghost-like creature which sat up in the bed staring at me, with the full light of the moon streaming in upon it through the window.

"I say, Thornton," I half remonstrated, I'm afraid this is too bad."

"Never mind," was his answer; "it is too late to think of that now. It will be such jolly fun."

And so we picked our way noiselessly down the stairs, cautiously descending step by step. Borlase, after a while, rang the bell, and presently we heard Mary coming along the passage, carrying the tray with our supper.

"That's right, Mary," said Thornton, "I'm awfully hungry. What time will the doctor be home to-night?"

"Not till late, Master Thornton. He left orders that you were to go to bed at ten o'clock."

"How jolly!" cried Thornton: "then we have nearly an hour. I say, Mary, you're a good creature! I wish you would go up into our room and fetch me a book you will find under my pillow."

"Yes, Master Thornton; but you had no business to put it there."

And off Mary tripped on her obliging errand; whilst we followed on tip-toe to the foot of the staircase. Presently we heard a most appalling shriek. The window of the room was thrown up with great violence, and a crash of broken glass was heard at the same moment. We all ran upstairs in the greatest alarm. The window was wide open, and the grinning wretch in Borlase's bed

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I WOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN.

CHAP. IV.

THAT miserable ten minutes of suspense! My mouth was parched, my head was burning hot, but I shivered with cold. Thornton sat as bloodless as a ghost. Boriase was silently crying, and I saw the drops trickle through his fingers and fall upon the fender. The doctor's door was opened, and cook came to us, saying, "The doctor wishes to speak to you."

"Jane," said Dr. Bloxam to the cook, as we entered, "go to Smithson at once, and tell him he must come up immediately, and he had better bring one of the other constables with him." "And now boys tell me all about this sad business."

We told him the whole story, just as it happened. He was very calm, allowing us to recount all the circumstances quite in our own way. He only interrupted us occasionally to ask a question or two. Much sooner than I could have thought it possible, Smithson arrived, and we had to tell all our story over again in his presence. He did not speak a word until we had finished: and then he proposed that we should go up-stairs with him whilst he inspected the room. He went to the window at once, and looked out into the moonlight night.

"If she jumped out of this window in her fright she'll be found down there," he said, pointing with his finger down the descent. "Couldn't have stopped herself." "Scarcely think she could have done anything so desperate." "If she went that way," still pointing downwards, as he peered into the gloom caused by the mists of the river, upon which the moon was shining, "she was mad when she did it, and she'll be dead now. Jim," he said to his subordinate, "get a lantern, and see if you can find anything down there."

Jim went and fetched a lantern, and presently appeared beneath the window. We watched him, as he searched about with his light close to the ground. He did not succeed in making any discovery which helped us at all in our anxious investigation. I think it was Thornton, who now whispered that he thought he saw

X-PN 4827

#16

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I WOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN.

CHAP. V.

IN order to account for Mary's reappearance safe and sound, it is necessary to remind the reader, that when we brought the skull Jack had lent us, Thornton concealed the bag in which it was contained under his bed. Mary found it there, as a matter of course, the next morning. We might have known this, if we had given the matter a thought, for it was very unlikely it would escape her quick eye. She wondered, when first she discovered it, what in the world we wanted with it. She scented mischief in a moment: but what particular kind of mischief we had on hand she could not imagine. She had no doubt, however, that she should be able to find out, if she kept her eyes open. And so it happened, that whilst Thornton and Borlase were up stairs dressing their phantom, Mary was perfectly aware of their doings, and actually enjoyed a private view of their handiwork. when we had all come down into the hall after everything had been made ready. Her own counterplot was promptly planned. With a semblance of the most perfect unconsciousness she answered our bell; and, when at Thornton's request, she went up stairs to fetch the book he had named, from under his pillow, she uttered the loud scream which had alarmed us so terribly; and then, running to the window, she threw it up. Her object in doing this was to render her temporary disappearance more unaccountable, as she had already arranged in her own mind a way of escaping our notice. One of the panes of glass was broken as she threw up the window, but this was an accident. At the same time her cap fell off, and a swirl of wind carried it beyond her reach. She concealed herself immediately, behind the door; and when we rushed into the room, and passed at once into the adjoining chamber, she quietly came out of her retreat, and slipped down the stairs, leaving the house by the door which opened into the play-ground. On she went by the garden-walk into the lane, intending to run down to her mother's house, which was not far distant, and remain there for half an hour, until she thought

X-PN 4827

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An Encounter with Pirates.

CHAP. I.

STRAIGHT as an arrow, slim to attenuation, with beetling brows, a clear, glittering gray eye, bushy, grayish red whiskers, with a head of bristling shock hair, and a voice as clear and ringing as the battle trumpets, such were the noticeable characteristics of Jared Longman, the fisherman of Mount Desert, an island off the coast of Maine, fifteen miles long, a dozen broad, and a population less than a thousand.

Jared owned a trim little schooner, of about a hundred tons burden, with which he generally went about once a year to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, after codfish. He was the proprietor of seven things upon which he delighted to boast, his wife Molly, his schooner Saucy Jack, and his five sons.

And he certainly was entitled to boast about the latter, for five finer young men in every respect could not have been found by searching through the whole State of Maine. The eldest was thirty, while the youngest had just completed his twenty-first year. Their names were Jared, Ephraim, Isaac, Hammond, and Sylvester.

They plied their regular vocation with great success. They annually made their visit to the Grand Banks, and always came back laden with the codfish, for which they obtained a good price. None of the sons had yet married, yet they were beginning to have grave suspicions regarding Jared and Hammond, who had lately shown a great interest in a couple of blue-eyed lasses some miles up the coast of Maine.

The father was not unwilling to see them take this step, for they had served him faithfully many years, and had laid by a snug little sum with which to begin life; but neither of the "boys" seemed in a great hurry about it, and the matter seemed to approach no nearer completion until at the end of one of the voyages the old gentleman declared that he would think no more about it and would not believe they were going to be married until he saw each with his wife engaged in house keeping.

One pleasant morning in summer a stranger called upon the

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An Encounter with Pirates.

CHAP. II.

IN ONE hour from that time the Saucy Jack was seen skimming up the river in the direction of the great throbbing pulsating foundry of Mr. Wheeling. It rounded to at the wharf with all the gallant grace of a blooded charger, and the crew, assisted by the men from the foundry, immediately began loading the machinery.

This completed, they came back to the Desert, where they laid in the provisions for their voyage, and completed their preparations.

The next morning, at early light, they set sail for Havana with a fair wind.

The weather remained good, and they sped on their journey with ease and rapidity which promised them a fine voyage and a quick passage.

But one morning a vessel was descried off the starboard quarter, which wore an exceedingly suspicious look.

The old man surveyed it a long time through his glass, and then lowering his instrument, said to his boys gathered around: "No use of mincing matters, boys; that 'ere customer is a pirate."

"Are you sure?" inquired Jared, the younger.

"No mistake," was the reply. "I've seen them gentlemen before. I've cruised in these waters before you were born, and I suspected the cutthroats the minute I sot eyes on them."

The vessel came up with such astonishing rapidity as to make it useless to think of running. Shortly after a puff of smoke issued from the stranger, followed by the bomb and ricochetting of an eighteen-pounder under the stern.

"That's a slight hint that we had better heave to," remarked the old man, without changing his position.

"If he intends it for that, the best thing we can do is to obey orders, isn't it?" asked Sylvester.

"Yes; there's no help for it. If we come down graceful-like he might let us easy, although I don't fancy losing this machinery for Mr. Rowling after engaging to take it to Havana; but what's the use of talking at such a time

X-PN 4827

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An Encounter with Pirates.

CHAP. III.

AS THE pirate came under the fisherman's lee-quarter, some twenty repulsive-looking cut-throats came swarming on deck, while but two or three were left in charge of their own boat, so greedy were they to secure the prize which they believed awaited them.

They were, indeed, a savage-looking set of scoundrels, and any one might well be excused for trembling as he saw them coming toward him.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?" demanded the leader of the boarders, as he approached the old fisherman.

"I am, sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for engines."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate, with a searching look.

Captain Longman, being a thorough Yankee, possessed all the shrewdness for which that race is proverbial. He read the disposition of the man before him, and understood that if the lives of himself and sons were endangered it would be their own fault, for a little *finesse* would make every thing easy.

The old gentleman concluded to play the part of the simple, honest-hearted fisherman, with his five gawky sons. As the pirate propounded the last searching question, the captain glanced over his head, and saw, away out in the horizon behind him, what appeared to be a sail; but no look or action of his showed that he had seen anything. Instead of making a direct reply to the question, he turned very red in the face, and manifested a great deal of confusion.

"Come, speak!" thundered the rover, sure that he was on the track of securing some valuable prize.

"Wall—perhaps," said Jared, in great confusion, "there may be a little suthin' else."

"Ha! what is it?"

"I—I—really—hope you will excuse me," stammered Jared, in great distress, and in greater confusion, while his sons did him good service by becoming fidgety and uneasy, and by "hoping the good gentleman wouldn't really

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A LEGEND OF 1776.

CHAP. I.

NIGHT had set in deep, and in a small log hut situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom were seated around an old oaken table in the centre of the room engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table. They were heavily bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stout built young man, clad in the continental uniform. He sat in one corner of the room with his face buried in his hands.

'Tom,' said one of the Tories rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner, for such he evidently was, 'Tom, you and I were school boys together, and I love you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to head-quarters to-morrow, while if you join us your fortune is made, for with your bravery and talents you will soon distinguish yourself in the royal army, and after the rebellion is crushed out, your cause shall be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now there are two alternatives; which do you choose?'

'Neither,' said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye.

"I am now, as you say, your prisoner, but when the clock strikes twelve I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke and neither you nor your comrades, nor even myself can prevent it. You may watch me as closely as you please, tie my hands and feet if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I shall leave you at that time.'

'Poor fellow, his mind wanders,' said the Tory. 'He'll talk differ-

Mrs. Minns.
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PRESENTED BY THOMAS MINNS. BOSTON.

The National Eagle.

VOL. III. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1870. No. 26.

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A LEGEND OF 1776.

CHAP. II.

THE SMOKE cleared away, but the prisoner was no where to be seen. The table was overturned, the windows were smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room and sprang out of the window followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames which had now begun to devour the cabin.

The next day two young men, dressed in continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was our prisoner of the night previous.

'Let us hear all about it, Tom.' said the other.

'Well,' said he, 'last evening as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of the cabin and took possession of me.— Before I could make any resistance they took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as leader of their party but John Barton, our old schoolmate. He talked with me and tried to induce me to join them ; but I told them I couldn't do it ; that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape, disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head. About eleven o'clock I asked him if I might smoke.— He said he had no objections ; so I filled my pipe and lighted it and commenced walking the floor. I had about a couple of pounds of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked strewed it over the floor.—When the clock struck twelve I bid them good bye, and told them I had to go ; and then knocking the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot across, around, and all over the room, filling it with suffocating

Mrs Minns

X-PN 4827

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For The National Eagle.

A WHALER'S YARN.

BY GEO. W. HILLS.

Author of "The Venetian Fete," "The Green Feathers," "Waneeka," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, shipmates, the yarn which I'm going to tell you, is about an adventure I had a few years ago, by which I lost my leg and am now unfit for active service on ship. I had sailed in the whaling barque Roderiquo. She was a strong, crank ship in every way, and we left port on a bright autumn day, bound on a three years voyage, after the "monarchs of the deep." We were clear out to sea, somewhere in the South Pacific, and thus far had had pretty fair luck. Our hold was packed two-thirds full with casks of oil and blubber, and we were on the look-out for more, with more than our ordinary watchfulness, for about one more prize would complete our cargo, and therefore our sweethearts and wives! It was about the middle of a dry, sultry afternoon, when, startling the whole crew into activity, came the longed for cry from the crows-nest. "Whale ho! There she blows!" rang the sound of the look-out's voice, and in a trice the boats were lowered, and in tumbled the men, one over the other in their excitement, and in a moment the word was given. "Pull!" shouted the captain, who led the chase. The oars dropped into the water, and the men incited by the exhortations of the captain and mates, strained like giants at their oars, sending clouds of spray into the air from the bow, and we seemed almost flying through the water. We were soon up with the monster, and by the captain's order, Dick Merrill, oursurest harpooner, prepared to throw his weapon of death. "Now, my lads, lookout when she breaches, and you, Pat Donahue, be ready to cut that line, if I give the word," whispered the

X-PN 4827

THE NATIONAL EAGLE.

SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. III. BOSTON, APRIL, 1870. No. 28.

For The National Eagle.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

BY W. L. TERRUNE.

She tripped lightly down Broadway,
Of its dangers she was void,
For why should she alarmed be,
This "Girl of the Period."

Perchance she slips upon her way
And is o'erspattered with mud,
She straightway picks herself up.
This "Girl of the Period."

Now let me whisper some advice
To you young men abroad,
And When you come to wed a wife,
Take "A girl of the Period.

For The National Eagle.

A TORCH HUNT.

BY HARRY HARLAND.

IT TOOK place in Tennessee, where I was for a while sojourning. I am not much of a hunter, but happening to reside in a 'settlement,' where there were some celebrated hunters, and in the neighbourhood of which was an abundance of game, I was getting very fond of it. I had heard among other things, of this 'torch hunting,'—in fact, had read many interesting descriptions of it, but I had never witnessed the sport myself; and was therefore eager, above all things, to join in a torch hunt.

"The opportunity at length offered. A party was made up to go hunting, of which I was one.

"There were eight of us in all; but it was arranged that we should separate into four pairs, each taking its own torch and a separate course through the woods. The night was dark as pitch—dark nights are the best—and when we entered the woods we had to grope our way. Of course, we had not yet set fire to our torch, as we had not reached the places frequented by the deer. On arriving at the place where it was expected deer would be found, we set fire to our torch, and in a few moments the blaze threw its glaring circle around us. We walked and walked, up hill and down hill, for, I should say, ten miles at least; and not a deer's eye reflected the blaze of our torch.

"I had grown quite tired of this fruitless search. We were returning towards the point from which we started, both of us in a most unamiable mood, when all at once an object right before us attracted my attention. I did not wait to ask any questions. A pair of small round circles glistened in the darkness like two little discs of fire. Of course they were the eyes of a deer. My piece was up. I glanced along the barrel. I sighted between the eyes. I pulled the trigger. I fired. As I did so, I fancied that I heard my companion shouting to me, but the report hindered me from hearing what he said.

Mrs Minns
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The National Eagle.

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A WHALER'S YARN.

BY GEO. W. HILLS.

Author of "The Venetian Fete," "The Green Feathers," "Waneeka," etc.

CHAPTER. II.

I SWAM as far away as I could, under water, and when I came up to blow, to my joy I saw the cutter speeding towards me. I was not clear of the crowd of sharks however, and every moment I felt one or two of the hideous creatures rub against my legs, as they swam past, causing me to scream aloud with frenzy. They, however, seemed not to mind me, being intent upon their ghost-like feast, while my hopes rose with every pull of the oars that sent the cutter nearer me. But, suddenly a fearful twinge of pain shot through me, and with a loud cry of agony, I sprung half my length out of water, as I felt my leg crunched down, between the yawning jaws of a shark. I was jerked under water, and felt such pain as few men ever felt. When I rose to the surface, the salt water around me was tinged a deep crimson, by my own blood. The pain caused me to lose consciousness; but when I came to, I was lying in my bunk on board the barque, with the doctor and mate bending over me. "Doubt it?" I heard the mate say. "Sure ease," replied the surgeon. "I've known men to be all mashed up and yet live through it. I guess he'll get along well enough, but he's lost his leg, poor fellow." At that moment a thrill of pain darted o'er me and I moaned aloud. "Poor Bill! Do you feel any better?" inquired the mate, bathing my forehead with cool water, while the doctor poured a few drops of brandy down my throat. "Ah, no! sir." I answered. "I suffer a great deal of pain, doctor." Let us be thankful it was no worse," said the mate. "I thought you were a gone case, when I saw you pulled under." So they congratulated me, and tried to alleviate my pain; but all attention in the universe

X-PN 4827

In Amateur publications

Rare Books Rm.

#27

North Carolina Amateur.

IMPROVEMENT.

VOL. II.—No. 2. ROSE HILL, N. C, FEBRUARY, 1878. WHOLE No. 14

For the N. C. Amateur.

I AM DREAMING.

BY SIDNEY.

I am dreaming, loved one dreaming,
Of the happy days of yore,
When with you I sat beaming,
Looking on the beautiful shore.

Yes my darling, I am dreaming,
Of the happy hours we've spent,
I am dreaming of the lily and the violet,
That to me you've sent.

Yes dearest one, I'm dreaming,
Oh! if my dreams would prove true;
Then, I should be seated beaming,
Looking, yes looking, dearest on you.

OUR PRIZE SKETCH.

For the N. C. Amateur.

SIX WEEKS;
—OR,—
TRIED BY A PARROT.

BY MERCURY.

"O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle where the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest."—*Hood.*

IN the year 18— Earl Chester, was appointed by England as minister to the United States.

This English lord was somewhat marked in his personal appearance. He was about forty years of age, but he wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, which gave him the look of an older person. He seems always to be in a deep study. His forehead bears the stamp of intellect, and he has a certain air about him, that is very difficult to describe. It was reported, that he was very rich, and his only child—his daughter Ines—was much admired on account of her great beauty.

Ines was just seventeen years of age, when her parents came to Washington. Her eyes beamed with a brightness, which rivaled the brightest star in the "blue vault of heaven;" her face possessed a strange, sweet look; with a clear, white skin, changed to pink in the cheeks and bright red in the lips, which forcibly reminded one of kissing; and her form was as slender as that of a nymph.

All the marriageable men of the "gay capital" were fairly dazzled. At every gay assemblage she was the "center of attraction." Many of her admirers, on these occasions, would be heard exclaiming: "Ah, so beautiful! Oh how fair!" While others, when they saw the diamonds in her braids of glossy hair, and the fine jewels which fastened her costly robes, exclaimed:

"Ah, how rich! Yes, beauty and riches go together!" The fame of Ines' beauty had spread throughout the whole city, and the young man considered himself extremely fortunate, who was able to make the acquaintance of the rich Earl's daughter.

There were three particularly, of Ines' suitors, who seemed to vie with each other in paying her attentions, and one of these appeared apt to carry of the prize. So the field, with a few exceptions, was abandoned to them.

These three were, Stuart Eliot, a young lawyer; Gaylord, a banker's son; and Enos Mason, an editor; and if the reader will be patient with me, I will try to give them an idea of the personal appearance of these suitors.

Stuart Eliot is a tall, slim made man, with light hair and goatee, a fair complexion and blue eyes. He wears several rings upon his left hand, and conducts himself with a reserve and cordiality mixed, which amounts almost to *hauteur*.

John Gaylord is almost the exact opposite of Eliot, being short and stumpy made, with a considerable amount of flesh. He has black hair and mustache. His complexion was not what you would call fair or light, but rather, *reddish*. As we have already said he is the son of a banker, and consequently has plenty of what is in common parlance called "cash." He makes himself very free, and often too much so, in the company too which his money gains him admittance.

Enos Mason is an editor from pure love of literature, though he has no money to back him, he has a splendid reputation as a 'go-ahead' young man. In statue he is a little below the medium, but well proportioned in every way. His face is a fine one; in his demeanor he is gentlemanly and polite. He dresses very neatly, without any show of "foppishness."

The Earl noticed the attentions to his daughter, with great uneasiness, for fear she would choose one unworthy of her. Speaking to his wife one day on the subject, he said:

"I am now, more than ever undecided in respect to setting our daughter happily in life."

Now his wife was a good practical woman, and so had her daughter's happiness more under consideration than anything else, so she replied:

"Well, of course we must let her love in the matter decided for us, for even though she should take a man without means, we have a plenty for us all. Ines has expressed no preference for either of these young men, and before you give either of them permission to address her on the subject, we should find out who is the most worthy of her. To judge of this we must know their most secret actions or doings."

"But how will you do this?"

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Lady Chester, "you know how ready "Poll" the parrot is to take up words she hears repeated often, and to mimic actions she has seen performed several times. Well we

X-PN 4827

North Carolina Amateur.

IMPROVEMENT.

VOL. 2.—No. 3. ROSE HILL, N. C., MARCH 29, 1878. WHOLE No. 15.

For the N. C. Amateur.

LINES.

WRITTEN IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA, BY THOS. MOORE, JR.

Such scenes as these, that far and wide,
Rise and expand in nature's pride,
Where fickle man might find in range,
From morn and vale congenial change;
The very hour's awakened the just,
That haunt of beatific trust,
Where no deficient esteem o'er,
Seems scarce, more calm, more clear,

Beside that bright and tranquil stream,
How pleasant to recline and dream!
Listening the while its gentle sound,
Not even fairy ear might wound;
Nor passing zephyr dare molest
The sacred quiet of its breast,
In joy translucency complete,
Yet still as bright, oh, emblem meet!

O Nature! goddess ever dear,
What a fair scene of peace is here;
That stately stream that bears impress
Sweet nature's image on its breast;
Where never wandering sunbeams glide,
And overhanging shadows hide,

Its scenes which very much impart
Good and joy cheerfulness of heart.

O I must the mind misgive my lot,
Who lingers on the pictured spot,
Gazing its many beauties o'er,
And yet return to number more;
But vain it is that beauteous heaven,
To wretched man this world has given,
Vain—that its smiling face displays
Such beauties to his reckless gaze.

WON SECOND PRIZE.

For the N. C. Amateur.

AMERICA'S GREAT HERO.

BY DAVE DERBY.

WHEN we let our minds wander back to the liberty-loving people of America, and think over the hardships, and endurance of the patriots during the revolutionary war, we can see many persons among the list of heroes; but foremost, among them we find Washington, that great and noble soldier, who gave his hand and heart to the good cause of freedom. At an early age he manifested a strong desire to become a person worthy of respect; and almost every school boy has heard of the fabulous story of George and his hatchet, which took place when he was but a small boy. If the event did really occur, it showed that he had a noble spirit within him, and might not be easily bribed to do anything wrong. While young he no doubt began to build up his character, which in after years did him more service than anything else. He was a person whom every young man should make his model. It shows that if one has a *will*, a way will soon be open for him; and so it was with our hero. He not only did great deeds during the war, but in public office, he being the first President of the United States, and we might say, the *best*. One might suppose that as there were men of different views in his time, he had some enemies in his country; but that was not the case, for he was unanimously elected President, and when his term expired, he was again nominated, and his nomination meant his election. There were other good men at this time who could have been elected President, but when Washington's name was mentioned, everybody elected him without distinction to party—such men were Randolph, Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams. After Washington had retired from public life, his heretofore *enemies* were his greatest *friends*, at least we are led to believe the numerous flattering letters he received from England and other countries. Lord North, the great supporter of taxation, and who was then in the British Parliament, afterwards saw his mistake, and declared publicly that Washington was in the right. Lord Erskine, in Parliament, said: "Probably no man ever lived who deserved brighter laurels than Washington." Even the lond-spoken Fox, exclaimed: "We don't often praise the efforts of our enemies, but I, for once in my life, must show my regard for that old patriot, George Washington, who, in my estimation has defended a just cause, and deserves a place among the list of modern heroes!" And these are only a few of the many remarks made in England, and why may not we show our regards for him? He did not possess much genius, but he had a way of doing things which would give credit to him. When he first entered the army, he was commissioned to convey a message to a body of French, on the Ohio, by Robert Dinwiddie, then Governor of Virginia. He was then only twenty-one years of age, but he so successfully accomplished his mission that he was enlisted as a regular soldier. In all battles he was cool and collected, and wherever he was, he first considered an attack before he attempted anything rash. In a few words, he was a self-made man. He had no such opportunities to become great as we have at the present day, and all he ever did was by his own exertions. His form has been so often hewed into marble that almost every American has some idea of his appearance. The image no doubt is perfect, but Washington is not there in all his greatness. It is but cold marble, and can only give a view of his exterior, but to know and to realize the true greatness of the man, we have to look over his long and useful life, and we can have some insight of his character. If our "private deeds, when noble, are noblest of our lives," why his was a noble life. When we look for the man, it is in private, and not in public, where we find out the real life of a person. We generally hear of him, and how he acted in public, but not often of how he was the obedient son—the loving brother—the diligent surveyor—the

Continued on Third Page.

X-PN 4827
In Oversize Box 27

North Carolina Amat

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1ST, 1877. IMPROVEMENT. THE

Vol. IV. No. 2. ROSE HILL, N. C., MARCH, 1880.

Light After Darkness.

BY L. C. F.

(Concluded from last issue.)

"Show the young ladies to their room, Margary, and see that they take sufficient rest and refreshments. Yet I really don't think, young ladies, that any amount of rest or refreshments could make you appear lovlier or more attractive than at present." This was said with a graceful bow, and a smile at his daughter's look of evident pleasure, while old Margary gazed in stupid surprise at her master, for never had she heard as pleasant or gallant a speech pass his lips before. After the young ladies had left the room, the bright smile that had softened his keen blue eyes and unclouded his broad white brow slowly faded, and the old stern look came back.

"And so I've turned to be a boy again, have I? No wonder that Margary gazed. Hah! such pleasantries sit well on me, whose life has proved a wild and bitter dream. What a lovely girl Nora's friend is. Surely my child was much mistaken when she said she was not fair. But Nora has often heard me say what a curse the beauty of one woman, her mother, brought on me, and thinking that my welcome would be warmer to worth than beauty, she wrote as she did. I was wrongly patient not that girl was. Surely she has suffered much. I must ask my child concerning her; yes, I will this very night."

While he continued to speak thus to himself, in a different portion of the house a gay and lively conversation carried between Goldie Merdith and Nora St. Maur. As soon as the two girls stood alone, Goldie's soft, clear grey eyes were turned reproachfully upon her friend.

"Nora, I thought, dear, that you said your father was cold and stern, and that I must try to keep you and myself quiet, or he would divide the house between us. Nora, my sweet friend, your father is just the reverse of what you describe him to be. How is that, dearest?"

A bright sunlight smile crossed Nora's face as she again declared that, "Papa has changed amazingly, as he used to be just the reverse to what he had just appeared."

"Goldie, do you know I reckon it was because he was so glad to see me, and then, too, I know he was astonished at seeing you darling,—oh! there now, I didn't mean to lead you to believe that you intrude,—but, dearest, I mean he was astonished to see Goldie Merdith a beauty when Nora St. Maur informed him that her friend was decidedly plain Dear me! I do wonder what Papa thought? Ha! ha! ha! Goldie, did you notice how coldly father bowed, and then when he gazed into your face how he started, melted and smiled? Did you Goldie?"

"Why Nora, what nonsense! Do hush! The very idea of your father starting, melting and smiling at sight of me, little insignificant me!" And both girls laughed innocently at the idea, although Nora still clung to it amid smiles and grave faces.

It was late in the afternoon when the young girls descended to the glowing sitting room below, there to find Mr. St. Maur, strange man, awaiting them. He arose gracefully at their entrance, and said,

"Welcome, young ladies, your bright and attractive faces are enough to gain you a welcome into Paradise. I must say that you are both improved by your rosy slumber, though it would be very hard to improve on the morning's appearance," seeing the two girls exchanging merry glances.

The evening was a delightful one to the entire trio, and it was a late hour that they separated for the night. The first words when the young ladies reached their sleeping apartment were,

"How do you like Papa, Goldie? I never knew him to be so lively before in my life, it really don't seem as if it were father. Then, oh Goldie, did you hear papa tell me that Aunt Mary's son Claude, was coming to spend the vacation with him. No, it's not Aunt Mary's son either, darling, but an adopted one, that she loves very dearly, as Claude is just as good as he can be. Goldie, Goldie, how nice it would be if you and Claude should like each other, just the best bit in the world, you know, as that, I could show people what a pretty bride I'd said I would make!"

Then after a slight pause, the fair girl continued.

"He's just as rich as he can be, too, Goldie, for papa says Aunt Mary being a widow and childless, has made Claude her heir. Oh! if you could like each other! Wouldn't that be just too glorious and nice, darling?"

A sad smile chased away the sunny curves about Miss Merdith's lips, as she gently replied:

"Little Nora, you are not thinking of of what you speak. Do you not know, dearest one, that I would not be a fitting mate for your cousin? I am nothing but a very poor girl, destined to be a governess, and your cousin would curl his handsome lips if he only knew the bride you had so kindly suggested for him," and Goldie, having finished brushing out her heavy golden hair, kissed her friend good-night, and with a softly breathed prayer on her pure, sweet lips, she fell into a peaceful slumber.

* * * * * * *

Weeks had come and gone, and brought great changes in the inhabitants of the St. Maur manor.

Goldie had lost some of her sad pained look, and over and anon her sweet voice and silvery laughter could be heard floating through the lofty apartments. It was she that proposed, and Claude Vernon and Nora that entered into the different sports and amusements with zest. Occasionally Mr. St. Maur could be induced to participate, but not often, as he had resumed his cold, haughty demeanor, and his altered appearance had cast its gloom upon the bounding spirits of his daughter and guests, only for a short time though, as the restraint gradually wore off, and they became as gay as before. As Nora had hoped, Claude Vernon was completely infatuated with Goldie, and she appeared pleased with him, yet Nora often heard her sighing heavily during the night, and although the color deepened in her rounded cheek, it was not the delicate coloring of health, but a deeper feverish red.

It was now drawing near the end of the second month of Miss Merdith's stay, and was the last night of Claude Venon's visit.

Nora was sad. A deep flush bloomed on the fair girl's cheek, and the sweet, large, brown eyes were heavy with pain, yet she appeared to be in one of her gayest moods, and she and Goldie both surpassed themselves in brightness and repartie.

"Miss Goldie, may I have the pleasure of a moon-light stroll with you?"

It was Claude's voice, as he addressed Miss Merdith, who sat slightly apart from the merry groups assembled in the long brilliant drawing-room of the Nora's palatial home. She raised her beautiful grey eyes from the book of engravings she was examining, and with a slight compression of the lips and a short frown of annoy, she arose to go, and the two passed out upon the verandah, which ran the whole length of the house.

"I prefer coming out here, Mr. Vernon," she said coldly, and then added, "I promised Nora to add music to the enjoyment of this occasion, and cannot, or rather I should not like to disappoint her by going off, though," with a constrained little laugh, "if you have your heart not on strolling in the garden I'll accompany you. What have you to say?"

They had been walking slowly up and down while she was speaking, and Claude, not waiting to answer, caught her small white hands in his, and exclaimed passionately, "Goldie, my peerless darling, you are surely aware of the purpose I have in view when I asked for the pleasure of your company to-night! Surely, darling, you know I love you, love you dearly, love you with a deathless devotion! Why have you treated me so coldly here of late? Tell me, Goldie, do you love me, or was it dislike cause you to turn so cold in the few days? Speak my pet, and tell me all. Do you, can you love me, one whom you call dearly as I do you?"

He bent his bright boyish head, and his handsome eyes read her lovely face. Firmly but slowly she released her hands from his warm clasp, and answered, her voice tender, sorrowful, but quite steady.

"Mr. Vernon, Claude, I certainly appreciate the honor you confer on me by offering me your heart and hand, but, forgive me, if I pain you, I do not, or ever can care for you with more than sisterly affection. My coldness, that you spoke of, was what I suspected your love for me, poor unworthy creature that I am, and tried to spare you the pain of this recital. I or, that we are hold forth her ing the tiny wi ously, pressed I with bowed his steps, and was green foliage leaning over th aside the tears that she loved Miss Merdith, Estener, but I heard, as I sat the entire con Vernon and ye er and your frie thus blight the young nephew. rich, and a pe respect. Wha been? Do no your affections, in a different o one will, frigh up her small presadly back sha shall St. Maur poor recluse. I agitated. "If my past sorro and would g I have kept as possible, hope your sweetness tive, and ap Claude's cvide forced to keep timed, conquer the clasp of his the expression raised to his, " poor recluse, a him forever? noble, pure h you my wife. "Yes, very, answer came gr accompanied b

Many years of the h entered the di an hour they heart, for her s Nora's reproac ness never ben

Nora's eyes night, as hol stood face to f

"Well," sh voice full of "Nora, you to my cause ol idea of becomi wife. Now," dimpled, "can welcome me a explained, to t Nora disclosed for Claude, wh

H:S

THE NUGGET.

VOL. 8. NEW GLASGOW, N. S., SEPT., 1886. NO. 5.

X-PN 4827

"THE INNOCENTS ABROAD."

—READ AT THE N. G. A. J. C., SEPT. 1ST., 1886.—

So much was said at our last meeting of the trip and adventures of the Club's delegation to the organization meeting of the Acadian A. P. A., that little remains to be said, but with the members' kind indulgence, a little new, and some of the old, corrected and revised, will be given for the instruction or amusement of the unfortunates who were unable to form a part of the delegation of "innocents," who enjoyed themselves so well, and did so much for the advancement of Amateur Journalism while in our Capital city,—Charley, at least, interesting one young lady on Granville St. in Amateur Journalism, or rather in a representative of "our noble work."

I will not tire the members with a description of the journey to Halifax, for nothing of special import happened, and the scenery is beautiful enough to merit the "cold shoulder" in an article of this kind. I will only relate, without any particular connection, a few of the happenings which come to mind.

Wednesday afternoon, life in the hot city being little better than agony, a proposition to visit the Public Gardens was unanimously accepted. Indeed, so cool did the prospect appear, that Rossy, Henry and Charlie each invested in cigarettes, with the purpose of making enjoyment doubly enjoyable. Robinson, of the Annapolis *Loyalist*, and the writer took seats in the shade, and talked Amateurdom and its doings, while the others walked off with a professional swagger, as if to show that even they, though young and innocent, could puff the weed on special occasions, without the disagreeable after feeling generally experienced by beginners at the art. In the course of a half hour, Henry and Charlie returned,—we won't let it out on them by saying they were a shade paler than usual,—but where, oh! where was Rossy? A question to that effect brought forth an explanatory answer, and while Robinson busied himself adjusting and re-adjusting his eye-glasses, Graham recited a tale of sorrow and of woe, and when the story was concluded, we imagined that from descriptions, the missing one would have presented a fair subject for an artist's "sick young man,"—with his head resting wearily on his left arm, while his right arm, and the cigarette, hung listlessly by his side. But I think his reputed appearance can be more easily imagined than described,—it can be with me, but perhaps Graham could give a more exact account. I call my account from his story; as to its truth,—ask Rossy.

Of course we could not leave the city without visiting the Academy of Music, and a good comedy being on the boards for Wednesday evening, the quartette, Graham, Charley, Rossy, and the writer secured seats in the 50ct. quarters, though Charley informed us that the state of his finances urged a visit to the 25ct. "Nigger Heaven" instead. However, a little chipping-in from the others secured his company, and was indirectly the means of his being blessed with a view of what was to his mind, and in his own words, "the handsomest girl he ever twigged." There was a pair of them,—two of a kind,—and Graham and Charlie divided their whole attention between the young ladies and the play. Later developements show that these two worthy amateurs had arranged a neat little scheme of their own, by which Charlie should do the gallant by the handsomer of the two, while Graham should content himself with the other. It appears that in this case "distance lent enchantment to the view," and when the would-be ladies men found that their fair ones could be labelled "all is not gold that glitters," they experienced a change of feeling and left them alone with their good looks. By so doing, Charlie showed his ability to keep a vow for a time at least,—the vow in question being that not one young lady in Halifax should be speak to, but perhaps our postal clerks could whisper of little pink notes addressed by Charlie to a certain young miss on Granville St., Halifax. If they could, we urge them not to, for then the Club would know that ultimately, Charlie did break his vow.

In the words of a long since forgotten Irish genius, "Thursday night it was Friday morning" ere the trio, Graham having gone home, sought their "downy couches." In one way, they were "downy," composed of a mattress elevated about a foot from the floor; but in another way they were *not* "downy," for six flight of stairs, and about 120 steps had to be climbed ere they could be reached. It being the night of the grand torch-light procession, the "clocks in the steeples" had tolled the hour when ghosts and visiting amateurs walk before the boys had completed their weary climbing of those exceedingly weary stairs. And it was fully an hour after the ghosts in question return to the place from whence they spring, before the "Flying Dutchman" and the "Octarer Man" had concluded their visits to the roost of the Post Office representative in the next room, each attired in snowy white sheets over the head and body, with a few drops of the original Adam's Ale and a ticklish feather in either hand. Rossy had been waiting for us, but sleep had overtaken him, and he was visited by the spirits of his great-grand parents, by friendly artificial flies, and a refreshing shower bath, for all of which he was exceedingly grateful, and savagely threatened to break our heads in return for our kindness. But such is life! When Morpheus had begun to assert her sway, and the duett had retired to rest, our genial friend Hattie put in an appearance and offered to share our bed, which offer was thankfully accepted, necessitating a division of the bed-clothes, —and more air. Hattie having appropriated the blanket, the writer the sheet, and Charley a pillow slip, peaceful rest and quiet ensued. Hattie awoke first and informed us that returning day was announced by returning consciousness from the other sleepers,—in mumblings of "the girl I must leave behind me" and "head-broke" from Charley; "Ill have two 2's and a 5" from Nugget, referring, no doubt, to a wholesale dealing in Ice Cream; while from the neighboring room came faint cries of "but 15 cents in

1932 X-PN 4827 #29

NIX NEM

QUARTERLY REVIEW

THE LITTLE DOG ANGEL

(Author Unknown)

High up in the courts of Heaven today
A little dog angel waits;
With the other angels he will not play,
But he sits alone at the gates.
"For I know my master will come",
says he,
"And when he comes he'll call for me".

And he sees the spirits pass him by
As they hurry to the throne,
And watches them with a wistful eye,
As he sits at the gates alone.
"For I know my master will come,"
says he,
"If only I just wait patiently."

And his master far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair.
Forgets sometimes and whistles low
For the dog who is not there.
And the little dog angel cocks his ears
And dreams his master's call he hears.

And I know when at last the master waits,
Outside in the dark and cold,
For the hand of death to open the gates
Which lead to those courts of gold,
That little dog angel's eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark.

NOTE. The above poem is reprinted from the July-August, 1932, issue of "Smoky Mountain Echo", and has been selected as the best poem appearing in an amateur publication during the past quarter.

APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827

NOW and THEN

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944



Christmas 1932

Published now and then at San Francisco in the interests of
THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

The National ★ EMBLEM

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944



FALL -- 1932

IN4327

NIX NEM

#32

QUARTERLY REVIEW

NECKTIE

By Earl Henry

Three men did stand beneath a tree,
And one did read a book.
One man did wear a cap of black
And one a haunted look.

And one did go in haste away
While one did lag behind,
But he who wore a cap of black
Did sway there in the wind.

APR 29 1944

NOTE: The above poem is reprinted from the Spring, 1933, issue of "The Mountaineer", and has been selected as the best poem appearing in an amateur publication during the past quarter.

NIX NEM QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. 3. March, 1933. No. 1.

Published by Ray H. Zorn, Troy Grove, Ill., in the interests of the U. A. P. A. Circulated through the United Mailing Bureau. Subscription to non-members, 20¢ per year. Exchange desired with amateur publications. Show this journal to persons of your acquaintance who are interested in amateur journalism.

X-PN 4827

NIX NEM

QUARTERLY REVIEW

APR 29 1944

HOMESTEAD

By Earl Henry

My axe is dull, my saw is gone.
These trees will stand forever.
The stones that I would lay them on
Will one day break and sever.

The grass is in your garden row,
The weeds grow green and high
Upon the hill I used to plow;
Our little creek is dry.

No happiness is here for me,
And though you bid me stay,
I only know, I only see
The road that leads away.

NOTE. The above poem is reprinted from the Autumn 1933 issue of "Amateur Offerings" and has been selected as the best poem appearing in an amateur publication during the past quarter.

NIX NEM QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. 3. December, 1933. No. 4.

Published by Ray H. Zorn, Troy Grove, Ill., in the interests of the U. A. P. A. Circulated through the United Mailing Bureau. Subscription to non-members, 20¢ per year. Show this journal to persons of your acquaintance who are interested in amateur journalism.

#34

The New Amateur

SCHWEBEL
APR 29 194



JANUARY 1933

X-PN 4327 #35

The New Amateur



APR 29 1944

APRIL 1933

#56

The New Amateur

APR 23 1944



JULY 1933

X-PN 4827

#37

NOW and THEN

APR 29 1944

THE MILWAUKEE
CONVENTION
ISSUE

Published In The Interest of Amateur Journalism

X-PN 4027

#35

Now and Then

NEW ENGLAND

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PHOTOPLAY SERVICE
APR 29 1944

By Lizzie M. Chase

The hills of New England proudly they rise
In the wilderness of grandeur to blend with the skies!
With their fair azure outline and tall ancient trees—
New England, my country, I love thee for these!

The woods of New England, still verdant and high,
Though rocked by the tempests of ages gone by;
Romance dims their arches and speaks in the breeze—
New England, my country, I love thee for these!

The streams of New England, that roar as they go,
Or seem in their stillness but dreaming to flow;
Oh, bright gilds the sunshine their march to the sea—
New England, my country, I love thee for these!

The homes of New England, free fortuned and fair;
Oh, many a heart treasures its seraphim there!
E'en more than thy mountains or streamlets they
please—
New England, my country, I love thee for these!

God shield thee, New England, dear land of my birth!
And thy children that wander afar o'er the earth!
Thou'rt my country wherever my lot shall be cast—
Take thou to thy bosom my ashes at last!

March, 1933

X-PN 4827

Now and Then

THIS ISSUE IS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1933

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

LE MORTE

By Earl Henry

When love and I were walking
I heard the grasses sing,
"Where two now go a-talking
But one will go in Spring."

As love and I were rowing
I heard the river say,
"Where two are now a-going
But one will come away."

And now as I go slowly,
The trails we wandered on
The daisies murmur lowly,
"His love is gone, is gone."

X-PN 4827

Published at San Francisco

NOW AND THEN

In The Interests Of Amateur Journalism

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Chicago Convention Number

JULY, 1933

X-PL 1827 #41

Now and Then



AG LIBRARY OF CORNELL [illegible]
APR 29 1944

Fall Fiction Number

OCTOBER, 1933

#42

Now and Then

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PR 29 1944



DECEMBER
1933

X-PN 4827

NIX NEM QUARTERLY REVIEW

APR 29 1944

WINTER HUT

By Earl Henry

The wild grey geese have passed again,
The air is crisp with frost and snow,
Songbirds are gone from field and fen
And I should go.

But each worn path I walk upon
Conspires with brooks to keep me near,
And even trees whose leaves are gone
Still hold me here.

And though the winter nights are long,
I bite my lips and bear the cold
To catch the snatches of her song
These walls yet hold.

NOTE: The above poem is reprinted from the April 1934 issue of "The Perspective Review" and has been selected as the best poem appearing in an amateur journal during the past quarter.

NIX NEM QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. 4. JUNE, 1934. No. 2.

Published by Ray H. Zorn, Troy Grove, Ill., in the interests of the U. A. P. A. Circulated through the United Mailing Bureau. Subscription to non-members, 20¢ per year. Show this journal to persons of your acquaintance who are interested in amateur journalism.

X-PH 4027 344

NIX NEM
QUARTERLY REVIEW

September 1934.

APR 29 1944

SUICIDAL

In Memoriam—E. Pearl Dancey

Yea, let them die . . . . her rose-
dreams, dimly burning,
And lay his love, as ashes, white
beside her.
Her soul in peace . . . . She has no
heart for yearning—
How could she yearn for one who
has denied her?

No sighing wind that seeps among
the willows,
No whippoorwill that sang, howev-
er sadly,
May move her form when sleeping
'neath the billows,
For shredded-hearts shall bury sor-
row gladly.

Then as you pass the vine-wreath-
ed cottage nightly,
Beyond the river where her form
is sleeping:
Think not of her— but tread the
pathway lightly
Lest ember coals should move your
soul to weeping.

And it is better for the heart that's
grieving
To know not how some other one
took leaving.

—Stella V. Jones.

X-PS 1937 F45

NIX NEM
QUARTERLY REVIEW

DECEMBER 1934.

APR 29 1935

I SHALL BE DANCING

By Richard A. Thomas, Jr.

I shall be skull and bones dancing
at night!
Fetch me a coffin; stitch me a
shroud;
Out in the weather I'll bleach my
bones white;
I'll hold up my skull in attitude
proud.

Since love has left me I strengthen
my laughter;
Hurry my shroud; make it small-
stitched and white;
This, surely this, will be following
after:
I shall be skull and bones dancing
at night!

NOTE: The above poem is reprinted from the September 1934 issue of "The Bookmark" and has been awarded the "Nix Nem Quarterly Review" Prize for the Poem of the Quarter.

X-PN 4827

#46

Now and Then

JUNE, 1934

The Amateur Journal from the 1934 Convention City

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PHOTOGRAPH
APR 29 1934

An Invitation

(Written especially for Now and Then)

By ELISHA DOUGLAS SHAW

At the Convention, this note invites you to dine
With us, at our table that's set to outshine
With its viands, its service, its napery and plate
Every menu they'll offer in this long, narrow state.
Come early, dear friends and come with a song;
We'll eat, chat and dance all the night long.

The feast will be served in a dining hall grand;
The rugs and the carpets, the finest in the land.
There'll be music to please you, a varied collection;
Classic, jazz, instrumental, vocal—make your selection!
At dinner, earth, air and water will bestow meats and fishes,
All served to you ad libitum in exquisit dishes.
There'll be barbecued beef, grilled mutton and roast,
With unlimited cider and ——— in which to toast.
We'll serve you with turkey, duck and well fatted goose,
Washed down with coffee, tea and all kinds of juice,
Preceeded by boullions, clams, oysters and shrimp,
Salads and appetizers in diversity, without skimp.
There'll be puddings and cakes, jams, jelies and ices—
All you can wish, in cups, dishes and slices.

Without a dollar in our pockets, with not e'en a loaf of bread,
We've set this marvellous feast ENTIRELY IN OUR HEAD!
So come along; come quickly, if you will be so kind,
For we're told there's nothing anywhere but what's in the mind!
Mind, they say, is everything; that nothing else can be.
IF "they" find things so easy, then why shouldn't WE?

If poverty, sickness, rejection-slips, grief or pleasure,
Even what we feel and see only MIND can measure;
If without money worries we can share in this collation,
Let wit and quip and laughter only, reign without cessation.
Let's banquet on the choicest food in these new modern ways,
Eat and drink of gay mentation thru July's Convention days!

X-PN 4327 #47

Now and Then

JUNE, 1934

The Amateur Journal from the 1934 Convention City

SUPPRESSED
FINAL PERIOD
APR 29 1944

An Invitation

(Written especially for Now and Then)

By ELISHA DOUGLAS SHAW

At the Convention, this note invites you to dine
With us, at our table that's set to outshine
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Every menu they'll offer in this long, narrow state.
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Even what we feel and see only MIND can measure,
If without money worries we can share in this collation,
Let wit and quip and laughter only, reign without cessation.
Let's banquet on the choicest food in these new modern ways,
Eat and drink of gay mentation thru July's Convention days!

NT 4327 R43

NIX NEM

QUARTERLY REVIEW

MARCH. 1935.

THIS LICENSE IS CORRECTED TRIAL PERIOD
APR 29 1935

THE APARTMENT

By Sally Everett

Your garden—two flower boxes,
A concrete walk, far, far, below,
There is no grass.
You boast of such a lovely view:
The play of electricity upon a tower.
And, if one leans far out the window of your kitchenette,
One may see just a corner of the sunset—
If not obscured by smoke.

NOTE: The above poem is reprinted from the December 1934 issue of "The Rambler" and has been awarded the "Nix Nem Quarterly Review" Prize for the Poem of the Quarter.

X-PN 4827 #49

NIX NEM
QUARTERLY REVIEW

JUNE 1935.

LINES TO MEET THE NIGHT

By L. V. Heljeson

Come, dusk, and with your tender fingers cloak
A ravaged land made waste by searing sun;
Come, night, and with your stars and moon be one
To calm the land and ease a weary folk.
The arid years have thrown a heavy stroke:
Despair upon us rests— but nothing can be done,
Except a hopeful waiting and a prayer begun
That rain may fall and seasons cease to stoke.

Stay, night—be kind and let your charm remain;
Tomorrow looms, but now we place a trust
In your caress; it seems to ease the pain
Of glaring days of heat and endless dust.
We look to you to bring a cooling rain—
To bathe the earth and kill the sun's great lust.

NOTE: This poem is reprinted from the Spring 1935 issue of "The Commentator" and has been awarded the "Nix Nem Quarterly Review" Prize for the Poem of the Quarter.

X-PN 4827

NIX NEM
QUARTERLY REVIEW

NUMBERED
SENT RECORD

JUNE 1935.

LINES TO MEET THE NIGHT
By L. V. Hefjeson

Come, dusk, and with your tender fingers cloak
A ravaged land made waste by searing sun;
Come, night, and with your stars and moon be one
To calm the land and ease a weary folk.
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Despair upon us rests— but nothing can be done,
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NOTE: This poem is reprinted from the Spring 1935 issue of "The Commentator" and has been awarded the "Nix Nem Quarterly Review" Prize for the Poem of the Quarter.

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X-PN 4827 A51

NIX NEM

QUARTERLY REVIEW

December 1935

APR 29 1944

FOR A LADY OF OLDEN TIME

by Martin Maloney III

Lady with the guileful eyes,
Looking, 'neath a shadowed tree,
Where your swordsman lover sighs—
Let him wait; and tell to me:
Do you think she'll come to-night,
Through the splintered silver light?

Lady of the Romany,
Read the tarots for my fate;
Chant the mystic runes for me,
Quickly! for the hour grows late!
Will she make the long hours pass,
Or must I find another lass?

X-PN

THE NOVEL MART

#52

VOL. I. NO. 3. X-PN 4827 FEBRUARY, 1935.

IN LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
INITIAL ISSUED
APR 29 1935

WELL BOYS, here we are back again for another visit. Beginning this issue this paper is enlarged and Edward Smeltzer of Philadelphia, Pa. has taken over a half interest in this paper. I'm to continue as Editor In Chief, while Smeltzer is to handle the Novel News Department.

Write all your novel news to Edward Smeltzer, 3432 N. Bodine St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Add rates will be ½¢ per word starting with this issue. Three insertions for price of two.

Sub. rates 25¢ a year.

OLD MAGAZINES OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE OR TRADE.

Sunshine, Chicago Ledger, Good Stories, Saturday Blade, Farm and Fireside, Kansas Farmer, Comfort, Farm & Home, Leslies. Harpers Weekly, and many others. All in nice shape. 7¢ each or 75¢ per dozen.

VALLEY DIME BOOK COMPANY
Pleasant Street Grafton, Mass.

FOR SALE. Board Cover Alger Novels like new. Will sell for 10¢ each. Cost 25¢ or entire lot of 12 for $1.00. Have 175 magazines as Weird Tales, Shadow, Blue Book, Western, Detective, Argosy and Adventure 50¢ worth postpaid 25¢. But hurry. State choice. Big Mail for 6 months old time novel free each month for 40¢.

AMOS DUNCAN Jr.,
Fylesville, Maryland.

DID YOU KNOW DEPARTMENT?

That Harry W. Nice, who took the oath of office as Governor of Maryland, January [illegible], 1935, is the third Republican ever to serve as chief executive of Maryland. The son of a minister at Snow Hill, Md., Nice was born in the nations capitol but moved here when one year old.

Nice came within a stones throw of the governor's chair back in 1919 when he and Albert C. Ritchie governor of Maryland for over 15 years, had a neck and neck race for the governorship. Ritchie finally nosed Nice out after days of uncertainty as to who was elected governor by 165 votes. So now after 15 long years Nice finally wins the most cherishel office as our governor. Nice won by nearly 6000 votes. a good lead for a Rep. Governor Nice promises to be one of the best governors Maryland ever had as already he's cut his salary 7% more than required and has started some long needed reforms in state government. Our best wishes for a most successful administration go to the new governor. May he continue as Maryland's chief executive for many years and may the state have cause ever to remember Nice as one of our best governors.

X-PN 4827

THE NEW ENGLAND AMATEUR

"Official Organ of the New England Amateur Press Club."

Vol. I *March, 1935* *No. 2*

Amateur Journalism in the East

For many years the western portion of this country has been the leading section in amateur journalism activity. The reason for this is prefectly obvious to anyone who takes the time to look into the matter. There are certain of the United members in the west who have been, in a measure, excercising what might be called a monopoly on amateur journalism as far as United activities are concerned. It is for us, here in the east, to put an end to such a practice. The United Amateur Press Association of America is a nation-wide organization. It is not the United Amateur Association of the Pacific Coast, so let's bring a part of it to the Atlantic coast.

There are many signs of renewed activity already in progress. The formation of local press clubs, and the publication of new journals being the most evident. We can keep up this new activity by writing for, editing, or publishing an amateur journal of some sort.

(Continued on Page 4)

254

THE NEW ENGLAND AMATEUR

"Official Organ of the New England Amateur Press Club."

Vol. I *June, 1935* No. 3

APR 29 1935

TOM MAYNARD INCONSISTENT

THE trouble with this country today, is that there are too many people finding fault with the way affairs are being handled, without offering any plan or solution of their own.

Tom Maynard, for example, has written several articles intended to demonstrate that the United is wasting money by mailing out papers not strictly UAPA affiliated. Yet, he fails to offer any remedy for the situation.

Would you suggest that we bar the papers of those amateurs allied with both organizations, Tom? To do so would hardly benefit our treasury, because that portion of our membership also belonging to the National would quit the United--and we would lose a large amount in dues.

Is it consistency to argue loudly in favor of a larger circulation, so that all amateurs might have complete collectians, and then to maintain that we are mailing

(Continued on Page 6)

X-PN 4827 H55

NUGGETS

Vol. II. No. 2. September MCMXXXV

— HISTORY —

It was approximately one year ago this month that Nuggets first came into being. On May 2, 1934 it appeared at Windham High School. Subsequently it became necessary to abandon publication for the school year due to lack of funds. Therefore a column headed "Nuggets" was published in the Windham High Croakings, thus providing the means for the publication of the final chapter of the serial story.

In September 1934, Nuggets again appeared, this time an eight-page paper, three inches by six, carrying nine advertisements. The circulation of this edition almost doubled that of the first. The paper again "went on the rocks" this time not because of financial difficulties but because Nuggets' new policy of printing advertisements made it doubly difficult for the Croakings to secure ads.

Therefore, the Editors of Nuggets, cognizant of the fact that the official school paper must at all times be supported by the entire student body, stepped to the background and has not been heard of till the issue you are now reading.

WE HOPE YOU WILL read the October issue of Nuggets. It will contain a Fell-Reading List of books. Many other features too!

THE STORY OF TIM CARTER,

or: She Was Only a Fireman's Daughter Who Was All Put Out

by Leonard Davis

11-29-1944

CHAPTER I

Murder In The Valley

Cynthia rode westward, ever westward — probably because she couldn't hitch-hike any other way. She was going to her pop's cattle ranch in Wyoming. Now that her mom had gone the way of all flesh she had decided to go to Wyoming, as she was underweight and out here she would be up to "pah".

Jeffrey Malpropo, the dyed-in-the-cotton villian (cotton was cheaper than wool) sensing that Cynthia's mind was keener than her pa's and knowing that she would try to stop him from rustling cattle decided to foil her en route. The coach carrying Cynthia lumbered along the narrow pathway through a dust-storm. The coach had no lights but Cynthia's bright remarks and dazzling beauty lighted their way through the gloom. The mountains were so high Cynthia was reminded of Wall Street, though she was never in Wall Street and couldn't see the mountains because of the dust.

(Turn to page 3).

X-PN 4827

THE NEWENGLANDER

December, 1935 Milton, Mass. Number One

AMATEUR PUBLISHING HOUSE

An Explanation (of no importance)

by Reporter No. 2



His press room is not one that a professional would envy; first because of size and equipment; second, for the curious atmosphere of the place, and many other indefinable reasons. For instance, the floor is mainly cold bare uneven earth, except under the press and composing stand where a few boards have been laid to keep his feet from freezing to the soggy floor in winter. The wooden walls are decorated (?) with newspaper photographs, magazine covers, spiderwebs, and smears of crusty ink. Apparently worthless papers of all ages, shapes, and sizes sag languidly from cracks under the eaves into which they have been stuffed. These constitute the editor's invaluable "files." More of these priceless documents bulge from the open drawer (no longer closeable) of a small rickety table which sways dangerously upon the uneven floor under the great weight of piled-up galleys filled with columns of heavy type, printed long since. This piece of furniture seems ever ready to relax its creaking legs and deposit its painful burden in a heap below, to mingle with the (muddy) dust.

The great man of this great concern who holds every office from president and editor-in-chief to compositor and printer's devil, (not to mention Treasurer—the least of his duties) has just finished setting up the last few lines on the first page of his next issue (only two months late so

(Continued on page 2)

MILTON GENERAL STORE

The following rather entertaining rhymed advertisement presenting a real picture of the old-time New England country store, appeared in the "Norfolk Repositry" published in Dedham in 1805. The store was run by the notable Samuel Temple who wrote the ad, and who was author of "Temple's Arithmetic" and the "Child's Assisstant", both popular in the schools of the time. The store of Mr. Temple first stood on the Dorchester side of the Neponset, but he later moved across the bridge to Milton where he died in 1815. In the following is listed some of the things to be had at his very general store:

Advertisement

To be sold at the store opposite the Arch
Over Milton Bridge, the following articles, viz:

Salt Pork and Powder, Shot and Flints
Cheese, Sugar, Rum & Peppermints

Tobbacco, Raisins, Flour & Spice
Flax, Cotton, Wool and sometimes Rice

Old Holland Gin and Gingerbread
Brandy & Wine, all sorts of Thread

Segars I keep, sometimes one bunch;
Materials all for making Punch.

Biscuit and Butter, Eggs and Fishes
Molasses, Beer and Earthen Dishes

Books on such subjects as you'll find
A proper food to feast the mind

Hard Soap & Candles, Tea & Snuff,
Tobbacco pipes perhaps enough;

Shells, Chocolate Stetson's Hoes
As good as can be (I suppose)

Straw Hats, Oak Baskets, Oxen Muzzles

(Continued on page 2)

X-Fic Hi57

NIX NEM
QUARTERLY
REVIEW

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1936

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

by Robert Holman

Did you ever pause to ponder, brood, or idly speculate (not that it really is of cosmic importance) on the asterisks found in books. Asterisks: those typographical auxiliaries utilized to fill sundry vacancies caused by everything from moral turpitude to author's decorum; those infinitesimal symbols often times bisecting a perfectly decent and respectable sentence, or bringing up, in some manner, the rear guard. Other times, and more numerous, they are assembled in places where (no doubt) unmentionable dalliances are wont to have their tantalizing fleshly flings, the tastes and standards of society coyly insisting on a symbol in place of a word or words.

Laurence Sterne was, to my notion, valedictorian in the school of applied asterisks. Sterne used the minuscule asterisk so flexibly that to record

(Continued on page 7)

#55

NIX NEM QUARTERLY REVIEW

APR 29 1944

A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC

Charlotte F. Dakin-White

Cosy, cheery candle-light,
Holly-berries red;
Rosy ribbon candy
In a row above your head;
Songs and Christmas greetings,
Trees ablaze with light:
Merry-makers and mistletoe
All
Sway on Christmas night.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

DECEMBER.

1936

X-PAM 4827

SAMPLE COPY 454



Novel Mart

Vol. 2. JULY 1936 No. 8.

Published monthly by
BURN'S PUBLISHING SERVICE
BOX 36
DUNDALK, MD.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
12 months 35c; 6 months 20c; 3 months 10c,

ADVERTISING RATES

One inch	25c
Half page	$1.25
Full page	$2.50

FORMS close 15th of preceding month.



AN "AUTHORS CONTEST" IN

UNION JACK



BY HAROLD C. HOLMES

Ralph Cummiog's interesting article on Union Jack in the Novel Mart prompts me to write a bit about a contest held in Union Jack amoog its authors. To me it was of intense interest. Six of the Union Jack staff of writers entered the contest. To each of them the editor sent a copy of a situation which I will quote. They each of them were to write any story they choose but it must lead up to the situation the editor had sent to them and this situation must occor near the eod of the story and it must be adaqoately explained in harmony with the rest of their story. After all of the stories had been published the readers by their letters would be the judges of which story had pleased the majority best.

THE SITUATION
continued on page 2



THIS ISSUE IS

DEDICATED

TO

INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE SPIRIT OF '76

Loog may it endure io the heart of our own United States, May the Independence, for which our forefathers fought and died be forever preserved.

Ye Editor

YOUR 25 WORD AD

In established, National, New-stand monthly magazioe, The Rambler; Burn's Advertiser; Novel Mart and Patriot also 100 circulars mailed all for only 50c. Seod your order now! Burn's Publishing Service, Box 36, Dundalk, Md.

X-PN 4827



Novel Mart

Vol. 2. Sept. 1936. 1936 No. 9.

Published Monthly by
BURNS PUB. SERVICE
Box 36, Dundalk, Md.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
12 months 35c; 6 months 20c; 3 months 10c.

AD RATES:- One inch 25c; Half page $1.25; Full page $2.50.

Forms: close 15th of proceeding month.

YOUR 25 WORD AD

In Established National, News - stand monthly magazine, The Rambler, Novel Mart, Burn's Advertiser and Patriot also 100 circulars mailed all for only 50c Send your order now! Burn's Publishing Service, Box 36, Dundalk, Md.

1000 CIRCULARS 3X6 PRINTED WITH YOUR 175 WD AD 50c ROYAL ADV. SERVICE, 24 SUFFOLK ST. SE 4, CHELSEA, MASS.

MAGAZINES $1.00 per PAGE 5x8
All your Copy. No order accept under 4 pages. 4 up. 375 wds per page. Express collect. Send Money Order Only! ROYAL, 24 Suffolk St., Chelsea, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE!
Novel Mart will pay 25c for each short story accepted for publication. Must be fiction and not over 800 words. Send all stories to: Burn's Publishing Service Box 35, Dundalk, Md.

Mention this paper when answering ads

DIME NOVELS

E. H. GARDNER
17 West Porter St., Waterbury, Conn.

THIS LIBRARY HAS RECEIVED THIS PERIODICAL
APR 29 1944

It is a warm summery day in May about the year 1890 and the scene is the little RED SCHOOL House. The geography class is in session and Johnny Jones, seated at the back of the class room, is intently studying his geography book. Suddenly the teacher asks, Johnny Jones, what is the capital of France? Johnny's gaze is still directed into that geography book and there is no reply, Again the question is flung at Johnny, and again silence prevails. The teacher notices a far away look in his eyes, and being accoustomed to this procedure, walks stealthy to the side of Johnny. Suddenly Johnny looks up, sutters, blushes, and as the teacher takes him by the ear, and starts him on his way to the dunce's seat, a dime novel falls to the floor. I suppose that this little incident has happened to you at one time or another during your happy schooldays.

These little dime novels, so luridly covered, were sold by the millions, until the turn of the century. Around 1896 they received colored covers. But then their popularity began to wane, and continued throughout the war, virtually ending in the twenties. Today they are rare and difficult to find. The collecting of these dime novels has developed into an important American hobby, similar to the Englishman's hobby of collecting the dime novel's Englash counterpart, the penny dreadful.

continued on page 7

X-P N 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECEIVED APR 29 1944

#61

THE NEW ENGLANDER

March, 1936 Milton, Mass. Number Two

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

His soul is a haunted house—
Each night views a sinister scene;
In slow parade before him pass
What was, what is, what might have been.

He knows no dew nor dawn of day,
No sunlit, lush romance;
Eternal darkness binds his brain
With the knotted chains of circumstance.

Blindly he moans for light and life—
But the spectral walls say naught;
And only the creaking doors reply
In mocking echoes of his thought.

His soul is a haunted house—
And he the cringing slave;
No path lies open but the tomb,
No refuge but the grave.

—Arthur Cantor

THE FIDDLER OF BERBISY STREET

THE rattle and the creaking of the passing vehicles on the street below served as my symphony while I sat musing in the depths of my arm-chair. The squeaking of a particular cart was playing a violin solo when suddenly and bitterly my senses returned. Stalking to the window, I gazed at the everlasting drama in the street. As I watched, I was attracted by the sight of a little wizened man, leering darkly as he darted around the corner and into the delapitated dwelling next door; not an unusual sight, for though the neighboring house is supposed to be deserted, all the gossips on Berbisy Street claim that there are more people within than the Louvre could ever hold. Daily, hideous and ancient fossils straggle in, but never has even a young man been seen to straggle out. Many of the wildest imaginations have poured themselves forth to meet the mystery, but the truth is forever allied with the unknown forces within.

I never parted my lips on the subject and consequently knew more than the contemporary wind bags. Once, however, when I had opened for the first time the rusty shutters on a window facing the neighboring house, I was astonished to find myself staring across into a square window, out of which came such acrid fumes that I was nearly overcome. A stagger backwards and a gasp for fresh air sufficiently recovered my faculties to hear a violent bubbling and to see that the small window was now framing a face, and a hand holding a flask. As if those dull grey eyes had been turned to stone, they stared at me for full a minute, then the hand registered horror by dropping the flask which crashed to bits, while the face, excelling in con-

(Continued on page 7).

NIX NEM 4-37 X-PN 4827 -

NIX NEM
QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1937.

THE ONE MAJOR HUMILITY

by Lawrence V. Zeitimann

It little counts that we toil,
Sigh, fret, or move on with zeal;
It means far more if we stand
With the heart to feel
What the mind would understand.

It matters not that you strive,
Fail, lose courage, or repeal
All the proud epics you've planned:
You rise as you feel
How little you understand.

NIX NEM QUARTERLY REVIEW

CYCLOPOETS NUMBER. SEPTEMBER, 1937.

X-PN 4827

SEPTEMBER

—⊙—

APR 29 1944

September brings
remembered things.
Blue haze;
cool days;
splashed evening skies
with weavers' dyes;
the birds
of spring
on wing
southwards;
by fen
fringed gentian blossoms; cosmos stars by garden walks
on tall,
proud stalks . . .
September brings
remembered things
of fall.

—Gladys Lloyd.

NIX NEM QUARTERLY REVIEW

DECEMBER — 1937

SHORT (?) STORY
by Ray H. Zorn

Quoting from Mountain Trails dated July 5, 1937: "Neon, Ky., July 5.–(Special) The forty-first session of the UAPA met this afternoon at the Baptist Church . . . at 10:30 adjourned sine die. The 41st session of the UAPA was now past history".

First (unofficial) report of Convention to be mailed was in The Amatutor, reaching 180 active members.

Card from Ben Webb, mailer, dated Aug. 17, stated: "Expect to mail all bundles on the 25th of each month. My first mailing will be Aug. 25th".

Another card from Ben Webb, dated Sept. 19th, stated: " . . . mailing has not yet gone out, but shall not be later than the 25th—waiting on Official Organ".

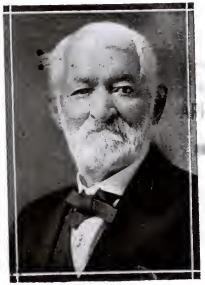
Letter received from Ed Reed, dated Oct. 10, stated: "When I was in Neon the week of Sept. 12-18, I witnessed Ben Webb stuffing the envelopes, while I addressed them. Everything was ready then except Brandt's always-late United Amateurs".

Neon, Ky., Oct. 19; FIRST United bundles since Convention are mailed, containing 12 journals, SEPTEMBER UNITED AMATEUR NOT PRESENT. (Still no OFFICIAL Convention report sent to members at large,

(continued on last page)

THE NUTMEG AMATEUR

Fall 1937



This issue is dedicated in the
memory of my beloved father
JOHN A. MORGAN

X-PN 4827

THE MINIATURE NEWSPAPER

The New Times

CHEERIO! SEASON'S GREETINGS!

NEW SERIES—NO. 7 PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 20, 1937 N.A.P.A. EDITION

APR 29 1944

OAKLAND MAY OUT-VOTE N.Y.

Price, Shepherd in Presidential Contest

Upland, Ind.—(Special to TNT)—The first election in the AAPA's brief history finds President Robert H. Price opposed by Wilson H. Shepherd, publisher of the Rebel and the American Free Press.

(At press time TNT had no indication which way the vote would go, altho Shepherd had made the biggest bid for the office.)

Other major offices were virtually assured early candidates for to their surprise no opponents were listed on the ballots.

Walter Hamill withdrew his official editor candidacy early leaving that post wide open for

Continued on Page 4, Column 2

——TNT——

Louisville Boasts New Club

Louisville, Ky.—A local amateur press club was organized recently at the Courier-Journal building with 12 charter members.

Edward Reed, Amatutor editor, was chosen president. Other officers are: Robert W. Smith, vice pres.; Marie Eastin, secy.-treas.; and Sol Schulman, literary director.

Trainer Plans Brooklyn Sun

Brooklyn, N.Y.—(Special to TNT)—George Trainer will soon publish the initial issue of the Brooklyn Sun, an amateur newspaper. Trainer also outlined plans for a union of amateur newspaper publishers and the formation of an amateur Associated Press.

——TNT——

Vexed, Suhre Quits Editorial Committee

St. Louis—(Special to TNT)—Edward F. Suhre, still peeved over the Pink Chicken, and still demanding a retraction from Ralph Babcock and Robie Macauley, tendered his resignation from the Committee on Editorial Award to President George W. Macauley.

No mention was made of the threatened libel suit.

Fair Offered by Both In Bid for '39 Meet

Grand Rapids, Mich.—(Special to TNT)—Just around the corner looms a battle royal in NAPA circles for the 1939 convention city.

Oakland, Calif., already is flooding the mails with "chamber of commerce literature" and "come hither" propaganda aside from editorials and articles in various western papers, while New York City, confident of its selection for the honor, has not really begun to put on pressure.

As added incentive to gain the convention, both cities offer a World's Fair. Oakland proudly boasts its Treasure Island, a $16,000,000 enterprise now being constructed in San Francisco Bay and prom-

Continued on Page 4, Column 2

TNT CAUSES 'MINOR RIOT' IN SALT LAKE CITY

Salt Lake City—(Special to TNT)—A "peaceful riot" and hours of excitement gripped this town upon arrival of the last issue of The New Times containing the Jorgensen story.

Telephone calls clotted up the central exchange and even Western Union felt the tremblors.

TNT's exclusive dispatch announced Elaine Jorgensen's engagement.

"Surprised? Was I!" Elaine exclaimed after the excitement subsided, "it was indeed a novel announcement."

CINCY URGES YOU SAVE FOR 'BEST EVER' GABFEST

STORY ON PAGE 3

IN48C7
H67

37th issue

1937

name



a crusade in picture, prose and poetry

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

A Good Little Magazine for Everybody

NATIONAL YOUTH

VOL. 1 FORT WORTH, TEXAS, SEPT., 1937 NO. 1

The Oct. Issue of National Youth Will Contain:

What is the Lone Indian Fraternity?

* * * *

The Mail Bag—A new department; being excerpts from our mail.

* * * *

A thrilling narrative entitled, "In the Haunts of Mexican Javelinas," by Raymon Graham. In this story Mr. Graham tells of a hunt in which he participated that didn't turn out exactly as the hunters had hoped. "Enraged Mexican Javelinas," says Mr. Graham, "are animals not to be dealt with too lightly."

* * * *

An article on Lone Scouting.

* * * *

"Eighteen Cents for Flowers," by Ruby Ruth Martin. A short story you will enjoy. Complete in that issue.

* * * *

For those interested in securing Pen Pals we offer the Messenger Department, which we hope to have in full swing by the Oct. issue or soon thereafter. Subscribers to the magazine are allowed one insertion free. Others 10 cents per insertion, or twice for 15 cents. You may use as many as five symbols after your name. Follow the code outlined below.

A, stands for Athletics, Sports; B, for Books, Fiction, Poems, etc.; C, Collecting Stamps, Coins, etc.; D, Farming, Gardening; E, Hiking, Camping, Scouting; F, Nature Study and Woodcraft; G, Photography; H, Relics, Indian, etc.; I, Amateur Press Associations and Papers; J, Pets; K, Taxidermy; L, Hunting and Trapping; M, Printing or Publishing (especially amateur).

o

Subscriptions to National Youth are GUARANTEED — two ways. First: If at any time the magazine is discontinued every subscriber will receive the balance due of their subscription, cash or stamps. Second: If you aren't completely satisfied after receiving two issues let us know, and back comes your money. Fair enough? We think so.

What Are Amateur Press Associations?

NATIONAL YOUTH is published monthly in the interest of the Youth of our land. Amateur Journalism, Printing, Hobbies, Stamp Collecting, etc. We invite contributions on any of the above subjects, and will use all material sent in if possible.

Memory

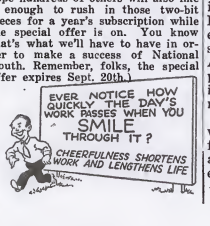
By L. OZELLE MATHIS

How can you go forgetting
This one who loved you so?
It seems a thousand years to me,
That lovely long ago,
When you and I thought all the world
A golden tinted toy
Created only for us love,
And happiness, and joy.
Have you forgotten all the days
That like a wine too sweet
We drank into our thirsty souls?
How we would plan to meet
In some dear, secret little place
And vow to be so true?
Dear Heart, you may forgot, but I'll
Always remember you.

o

"Good Luck," says Kay

"Thanks for your good letter, and the copy of your unfinished paper just received. I like the size and style you are using." This from George H. Kay, of Upland, Indiana. (I'm glad you liked the paper, George, and I hope hundreds of others will also like it enough to rush in those two-bit pieces for a year's subscription while the special offer is on. You know that's what we'll have to have in order to make a success of National Youth. Remember, folks, the special offer expires Sept. 20th.)



By GEORGE HENRY KAY

First, let us consider the word "press." It is commonly regarded as meaning a printing press. However, in the newspaper world reporters, editors and publishers are all known as "men of the press." In other words, they are connected in one way or another with professional journalism.

Members of amateur press associations are therefore amateur journalists, who write, edit, publish or print in a non-professional manner. The press, in both professional and amateur journalism, is the foundation around which the entire work revolves. Hence, it is known as "the press."

Amateur press associations have been in existence many years. Since their origination there has been many campaigns to popularize what is often called "the prince of hobbies." Yet the associaitons have never gained large memberships. Perhaps the best explanation of this is that most good printers prefer to use their equipment and ability for business — for profit. Likewise, most good writers and editors usually try to use their skill as a means of livelihood. And the person with desires to publish often likes to try a periodical on which he can make money.

Many try one or the other work professionally and if they fail turn back to amateurdom and continue it as a hobby while earning their livelihood in some

Continued on Last Page

"A Good Little Magazine for Everybody"

NATIONAL YOUTH

VOL. 1 FORT WORTH, TEXAS, NOVEMBER, 1937 NO. 3

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS TRIAL DEPOSIT

APR 29 1944

UNIQUE HOBBY



This youngster, BERGIN HARDESTY, of Frankfort, Ind., has chosen the hobby of carving things from soap, and from the illustration seems to be quite adept at it.

Don't miss our Big Christmas Number-Out Dec. 1st

X-PN 4827

THE NOVELTY NEWS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECEIVED
APR 29 1944



MARCH 1938

X-PN 4827 #71

JAN.
FEB.
1938

from the publisher

NEW ERA

NO. 17

WALTER E. HOXIE

#172

NEW ERA

No. 18 June 1938

edited, printed and published monthly by

WALTER E. HOXIE

150 STEWART ST. PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

that's life!

Once again the printing industry has shown its ability to adapt itself to man-made problems.

The illustrated newsmagazine, Life, was founded with the definite purpose of giving the public the best in photo-reporting; to print vivid, real pictures from good plates on good paper stock —and yet, keep the newsstand price at 10c a copy. The price was, as yet, unheard of for a coated paper magazine. Such magazines were produced to meet a relatively small demand. On roomy time schedules for monthly appearances, they encountered none of the difficulties that lay before Life's publishers. How to present a timely picture-weekly—quickly and clearly? To Fordize the quality-stock field?

Ordinary printers' ink, when applied to coated paper, dries slowly—a little by penetration, but chiefly by oxidation at the surface. This means headaches for the pressmen, with a slowing down of the run and extra precautions to minimize offset (the blurring and spotting caused by partly-dried printing transfering to the sheet above).

To meet such requirements an ink was found that had a highly volatile liquid as its vehicle, which would, when subjected to high temperatures, "flash off," and leave the pigment and

X-PN 4827

#72

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 1945

N H · STAR

Vol. 1 SPRING, 1938 No. 2

COPY GIFT

1638 EXETER 1938

A little town on the New Hampshire countryside is to celebrate, in its modest way, its 300th anniversary. Visited by both Washington and Lincoln, Exeter is rich in Colonial and Revolutionary history. Phillips Exeter Academy, known throughout the world, is located here.

To one and all N. H. STAR sends a cordial invitation to visit Exeter and our state this summer. We haven't the biggest this or the biggest that, but we do have mountains, lakes and seashore in a state whose longest length is a scant 200 miles, width not exceeding 90 miles. Mt. Washington heads one of the highest mountain ranges west of the Rockies. 500 lakes, topped by huge Lake Winnipesaukee, 18 miles of the best seashore all say come to New Hampshire, America's Only Complete Vacationland.

X-PN 4827

N H STAR

FROM THE GRANITE STATE

Vol. 1 Summer, 1938 No. 3

NEW N.A.P.A OFFICERS

President- Felicitas Hagger.y, Jersey City, N. J.
Vice President- William Haywood, New York, N.Y.
Secretary- Benton Wetzel, Berkeley, Calif.
Treasurer- Robert Holman, Mahoney City, Pa.
Official Editor- Elaine Jorgensen, Salt Lake City
Judges- Macauley, Moitoret, Kleiner
1939 Convention Site- Oakland

CRISP COMMENT

WE bring you great news- A new press, better type, and better paper. Altho we have not thoroughly mastered our new equipment, (pages 2 & 3 suffer from off-set) THE STAR is now much better off.

Comment on "Snow", Winter number:

"The few lines of 'Snow' have a touch of professionalism that makes one look for quotation or author credit."- Hyman Bradofsky in the CALIFORNIAN

"The editor's banal wise-cracks about "Snow" suggest a last minute impromptu at the type case -to fill space." -E. A. E. [Ernest A. Edkins?] inTHE NATIONAL AMATEUR

Come on, boys. Let's get together on this thing. Was it the work of a professional, space filler, or professional space filler?

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL
JUN 2
COPY
GIFT

NH STAR

for FALL 1938

The Opening Chorus

Calling All West Coast Amateurs ! Band of Dartmouth Indians from the hills of New Hampshire heading for Palo Alto. Will arrive about Nov. 26. Warn Stanford tribe they're out for scalps. That is all.

A Latin scholar has informed me that "Tempus figits". While it has been figitting since my Summer number, the Star Press has been trying to raise its offspring to a higher notch in the thumb-nail class. Whether or not I can keep this pace is a question, but don't say I didn't try.

Aided by the criticism of my first three issues, I have endeavoured to make this Fall number the best yet. I must confess that the contents have a decided "foreign flavor", but both Messrs. Gay and Zandstra wrote their respective articles for the American amateur press and it is with some degree of pride I present them to you.

All unsigned contributions should be blamed on Yours Truly.

-E. G. Stevens, Jr., Editor

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 26 1939

NH STAR

WINTER, 1938

THE NETHERLANDS AND THE EAST-INDIES BECOME NEIGHBORS

By Fred Zandstra of Middelburg, The Netherlands

Along the old world road between West and East, Europe travels with its own tempo to Asia. Once the caravan-roads crossed each other at Bagdad.

At present five air services of three European nations have their crossing-points there, on their way to the East. With respect to the British and French companies, we may declare that the Flying Dutchman is the most rapid of all.

That rapidity, however, does not mean to urge and to hurry on. To fly to the Indies in 5 1-2 days with a Fokker - Douglass signifies for the passenger traveling with Eastern calmness, but with Western comfort and hygiene, on a seat in- (Turn Page)

N H STAR

WINTER, 1938

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PN 4827 NEW TIMES 2- 38 #78 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1945

THE NEW TIMES

VOL. 1 FEBRUARY, 1938 NO. 5

Question Contest Answers

WOW! FOX HOUNDS

The worst scare I ever had in my life was when I was about 12-years of age. Returning home late one night from a neighboring home, I took a short cut across the field and unknowingly got directly in the path of a pack of fox hounds. There must have been at least a dozen of them. Evidently the trail had been lost and suddenly found when only a few rods from me it seems the whole pack opened up at the same time.

Did you ever hear a pack of hounds barking? Well I froze in my tracks and do not think I have ever been the srme since.

BRYANT J. NUGENT

—◆—

College Recollections

The incident which almost chilled my blood took place at my college homecoming. It was fun meeting the old bunch again, but I had decided to leave early that evening.

With the music and laughter still in my ears, I got into my car. Driving

(Continued On Page Four)

PRINTING

CIRCULARS

3x4

100 words limit

100, 8¢; each additional 100, 8¢ each

3x6, 125 word limit

100, 10¢; each additional 100, 10¢ each

POSTPAID

Order all you need; we'll do them

Write For Quatity Prices

‹‹◆¶¶¶¶¶››

LETTERHEADS

(HALF SIZE—5½x8½)

Printed To Your Copy On White Bond

100, 27c POSTPAID

—ADDRESS—

TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY

342 E. 100th St., New York City

X-PN 4827 #177

THE MINIATURE NEWSPAPER

The New Times

NOW THE POT WILL BOIL!

NEW SERIES—NO. 8 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 26, 1938 CIRCULATION—500

APR 8 1944

PRESENTING THE TNT TICKET

AN EDITORIAL

It is with hesitancy that THE NEW TIMES publishes a long editorial. People expect newspapers to supply the news, and with limited space editorials cut deeply into our news columns. However, it is also the business of a newspaper to help its readers understand the course of affairs and to give them ideas regarding persons and events which affect their welfare. With this in mind, and with the distinct objective of betterment of the NAPA, THE NEW TIMES presents its ticket for the coming election. Careful study of activity records have been made, for—more than anything else—an active board is a necessity. Too many times in past years has activity slumped because our leaders had failed to set the pace.

For president, THE NEW TIMES nominates Felicitas C. Haggerty, wife of the celebrated Vincent B. Haggerty, who in her own right has carved a niche on the portals of amateur journalism. Her commendable work during the past year as secretary and the promptness which is symbolic with her regard of official duties earn her the right—

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

WE NOMINATE

President
Felicitas C. Haggerty
Vice-President
Harold D. Ellis
Secretary
Robert M. Dunlap
Treasurer
Robert Holman
Official Editor
Elaine Jorgensen
Executive Judges
George W. Macauley
Rheinhart Kleiner
Anthony F. Moitoret

Hotel Gibson To Be Cincy Headquarters

Cincinnati—(Special to TNT) Hotel Gibson, at 5th and Walnut streets in the heart of downtown Cincinnati, has been designated as official NAPA headquarters for the convention, Robert M. Dunlap, reception committee chairman, announced.

The banquet and convention sessions will be held in the air-cooled Italian room, which can accommodate 200. Convention dates are July 2, 3 and 4.

Hotel Gibson points with pride to its modernistic "key hole" bar, which might be of interest to some a.j. newsmen between proceedings, but beware of the Pink Chicken; to its modern lounge cafe; and to a supper room with orchestra.

Rates start from $2.50 single and $4 double.

Dowdell Succeeds Suhre on Committee

Grand Rapids, Mich.—(Special to TNT)—William Dowdell, NAPAex-prexy, was appointed to the Committee for Editorial Award by President Macauley to fill the vacancy caused by Edward Suhre's resignation.

Suhre quit the committee recently in a fit of pique over remarks in the Pink Chicken.

Quality Now Aim, Price Note Reveals

Pueblo, Idaho—(Special to TNT) — Re-elected, President Robert H. Price, began his second AAPA administration with a determined effort to improve the quality of its papers and literature.

This, according to a reliable informant, was revealed in a letter sent to a member of his staff.

He wrote that in quantity AAPA papers exceeded those of any other group, and now was time for each publisher to try to do a little better.

Writers were also urged to revise their efforts until they felt it was worth printing. Discontinuance of "writing in the stick" was advised for better sentence construction and coherency.

Continued on Page 3, Column 2

X-PN 4827

THE TNT TICKET

President
Felicitas C. Haggerty
Vice-President
William Haywood
Secretary
Robert M. Dunlap
Treasurer
Robert Holman
Official Editor
Elaine Jorgensen
Executive Judges
George W. Macauley
Rheinhart Kleiner
Anthony F. Moitoret

The New Times

NEW SERIES—NO. 9 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 18, 1938

Active Slate Supporters Rebuke April-June Duds

Insist Upon Election of Regularly Active Candidates

With considerable flaying of the "April-June duds," who confine their activity to those months when amateur politics is predominant, many editors have quite belligerently announced their support of really active candidates by placing their colors alongside the banner of The New Times.

Proposed in the last issue, the TNT Ticket nominated Felicitas Haggerty for president, Robert Dunlap for secretary, Robert Holman for treasurer, Elaine Jorgensen for official editor and George W. Macauley, Rheinhart Kleiner and Anthony Moitoret for executive judges.

Harold Ellis, originally slated for vice-president, has declined the nomination, saying he would much prefer to continue as chairman of the recruiting committee. William

Continued on Page 3, Column 3

—TNT—

Kleiner Mum on Election

New York City—(Special to TNT)—No one has been able to ascertain whether Rheinhart Kleiner and Burton Crane, Tryout's nominees for president and official editor, have accepted the candidacies.

SEATTLE DISREGARDED AS CONCLAVE SEAT

Seattle, Wash.—(Special to TNT)—This city's bid for the '39 NAPA convention has not been taken seriously by leaders. Anthony Moitoret's Seattle Sun suggested Seattle should New York and Oakland deadlock. Those supposedly in the know pointed to this city's blank activity slate, saying the Pairs would swing it one way or another. Possibilities of a deadlock were put at 100-to-1 by wagering amateurs.

Cincy Mayor Will Greet Convention

Cincinnati—(Special to TNT) With a gala array of features scheduled for the NAPA's three day siege of the Queen City, delegates will be kept on the jump every minute.

"Never a dull moment" seems to have been the theme of the committee in charge of arrangements.

Mayor James G. Stewart will officially welcome the convention late Saturday afternoon.

Between business sessions have been sandwiched a night baseball game between the Cincinnati Reds and Chicago

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

Edkins Urges Philly As Mecca of 'Dom

Coral Gables, Fla.—(Special to TNT)—Ernest A. Edkins, foremost commentator on amateur journalism, suggests that Philadelphia be made a "Mecca" for all followers of the hobby.

"Philadelphia," Edkins said, "was the birthplace of both the National and United associations, and naturally has many traditions of past amateur activities. Now it houses the Fossil Library in its Franklin Institute."

Edkins, ringing the alarm to awaken the "somnolent Quakers," said Philadelphia, being

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE MINIATURE NEWSPAPER

The New Times

THE WAY YOU LIKE IT

NUMBER 10 | PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23, 1938 | CIRCULATION—600

FELICITAS, ELAINE RIDE HIGH; OAKLAND TAKES CONCLAVE

Elect Wetzel Secretary When Dunlap Resigns; Big Proxy Vote

Cincinnati—(Special to TNT)—Riding the crest of a huge proxy vote, Felicitas C. Haggerty was swept into the presidency, carrying with her all the members of the TNT ticket. Completely overwhelming her opponent, she snared but eight less votes than her unopposed running mate, Elaine Jorgensen, who came within three votes of being unanimously elected official editor.

Benton Wetzel was elected secretary when Robert Dunlap resigned.

With hardly any opposition William Haywood and Robert Holman were elected vice-prez and treasurer. Retiring President George Macauley, Tony Moitoret and Rheinhart Kleiner won Judgeships in TNT's display of strength.

Oakland, Calif., won the '39 meeting; the convention vote defeating New York after a neck-and-neck proxy count.

First Day

First session called to order at 10:55 by Mrs. Haggerty, ranking officer. Prayer by Wylie. Secretary's report distributed to delegates. Reading of officers' reports. Presenta-

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

GROUP INSISTS RED TAPE BE CUT

Office Revision Plan Approved; Laureates Doomed

Cincinnati—(Special to TNT)—All red tape must be cut, streamlining is modern. A. J. must modernize.

Carrying the discussion of the NAPA Forum to committee, a number of resolutions and possibly some amendments may be proposed this year.

The committee comprising Ernest A. Edkins, Ralph Babcock, Robie Macauley, Benton Wetzel and Harold Segal was appointed by Mrs. Haggerty to evaluate proposals and suggestions made on the floor.

Among the suggestions were: abolishment of laureates to be substituted by awards of merit, to be given whenever deemed necessary by Bureau of Critics; vice-president to be chairman of recruiting committee, to take publicity work and assist in co-operative publications; personal criticism for writers who want it to be given by critics; manuscripts submitted to manuscript bureau should be confined to 300 words; consolidation of secretary and treasurer; critics absorb duties of

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

CINCINNATI BRIEFS

Mayor James G. Stewart's welcome to NAPA at William Dowdell Luncheon broadcast over local station.

Oakland selected 1939 convention seat.

Suhre amendment defeated after much debate.

Committee (Edkins, Babcock, R. Macauley, Wetzel and Segal) appointed to draw up legislation and suggestions discussed by forum.

Laureate awards: poetry, Albert Chapin; essay, Emma Macauley; story, Ford Haskill.

X-PN 4827

NEWS OF ALL AMATEURDOM

The New Times

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

NUMBER 11 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 17, 1938 CIRCULATION—600

NOEL WAILS "BANDITRY!" AS JENNINGS FOLLOWERS SECEDE

Reform Draft Will Follow Discussion

New York City—(Special to TNT)—Public reaction to the NAPA's Forum Committee to eliminate red-tape and horse-cart methods is increasing favorably each week.

Leading measure was the consolidation of secretary and treasurer. Advocated often in past years by prominent amateurs to increase efficiency, signs point definitely to such an amendment and its adoption at Oakland. As the treasurer is mersly a banker and check-writer, his work will put no additional burden on the shoulders of the secretary.

The plan to abolish laureates and create certificates of merit is also proving to be popular. These certificates would be awarded by the Bureau of Critics when-

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

—TNT—

Recruits Plan Humor Paper

Springfield, Ohio—Willametta Turnepseed and Arilyn Spitzer, new members, are planning a humorous publication.

TNT Adds Press, Linotype

A linotype machine and a pony cylinder press has recently been installed by the Ormond Press, printing subsidiary of the New Times.

—TNT—

Suhre Arouses Ire Of Oakland Hosts

Oakland, Calif.—(Special to TNT)—Challenging the statement of Edward F. Suhre that the ensuing Oakland convention would be marked by the absence of officers, Oakland amateurs were willing to wager that more officers would be present than at Cincinnati.

"What right has Suhre to speak for the officers?" one prominent Oaklander said.

Suhre's statement in the August Tryout belittling Oakland's chances of a successful were uncalled for, according to this Oakland club member. "Why didn't Suhre say all this at Cincinnati? As far as I can remember he was quiet during the convention seat election and didn't put in a word one way or the other.

Continued on Page 4, Column 2

Political Tyranny Is Cause of Separation

New York City—(Special to TNT)—Their right to the title "original United Amateur Press Association of America" growing steadily each day, officials of the off-shoot group laughed heartily at perennial Secretary Clyde F. Noel's charge of "banditry."

The new group, led by Jeffrey H. Jennings, of Brooklyn, and supported by Ex-Presidents Ted Schirm and David Cade, claimed direct descent from the association founded by Will Greenfield in Philadelphia in 1895.

Noel's clique, the Seattle United, evidently irked by this new uprising, the second in three years, expelled Jennings, Schirm, Cade and others from their association.

"They are trying to steal the association and appropriate to themselves its good name," Noel wailed. "They are doomed to defeat because of their rotten campaign methods."

Jennings laughed at that

Continued on Page 3, Column 2

X-PN 4827

NEWS OF ALL AMATEURDOM

The New Times

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

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Continued on Page 3, Column 2

X-PN 4827 #84

THE NORTH STAR

MEMBER OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Vol. 2 *AUGUST, 1938* *No. 2*

OVER THERE

By Wallace Wallner



The night before the big charge Ralph Durgan and Mike Plumy made plans about the future.

"Well, Mike, tomorrow is the day," declares Ralph.

"Correct, I wouldn't be surprised if tomorrow proved to be the deciding battle."

Then the bugle sounded.

The next morning early, the division attacked the enemy.

For hours bombs bursting in the air lit up the territory. Men fell on both sides.

The commander of the Allies called for two volunteers. Mike and Ralph came forward.

They were to blow up the enemy arsenal.

On their way across they narrowly escaped death when a cannon ball just missed them.

They set the bomb to go off in ten minutes. As they left a guard stopped them. He questioned the two. Three minutes left! Mike got nervous.

Ralph thought fast. "Look at that plane."

The guard looked. Mike landed a haymaker on the guard's jaw. Quickly they raced across the battlefield.

When about three hundred yards away they dived into a shell-hole for protection from the blast.

Not too soon either, as it then blew up.

Several minutes later, Ralph and Mike came out of their subconscious condition.

"That sure was some explosion, what will we do now?" says Mike.

"First we had better rest. Then we'll head back to our lines," was the reply.

As the two dough-boys rested they heard many men talking.

"Enemy soldiers," was all Mike said.

"Our goose is cooked," replied Ralph.

Then the soldiers came down upon them. Mike looked and gasped.

"American soldiers; we are saved!" exclaimed Ralph.

X-PN 4827

#85

A Merry Christmas! CHRISTMAS NUMBER A Happy New Year!

THE NORTH STAR

MEMBER OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Vol. 2 *DECEMBER, 1938* *No. 3*

"A Very Merry Christmas"

By Wallace Wallner

APR 20 1944

Reindeer prancing through the sky, with jolly old St. Nick to guide them, filled little Bob's dream.

Suddenly the dream ended, when a footstep woke him. He strained his eyes to see. There by the foot of his bed stood a man dressed in red with white fur as a decoration. The plump fellow had a fine white beard.

Bob smiled and exclaimed in a happy voice, "Santa Claus!"

The intruder came to the bed and said, "Hello, little fellow; have you been a good boy the past year?"

"Well," said Bob rather sheepishly, "I did the best I could."

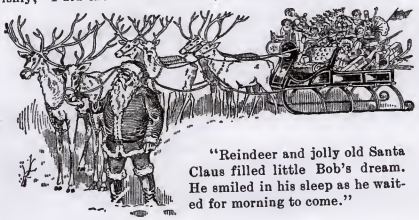
"I believe you," said Santa Claus, "I placed your presents at the foot of your bed. I'll have to be going now to reach all the other children. Now you go to sleep,"

With this Bob dropped off to a deep sleep in which he saw pictured every conceivable toy manufactured.

The next day Bob was sent down to the corner to purchase the morning paper. On his way he saw five ragged children looking wantingly at the toys in the big store window.

Bob chanced to ask one of them, "What kind of toys and candy

(Please turn to page 4)



"Reindeer and jolly old Santa Claus filled little Bob's dream. He smiled in his sleep as he waited for morning to come."

Year 25c

Copy 5c

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

APR 2 1941

National Youth

A GOOD LITTLE MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY

Volume 1 JUNE, 1938 Number 6

X-Fic 4827

DROOPY CRACKS DOWN

A Yarn of the Coal Fields

by Maurice E. White

It was one of those dreary, rainy evenings in a small mountain town. Friday night, payday at the mines, and the coal miners were coming into town in groups of three, four or a half dozen. Some were dressed in a manner to be envied by the Broadwayite, others were half washed and clad in dirty, loose fitting overalls.

Payday happened to come but once every two weeks and after deductions of scrip, doctor bills, union dues, rent and other assessments, they trotted off to town to forget coal loading, track laying, machine cutting and other daily routine. Wayside inns and taverns were crowded, whooping it up with their stringed bands, dancing, and yelling until their bodies were weary.

Droopy Spencer, a deputy constable, rushed into the dimly lighted entrance of the Twinkle Tavern, elbowed his way through the boisterous crowd and called to the proprietor. A lanky gentleman of the old school appeared at the kitchen door, smiled and extended his hand in greeting.

"Hi, Droopy, wanna see me?" He pulled his spectacles down to almost the tip of his slender nose and slapped the deputy on the back.

"Yeah, they told me you've had some trouble around here tonight. You know I'm the law around these parts." The deputy pulled back his coat on his shoulders to expose a sparkling badge.

"I sent for you a hour ago. A man by the name of Joe Carter was shot down right here in the middle of the floor and carried out dead."

"Who done the dirty work?"

"Don't know his name. They was several in a scuffle an' havin' a free for all. That feller over thar with the gray coat and overalls looks like one of them. He was right in the middle of it." The proprietor pointed to a young man seated with several in a private booth.

"It won't be long and I'll have the murderer in jail. You know ole' Droopy allus gets his man and ain't scared of a gang of hornets." The deputy bounced over to where the youth was seated with the others.

"Howdy, Droop," greeted the gang in unison. "Have a beer on us?"

"Don't care if I do but I shore ain't gonna drink over one or two tonight. Gotta take care of the crowd an' you know the law can't get drunk." He dropped to the seat as one of the men shoved a bottle under his nose.

"Shore is a helluva night, with all the rainin' an' fog," declared the deputy, raising the beer to his lips.

"Yeah, an' I guess you got the two-by-four full of law breakers by now," remarked an old man with a handlebar mustache, half choking down a gutteral laugh.

Droopy gulped down his beer, and with an expression of utter delight, he explained that he had to mix around a little "an' see what's agoin' on" as he put it.

"Wonder what he's up to now?" asked one of the men as he watched the deputy stroll across the crowded room and disappear through the door.

How was he to find out about the man with the gray coat and overalls, Droopy asked himself. Who was he and what was he doing here? True he was a stranger around this neck of the woods. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. No, he wouldn't arrest the man for murder because nobody had seen him do the shooting. This man had been in a crowd with the others, they had said, and nobody was certain who did the job. Besides, they all had been drinking a lot and he had heard two or three conflicting tales about it.

" By crackety, I'll arrest that man anyhow and take him in. I'll arrest him for actin' suspicious if nothing else," Droopy said to himself as he bounded for the door again. He walked slowly over to where the man was still seated. He wanted to say something. Filling his ancient pipe with home-spun tobacco which he carried loosely in his pocket, he asked the young man for a match. "Shore," exclaimed the potential prisoner, handing him two

Continued on page 12

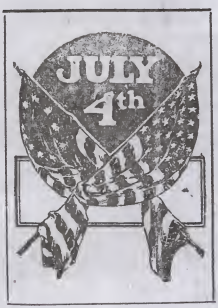
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JUL 30 1938

Year 25c
Copy 5c

NATIONAL YOUTH

"A Good Little Magazine For Everybody"

Volume 1 JULY, 1938 Number 7



The Flag

By A. FLOYD ALIX (5) 333 E. 89th STREET
New York City

When I was at camp last summer
I learned about the flag.
I watched it go up at sunrise
And then come down at dawn.

All people honor their own flags
But I like mine the best.
The bugler blows, the flag comes down—
Beneath its peace we'll rest.

YEAR 35c. COPY 5c

NATIONAL YOUTH MAGAZINE

Official Organ of The Squarefellows Legion

Volume 2 NOVEMBER, 1938 Number 1

We Respectfully Dedicate This Issue To- -



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

GLENN O. De ATLEY, Founder

THE SQUAREFELLOWS LEGION of AMERICA

Squarefellow Insignia

The official Squarefellow insignia is the letter "S" inclosed in a square, encircled by an endless chain of ten links. Each link in the chain is a reminder of a principle of the Moral Code, the square signifies the motto, and the letter "S" stands for the Squarefellow Pledge.

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS #97

THE NUTSHELL

Vol. 1 Jan.-February, 1939 No. 1

SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

GREETINGS

A new editor of a new amateur paper wishes to express an old feeling in wishing new friends and new readers a very

HAPPY NEW YEAR

WE ARE AMERICANS

by Robert Rice Estabrook

Salute, Americans, our pioneer forefathers; they who fought to give what we have today: freedom, a good form of government, and, geographically the most wonderful nation in the world. Let us honor the brave ones who fought and

(Con't. on Page 3)

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THE NUTSHELL

Vol. 1 March-April, 1939 No. 2

SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1944

HELP RESTORE OUR WILD LIFE

The second annual Wildlife Week, March 19 to 25, will be observed throughout the United States by a large number of local and national organizations concerned with the future of natural resources. The first annual Wildlife week was proclaimed in 1938 by President Roosevelt.

Sheets of 80 wildlife poster stamps, including trees, wild flowers, birds, mammals and fish will be distributed by the National Wildlife Federation in conjunction with Wildlife Week. These stamps are from paintings by outstanding nature artists. Returns from the stamps are for the support of local organizations and

(Con't on Page 11)

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS #97

THE NUTSHELL

Vol. 1 May-June, 1939

SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1944

TRUE AMERICANS

by Robert Rice Estabrook

The origin of the Indian is unknown. It was, therefore, our privilege to call him the "True American." For years he lived on this continent as the sole representative of humanity. Then, as the European World progressed, men with great ships (as compared to the Indian Canoe) came and took over the vast area now known as America.

These Europeans came slowly, but persistently, and soon the Indian was forced to leave his home near the Atlantic to join his inland brothers. Few whites thought further than their own gain, whether they treated the Indian kindly or with force,

(Con't. on Page 15)

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THE NUTSHELL

Vol. 1 July-August, 1939 No. 4

SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

ON PROPAGANDA

by Emil Tenyak

"Believe nothing you hear and only one half what you see," the old proverb reads. But we think, surely one can believe what he sees with his own eyes. Yet newspapers, magazines, books and such of a similar nature will almost invariably contain propaganda. The chief reason for their effectiveness is that propaganda in its many forms is unrecognized by the greater majority of the people. What, you ask, is propaganda? Fair enough: propaganda is the dissemination of opinion, news, or other information, with the object of converting others to a particu-

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS #97

THE NUTSHELL

Vol. 1 September-October, 1939 No. 5

SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

Radio ...

AMERICA'S BEST ENTERTAINMENT

by Wayne Williams

Radio, more than any other one thing, has brought happiness to the American people. Through it, we get a variety of entertainment -- drama, national events, operas, all kinds of music, serials, and many other kinds of features are brought to us at the low cost of only a few cents. Where, may I ask, can you receive such high class entertainment at such low prices?

Radio has come a long way in the last ten years. Earphones had to be worn to enable one to hear what was being broadcasted. To-day no such apparatus is necessary. We sit in our comfortable

#74

THE NUTSHELL

Vol. 1 November-December, 1939 No. 6

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD X-PN 4827 JUN 28 1945



Christmas Greetings

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The North Star

Vol. 2 MARCH, 1936 No. 4

Is Amateur Journalism Appreciated?

Do people in general enjoy and appreciate amateur journalism to the same degree as we a.j.ers do? While some do, others do not.

The average person, upon receiving a copy of an amateur publication gotten out by a disciple of Horace Greeley, merely looks at the size of the paper, and if he feels he has the time, reads it. He then tosses it aside as so much thrash, with a look upon his countenance that would sour the milk of human kindness. He wonders why the paper is so small in size and why it is published only monthly, bi-monthly, or even quarterly. Little does he realize what it actually means to produce a little two-by-four journal. Then, too, the reader knows very little, if anything, what it really means to "dig up and dish out" subject matter of interest (?) to the fraternity and others who perchance read the little paper.

There are, to be sure, countless de-

(Please turn to page 4)

K-N.N. 4827

THE NUTMEG AMATEUR

Fall 1939

APR 30 1944



THE EDITOR

NEW HAMPSHIRE STAR 1939
X-PN 4c27

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

NH STAR

I try to imagine an autumn night cold, dreary, gloomy, bleak, a real Dutch November night. I had been spending a pleasant evening at my uncle's in Flushing, celebrating my cousin's birhtday, but was so stupid as to forget the time. When I did think of going home, I made the unpleasant discovery that it was too late to catch the last train to Middelburg, six kilometres distant. Since my uncle did not own a motor-car, and taxi was too expensive, there remained only one way—by bicycle. Three minutes afte saying good-bye, I was on my way

FOG . . . Fred Zandstra, Middelburg, Holland

through Flushing's streets on my cousin's bike.

The town was next to deserted at this time of day and under these weather circumstances. I believe I met only one late walker who hurried home through the fog, deep in his overcoat; home, where a warm stove, a commodious chair, a cup of tea were waiting to greet him. My greatcoat and gloves did their duty. Only my ears were freezing. Then I remembered a way my father taught me to warm them again.

W
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I had cycled thru the town and arrived at the first bridge across the canal through Walcheren. Both

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 2 - DUPL GIFT

N H STAR

AMATEUR JOURNALISM 1939

There are today three major national amateur press associations serving amateurs in the United States. Each offers identical services, cooperative mailings, official organ, manuscript placement service, and all the other advantages that only organization can give. Yet, not one of these associations is functioning properly, and serving such a fine hobby as it should be served. We are all familiar with the complaints. The mailings are too infrequent, manuscripts sent to the Bureau often never heard from again, politics bad, and all the other various disorders arising from inactivity.

Many proposals have been made during recent years to stimulate activity. There is no cure-all. One that will accomplish more than anything else is the establishment of a news service. Stamp collecting owes no small part of its success as an organized hobby to its news services, supplying in some instances weekly information vital to the hobby. Paradoxically amateur journalists, the journalistic-inclined, have no news service. There are no commercial interests to give ayjayers one. It's up to the associations. The first association

N H STAR 1939 X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 29 1945
COPY

NH STAR
SPRING 1939

1940 CONVENTION CITY

by William Haywood

New York, city of wonders, stands ready to receive the National Amateur Press Association in 1940. Skyway, railway, and roadway lead eastto a city of miracles, the best convention city we shall ever see. Tall spires challenge the sky, highways of tomorrow circumscribe the city, bridges span the teeming rivers, and all over the city are a friendly people, anxious to show America and the world what a great place this is. Here is a setting for real convention, a background to dwarf the most visionary imagination.

And here, too, are some amateurs you will want to meet. Felicatas Haggerty, publisher of **Excelsior**, and president of the Association. Vondy McDonald, publisher of **Bellette**. Ruth Pietchman, editor of **The Brooklynite**. George and Lucia Trainer, publishers of **The Brooklyn Sun**, Vincent Haggerty, publisher of **Leisure Hours**.

P. S. Do we need to mention that we are having a World's Fair in New York you can't afford to miss ?

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CH! TCH! LATE AL RECORD AGAIN
JUN 2 GRADUATION—400

NEWS OF ALL AMATEURDOM

The New Times

NUMBER 12 PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 25 (or April 25), 1937

AUTHORITIES PONDER REFORMS

EXTRA

MOTTORET IS "PANIC"!

Salt Lake City—(*Special Bulletin to* TNT)—Reliable source reveals Anthony Motoret as Peter Panic, publisher of Bell Pepper. Details to follow.

Rumor Slates Girls In East-West Pact

Oakland, Cal.—(Special to TNT)—A ticket originating here is expected to break the political ice very shortly.

Rumors of an East-West agreement on the slate for the July election reached the meeting of the local amateur press club.

Details were vague, but it was reliably reported that pressure from Salt Lake City was behind naming Official Editor Elaine Jorgensen for the NAPresidency.

Apparently the female of the a.j. specie is again to predominate, with Dame Rumor listing Lorraine Lindblad and Bernice McCarthy for important posts.

OPINIONS, ALTHO VARIED, LEAN TOWARD FORUM COMMITTEE SUGGESTIONS

Since the publication of the report of the Forum Committee in the December National Amateur, comment in the amateur press, altho varied, generally leans towards the reforms suggested by the committee appointed by President Felicitas Haggerty at Cincinnati.

While the editors generally favor the new proposals, The New Times has asked the opinions of constitutional experts who are not directly connected at present with any publication. Those who have replied are Helm Spink, ex-official editor and well-known authority on NAPA affairs, and Ex-president Edward F. Suhre, veteran convention-goer and constitutionalist.

Preparatory Plan to Safeguard Future

By HELM SPINK

The idea of abolishing several minor offices and turning over more responsibilities to the vice-president is wholly good. The vice-presidency should be a training school for bigger jobs. I don't know exactly what is to be expected of the membership co-ordinator, but I suggest that the job be created by the president and not by amendment of the constitution. The president, you know, always has had the authority to appoint "such additional officers and committees as may be required."

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

Dues Increase, Less Jobs Held Bad Move

By EDWARD F. SUHRE

If we cut down the number of elected officers or appointees, then there will be still less activity on the part of the average member to promote the interest of the association. In the UAPA they are always adding new officers so that more people have something to do. Any proposal and adoption of new rules to make life members and ex-presidents pay dues would only apply on those thereafter elected including Mrs. Haggerty. No laws can become retroactive, therefore those already on the

Continued on Page 3, Column 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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JUN 28 1945
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PHILADELPHIA WINS CONCLAVE

Convention Vote Decides '40 City

Philadelphia, the birthplace of two amateur journalism associations, will entertain the oldest and foremost, the National Amateur Press Association at its 65th annual convention next July.

With a more-or-less lackadaisical fight for convention seat, Philadelphia enthusiasts had the foresight to establish a "Vote for Philly" lobby at the Berkeley convention. It swung the election, as Philadelphia ran behind both Salt Lake City and Cleveland in the proxy voting.

This will be Philadelphia's first convention since 1926, when the late, scholarly Will Murphy almost single-handedly entertained the NAPA.

The 1940 conclave will give Philadelphia and Edwin Hadley Smith the opportunity to show to the organization the Fossil Library, world's largest collection of amateur papers, housed in the library of the Franklin Institute, in its magnificent building on the Benjamin Franklin Parkway.

While the convention is still many months off, Philadelphia NAPA members will meet in September, with the newly formed amateur press club, to draft plans for next July. While Philadelphia will not promise the "best ever" convention, for those promises are too easily broken, the Quaker City will guarantee everyone a good time.

The New Times

NUMBER 13 | PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 15, 1939

Jorgensen Easy Victor; Babcock Upsets Editors

Bernice McCarthy Elected Secretary as Wetzel Resigns

By BENTON WETZEL

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Philadelphia was elected the 1940 convention city by establishing a floor "lobby" after it trailed Salt Lake City and Cleveland in the proxies.

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Lorraine Lindblad, Berkeley Purple Cow mistress, was elected vice-president, while Treasurer Robert Holman, of Mahanoy City, Pa., was re-elected to office. Holman is publisher of The Cubicle.

After a 45-minute debate on the amendment proposed by Club Promoter Hirst Mendenhall, the delegates gave it one more vote than the necessary 42.

Because he will attend college this fall, Secretary Wetzel resigned at the last session and the conclave elected Bernice C. McCarthy, of Asbury Park, N. J., to the unexpired term.

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(*Cont. on Page 2, Col.* 1)

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NEW TIMES 7-39 X-FN 482 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS JUN 28 1945

The New Times.

Vol. 2 *JULY - AUGUST, 1939* *No. 16*

New York World's Fair

The first World's Fair in America was held in New York, 1853. Visitors were thrilled by the 350 foot wooden Observation Tower and the Crystal Palace of Iron and Glass. ***Theme:*** "The Industry of all Nations." Cost: $891,000.

The second New York World's Fair which opened April 30, 1939: Towering 700 feet, the steel Trylon is also a radio station and an air beacon. The 200 foot Perisphere houses a theatre. ***Theme:*** "The World of Tomorrow." Sixty Nations participate. Cost: One hundred and fifty-six million dollars. Thus, in 86 years the second World's Fair cost exactly $155,-109,000 extra. Some city New York, folks! Be sure to see it!

Statistics; Theme

Putting the entire Fair together—here's something for the statistical-minded visitor to think about: There were 1,000 tons of paint used, & 758 miles of piling to make foundations; there are 17 mi. of road inside the Fair, 15,-000,000 square feet of walls, 30.5 mi. of sewers, 15 mi. of electric conducts, 34 mi of walks, 3-million square feet of building area, 8,500 tons of metal lath, 39,500 tons of steel, 19,900 tons of cement. And just to top it off, the Perisphere weighs 9,2-hundred thousand lbs., and the Trylon, 4,3-hundred thousand lbs.,—a total of 13,5-hundred thousand for the Theme exhibit. Some theme!

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NEW TIMES 9-39

BRN 4827 #105

The New Times.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 28 1945

VOL. 3. SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1939 NO. 25

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO

THE curious fondness exhibited by the Dyak population of Borneo for human heads, resembles very much the affection of the North American Indian for scalps. They are alike trophies, and alike signs of the possessor's valour. As it is a weakness common to men in every condition of life to wish to be considered brave, it is easy to see how an opinion that judged a man to be courageous according to the number of heads in his posession, no matter how obtained, might lead to the most shocking acts of barbarity. The heads only of enemies were presumably sought; but let a native be suddenly inspired with jelousy of some rival, or with a wish to be famous for his courage, and he would lurk in the jungle, or by the riverbanks, dealing out murder upon the unwary man or maid that chanced to come within the reach of his cowardly blows.

The desire for human heads was always present in the mind of the Dyak; upon set occasions, however, and during certain ceremonies, it was absolutely neccessary to have heads. Thus, when a young Dyak began to turn his thoughts toward matrimony, he dared not venture to pay his addresses to the object of his admiration until he captured a number of heads, and thrown them in a net at the maiden's feet. These ghastly symbols of her lover's manhood the lady guarded with great care, and bestowed upon them the unrelaxing attention which the excessive heat of that climate rendered necessary for their preservation. It was necessary not only for the young man who was for the first time entering the hymeneal state to so attest his valour, but also for the widower. All those wishing to marry would form themselves into head-hunting expeditions, and making inroads upon the neighbouring tribes, would cut off indiscriminately the heads of males and females, of young and old. So urgent, in many cases, was the Dyak's desire for a head, that, impatient of the difficulties that stand in the way of getting an enemy's, he would take the head of a friend, and even disinterring the remains of the newly-buried dead, would perpetrate upon them the most disgusting mutilations. No wonder that head-hunting began to be looked upon as a "horrible

NEW TIMES 11-39

The New Times.

THE LIBRARY OF
JUN 28 1945

A Magazine of Versatility

X-PN 4027

VOL. 3 NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1939 NO. 26.

Our Holiday Message To You:

OUR sincerest wish that your Christmas be the Happiest ever and that the New Year be one of Great Prosperity without misfortunes—and that this Country STAY OUT OF WAR.

THE NEW TIMES

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Nutshell

Vol. 2 No. 1

The Valley of the Spruces

by Robert Rice Estabrook

The green spruces make a low, soft hiss, a murmur almost, as they stand proudly, fearlessly, above the glass-like waters which turned downward their lofty tops in picture-like reflection. The murmur is made by the gentle south-wind which at times lowers itself and dances, fairy-like, across the water, distorting their reflections, and making the tall trees jump and jiggle, shooting their tops from place to place, with amazing rapid-

(Con't. on page 6)

January-February, 1940

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

NEWS-VIEWS

"The Verse of the Universe"

Volume I November, 1940 Number 1

HUNTING BOOK-WORMS

By Ralph Brandt

Hunting bookworms is an art. Therefore, it assumed that all people who draw pictures are bookworm hunters.

It is disputed whether bookworms are book readers or book eaters. It is known that the latter are the more sensible; worms that like to eat are better off stomachically that those who digest by optical processes.

Like librarians, bookworms are found in libraries. Libraries are not necessarily found wherever there is a bookworm.

No bookworm has ever been used for fishing. Fish do not like bookworms, because bookworms are educated and fish are not educated. Fish are ignorant because they are found in schools.

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THE NUTMEGGER

AN AMMERICAN PUBLICATION

JAN. FEB. 1940 NO.

LET'S MAKE 1940 AN AMERICAN YEAR!

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

THE NUTMEGGER

AN AMERICAN PUBLICATION

MAR. APR. 1940 NO. 2

THE NUT SEZ . .

I understand that the nickname of this here paper is the NUT! Wonder it that means anything personal! Had a swell time at the Feb. meetnap clambake. Observations: Bill Gavitmth is one doggone swell guy and a first class ajayer. Bob Smith: a very interesting fellow. Brother Bag is owline, but too quiet. Norm Levine: a first class friend, but LOUD! Frank Miller: a long tall Yankee generecously endowed with Yankee wit and humor. All in all - one swell dunch. Welcome to THE SAN DIEGO AJAYER in this bundle.

More of this on the inside.

X-PN
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JUN 28 1940

COPY GIFT

THE

NUTMEGGER

VOL. 1
NO. 3

MAY JUNE
1 9 4 0

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JUN 28 1945

COPY GIFT

THE

Nutmegger

AMERICAN COMPANIONSHIP

Let me be the one to open the door to that great hall before us — where America and her young men of tomorrow meet — and where together we might share the fruits of a great, a free, and noble country, where men are the equals of others, and where the Destiny

(continued on page four)

Vol. 1 July Aug. Sept. 1940 No. 4

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

COPY GIFT

THE

Nutmegger

GABBY'S GAB • • •

Please note my *new* address

☞ ***1085 Bank Street***

Merchant of Venus was written by Bill Groveman early this year and was rewritten (in spots) by Gabby.

Several color combinations were used inside after about 25 copies had rolled off in green. Blue - green was the final choice.

K-PN 4021 #114
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE Nutmegger

WHEN IS A NEWSPAPER A NEWSPAPER ?

Robert Tesch

When is a newspaper? Sounds odd at first glance. Maybe this might simplfy it. When is a newspaper not a newspaper?

Let's consider the modern city daily. With an average of thirty to forty pages to get out each day, every second counts. The city editor directs the newsgetting in the city, the copy reader checks the final product. Foreign and national stories tick into the wire room. This also goes through the copy reader or readers. Every second counts.

But does it? We have also another modern city daily, prehaps in the same city, where the same procedure is carried out. Only in this newspaper some thought is given to the readers.

(Continued on page 3)

Vol. 1 Oct. Nov. 1940 No. 5

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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JUN 28 1945
COPY

THE Nutmegger

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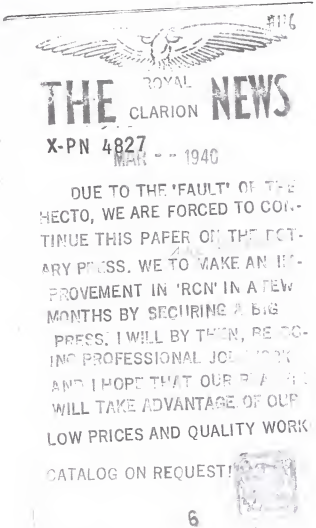
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(Continued on page 3)

Vol. 1 Oct. Nov. 1940 No. 5



THE ROYAL CLARION NEWS

X-PN 4827

MAR - - 1940

DUE TO THE 'FAULT' OF THE HECTO, WE ARE FORCED TO CONTINUE THIS PAPER ON THE ELEMENTARY PRESS. WE TO MAKE AN IMPROVEMENT IN 'RCN' IN A FEW MONTHS BY SECURING A BIG PRESS. I WILL BY THEN, BE DOING PROFESSIONAL JOB WORK AND I HOPE THAT OUR PATRONS WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR LOW PRICES AND QUALITY WORK.

CATALOG ON REQUEST!

6

THE 'ROUND TOWN NEWS

Poughkeepsie, N.Y. May 18, 1940

RUSHED TO HOSPITAL; APPENDICITIS

Mr. Prince of 8 Front St. was rushed to Vassar Hospital Tuesday with acute appendicitis. He is recovering nicely.

SEMANCIK'S MOVE

The Semancik's, formerly of 6 Church St. have moved to 59 Taylor Ave.

THE L.U.S.C. CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 6 1945
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NOW 'N' THEN



MARCH, 1940

The official organ of
THE LIBERTY UNION STAMP CLUB
and a member of the A.A.P.A.

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Nassau Amateur

Vol. 1 June, 1940 No. 1

THE "LIGHTNING" WAR

The lightning war is probably the most effective and horrible ways of fighting, as you have seen through the conquering of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Netherlands, Belgium, and even in part of France. This type of war, as nearly as I can see, consists of large air and mechanized units advancing rapidly and throwing the main body into retreat, then comes the main force of manpower to "mop up" after the tanks have broken and passed the lines.

In the case of the latest thrust by Germany it is believed they are counting on this to win the war or lose it. The question now being asked is: can this type of warfare win over the French forces or will the

Continued on page 3

WALLACE WALLNER CREDENTIAL
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE NORTH STAR

X-PM 4827 JUN 26 1945

Trail-blazer of Amateur Journalism

Vol. 4 *Summer, 1940* *No. 1*

MAIL BLITZKRIEG

By Wallace Wallner, your editor

SEVERAL years ago the United had only a few journals circulating through the mailing bureau. Today the mailing manager works day and night sending out bundles.

Yes, the United is a publishing organization. But our members fail to appreciate the efforts of the backbone of the club. I mean the letter and post card writers. They are the laggers.

Publishers receive only several replies from each issue. He feels that the members do not appreciate his efforts. Hence, his journal may appear once or twice, and then falls into oblivion. Plans are made to have a dozen papers in each bundle. This should be a signal for each non-publishing member to send a penny post card to each publisher. It would cost you only 12 cents a bundle, and think of the encouragement that you are extending to your brothers!

Editors would receive 225 to 250 replies an issue. Now they receive only 10 or 12. Do your part, write each editor—you will not singly aid the United, but it will in turn keep the fire of ambition for journalism in your soul kindled and constantly aflare.

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JUN 28 1945

THE NORTH STAR

"Trail-blazer of Amateur Journalism"

Vol. 4 *Autumn, 1940* *No. 2*

Wanted: A Subject

By Evelyn Kemper

If I only had a subject
A poem I would write,
But every one I mention
The critic says is trite.

I've tried and tried to be
A poet, brave, undaunted,
Yet here I'm forced to say,
"A subject—wanted."

Soul of a Poet

By Michigan Muse

Who knows the poet's soul
Or feels his aspirations?
Who knows what loftly goal
He sets before him?

What stars are his ideals?
Who sees his inward cravings?
To few his heart reveals
Its true proportions.

APR 29 1944

THE NORTH STAR

"Trail-blazer of Amateur Journalism"

Vol. 4 Winter, 1940-1941 No. 3

United We Stand---

By your editor, Wallace Wallace

DEAR Diary: Your faithful author has decided that he's a fool! Why? Because I publish *The North Star* regularly—4 times a year—quarterly. I believe I am publishing it for my own enjoyment, and none other! I must admit I'm getting tired of it. Diary, your master is disgusted with the inactives.

You know, Diary, we active editors, publishers, authors, and printers are getting "taken for a ride" by those who came along "just for the ride." What's the use of a large membership when the result is a burden to the actives.

The least inactives could do would be sending post cards to publishers commenting on their journal. Only about a half of our membership finds enough time for the United to

(Continued on page 4)

X-PN 4827

N.A.P.A. NEWS

SERIAL RECORDS
JUN 28 1940
GIFT

Issued in the interests of the National Amateur Press Association
by Robert Telschow, President, 57 May St., Hawthorne, N.J.

Vol. 1 September, 1940 No. 1

EXTRA!

"THE LUCKY DOG" REAPPEARS AFTER MANY YEARS

Most interesting news is the reappearance early in September after thirty years, of *The Lucky Dog*. The "reminiscence issue" of Tim Thrift's former classic is nothing short of superb. 1940 will be a memorable year in the annals of amateur journalism if for no other reason than the pleasant surprise visitation of *The Lucky Dog*.

OXTOBY GOES TO COE

Bayard E. Oxtoby, Manuscript Recorder, has left his Jacksonville, Illinois, home to attend Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where communications intended for him should be addressed until further notice.

WILLAMETTA CALLING

Our efficient Mailing Manager, Miss Willametta Turnepseed, 202 Roseland East, Springfield, Ohio, announces a mailing on the 15th of each month, providing sufficient papers are received. Publish a paper and let her distribute it. Saves you time and money.

A MIGRATORY BIRD

Having severed his business connections in Washington, Ralph Babcock has found new ties in Boston, a place famed for beans and apple pie. *The Scarlet Cockerel* should sprout literary feathers of great beauty in its new environment.

PARKER ACTIVE

C. A. A. Parker, Medford, Mass., is enthusiastically helping roll up an activity record for the present administration with his excellent *Bayardage*. Mr. Parker also issues *The Portfolio*, three times a year for the Manuscript Club of Boston; the latest number just received contains over sixty pages of high class literary fare.

WELFARE WORK

Fellow members, have you done a good turn to-day? Candidly, your treasury needs a little boost. If your dues are payable, perhaps you can spare an extra dollar and extend your membership two years instead of one. Another method of helping the Association's exchequer is to donate 50 cents for a subscription to *The National Amateur* for the reading room of any Public Library you designate. Such publicity may awaken interest and bring recruits.

Printed by Robert Telschow, Hawthorne, N.J.

X-PN 1-05?

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Printed by Robert Telschow, Hawthorne, N. J.

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The New Times.

VOL. 1. JANUARY 1, 1940 NO. 1.

With this issue, The New Times is running a simple word contest in which 20 prizes will be awarded to the lucky persons who send in the greatest amount of words.

how many can you make?

Please follow these rules *1*—You must be a subscriber to enter. *2*—Send all entries and subscriptions to: The New Times, 342 E. 100th St., New York City. ***NOTE:*** Contestents will be informed by postal just what prizes they have won. Contest closes midnight, February 25, 1940. No consideration shown to letters postmarked later than above date.

The contest which is as simple as A B C is as follows—Write the name of this publication, The New Times on a piece of paper, place it before you and see how many words you can extract from the title. Now isn't that easy?

Keep this in mind—Don't use names of persons. You are permitted to use the three "e's" and the two "t's" in one word, the remaining letters only once. For instance—The word "nine" is incorrect because there is only one "n" in the title; "meet", "teeth", etc., is correct because there are two "t's" and three "e's" in the title. Important—Don't write a word twice—that is in the singular and plural form: If the word "meet" is choosen, please don't use "meets". You will receive credit for one word only.

Remember, You Can WIN !

The Prizes

1—90 word display ad 3 times
2—60 word display ad 3 times
3—75 8½x11 letterheads, your copy
4—75 5½x8½ letterheads, your copy
5—75 6¾ envelopes, your copy
6—250 3x6 circulars, your copy 125 words
7—30 word display ad 3 times
8—50 8½x11 letterheads, your copy
9—50 5½x8½ letterheads, your copy
10—50 6¾ envelopes, your copy
11—125 3x6 circulars, your copy 125 words
12—60 word ad classified 3 times
13—30 word ad classified 3 times
14—25 8½x11 letterheads, your copy
15—25 5½x8½ letterheads, your copy

continued on page 2

#126

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU

The New Times

PHILLY! JULY 4, 5, 6

Number 14 | Philadelphia, January 2, 1940 | Circulation—500

EDKINS SLATED FOR PRESIDENT

—See Center Spread



HAPPY NEW YEAR

1940 really holds an "ace" for amateur journalism. All amateurdom's "aces" will gather at an "ace" convention in Philly July 4, 5, 6.

Nation's Amateurs Urged to Attend

Philadelphia extends a cordial invitation to all amateur journalists, active and inactive — to attend the greatest gathering of present-day amateurdom! To members of the Fossils, the Alumni Association of Amateur Journalism, the United Amateur Press Association, the American Amateur Press Association, to everyone interested in the "Prince of Hobbies": Come to Philadelphia and participate with the National Amateur Press Association in convention at the "birthplace of amateur journalism."

K-PN 4927 #177

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU

The New Times

PHILLY! JULY 4, 5, 6

Number 15 | Philadelphia, May 13, 1940 | Circulation—500

JUDGES TO CENSURE OFFICIALS; PHILLY READY FOR CONVENTION



City Anticipates Banner Turnout

The 65th annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association will be held on July 4, 5 and 6 at the Hotel Adelphia, at 13th and Chestnut Streets.

A large turnout has been anticipated by the reception committee and from all indications a banner attendance is already assured.

Sandwiched between sessions of the convention there has been arranged a sightseeing tour for Wednesday afternoon, July 4, to points of historical and public interest.

The entire afternoon of Friday, July 5, will be spent at the Franklin Institute,

(*Cont. on Page* 3, *Col.* 3)

Delinquent Organ Draws Board's Ire

New York City—*Exclusive*—The New Times has learned from reliable sources that the executive judges will severely censure President Elaine Jorgensen and Official Editor Ralph Babcock for their delinquency in issuing the National Amateur, but will not remove them from office.

Removal charges were instigated simultaneously by Hirst Mendonhall and Edwin Hadley Smith.

The first number of the National Amateur since September, 1939, made its appearance in the east on Saturday, April 27. It was dated April.

The judges, disregarding the constitution, decided to retain the two officers, since their removal so late in the year would still further complicate official routine.

The Executive Judges are Felicitas C. Haggerty, Ernest A. Edkins and George W. Macauley.

—INT—

Morton's 25th Convention

The Philadelphia convention will be the 25th James F. Morton has attended.

EDKINS DECLINES; CAUCUS LIKELY

Many Tickets Add to Confusion; All Stress Activity

Bedlam has broken loose on all sides of the NAPA political bonfire. Tickets have risen overnight like wildfire, with resignations and refusals to run for office sprinkled hither and yon.

All the confusion markedly points to a caucus to be held the first evening of the convention. With a scattering of

(*Cont. on Page* 4, *Col.* 1)

A-PN 4827

The New Times

Number 16 — Philadelphia, July 4, 1940 — Circulation—500

WELCOME TO PHILLY!

Early Arrivals Favor Caucus

Twenty one delegates and friends were present at last night's reception held in the Emerald Room of the Adelphia Hotel.

Introductions were in order and everyone spent the evening getting acquainted and discussing the political situation. It appeared to be the consensus of opinon that a caucus would be necessary to untangle the many candidates for the two major offices, the presidency and the official editorship.

Present long-distance delegates were Jack Bond, of Pensacola, Fla.; Wilhametta Turnepseed and Elizabeth Jordan, of Springfield, Ohio; and the Coles from Massachusetts. Others present were:

Isabelle M. Kane, Phila.

Mary Dix Weidner, Phila.

Edna Hyde McDonald, New York City.

James F. Morton, Paterson, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holman, Mahanoy Cty, Pa.

Robert Telschow, Paterson, N J.

Morris Gerber, Brooklyn.

Bernice McCarthy and mother.

Jane McCarthy, Asbury

Cont. on p. 4, see col. 3

FIREWORKS SEEM CERTAIN

With sparks flying and knives just off the grindstone, hostilities are expected to break out momentarily during the opening session of the convention.

TNT has learned on good authority that the coals will be raked furiously by all the well-known coal-rakers. Due action of which you know pertains to the alleged (why should we stick our neck out?) inactivity, inefficiency, indifference, ineptness, infidelity and innocence of certain ranking officers hailing from the well-known cities of Utah and the District of Columbia.

Certain betting members of the fraternity have laid odds as high as a dime to a penny that the 4th's fireworks will be instituted by that expert pyrotechnician from Arlington, Va.

TODAY'S PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JULY 4

10.00 a.m.—Reception and introductions.
Opening speeches.
Roll call.
Appointment of Pro Tem Officers in the event of any vacancies.
Report by Secretary on applications for membership.
Election of members.

12.30 p.m.—Luncheon.

1.30 p.m.—Reports of officers and committees.
Turning over proxy ballots and list of members eligible to vote to the President.
Appointment of proxy committee.

2.30 p.m.—Sight-seeing trip to local points of interest.

Evening—Meeting of the proxy committee.
Business session if necessary.

X-PN 4827

TWO PAGES OF SIDELIGHTS

The New Times

PUBLISH A PAPER NOW

Number 17 | Philadelphia, August 1, 1940 | Circulation—500

TELSCHOW KEYNOTES ACTIVITY; BEST YEAR IN DECADE INDICATED

Conclave Previews 'Streamline' Plans

Recommendations by the Forum Committee were aired before the convention by Ralph Babcock and Harold Segal and were discussed fully and completely and will be drawn into amendments by the committee re-appointed by President Telschow: Edward H. Cole, Vincent B. Haggerty, James F. Morton, Hirst Mendenhall, Bayard Oxtoby, Babcock and Segal.

(*Continued on Page 6, Col 1*)

MORE PAPERS APPEAR

If the proposed peacetime conscription doesn't put too much of a crimp on amateurs between 21 and 31, all ndications point to an exceptionaly active year for the NAPA.

At this writing (August 1) three papers have already appeared and we know definitely of seven more in press.

Officers all down the line have expressed the same sentiment, much of which has been endorsed by the enthusiasm of newer members, some of whom are not new to amateur journalism.

PHILADELPHIA BRIEFS

Smith-Cole ticket swept into office by substantial majority of proxy ballots.

Cleveland selected 1941 convention seat defeating Salt Lake City, also by proxy majority.

Association denies charge it has ulterior designs on any other amateur press association; urges all three groups to work harmoniously to reach same objectives.

Discusses suggestions for retaining "one year" members, and discusses in full suggestions of Cincinnati "forum committee" to streamline certain decadent and inefficient parts of the constitution.

Charles W. (Tryout) Smith elected life member with voting privileges; Alfred Rigling, of Franklin Institute, elected honorary member.

Cleveland '41 Seat; Trainer New Editor

Robert Telschow was elected president of the National Amateur Press Association ad George W. Trainer chosen official editor at the organization's 65th annual convention held here July 4, 5 and 6.

Other officers elected, all by substantial proxy majorities, were: Louis B. Gilbert, New York, vice president; Bernice McCarthy, Asbury Park, N. J., secretary Burton J. Smith, Wyandotte, Mich., treasurer; Edna Hyde McDonald, New York, Edward H. Cole, Wollaston, Mass, and Robert Holman, Mahanoy City, Pa. executive judges. Cleveland was chosen for the 1941 conclave.

Important business and policies featured the business of the last day, important among which were the discussion of holding "one year members" and to discover why they lost interest in amateur journalism, discussion and approval of various suggestions made by the "Forum Committee," appointed in Cincinnati by President Haggerty, to "streamline" the constitution.

(*Continued on Page 5, Col. 2*)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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The National Critic

JUNE, 1940

So MANY OF the customary publications of the members of the National Amateur Press Association have been conspicuous by their absence in the past six months that almost any paper exceeding four pages appears an oasis in the desert. The four-pagers have been numerous, however, and not without merit, though their quality has been very uneven. Of these one that gives the most hope of future high achievement by present goodness is the new and welcome *Off the Galley* from the press of Grayce Brinsley Perk, Ed Suhre's cousin. It is a happy thought that that fine amateur journalist's memory will be perpetuated by his kindly impulse to make Karran Perk a member of the National Amateur Press Association. The press work, of course, will improve as Mrs. Perk learns better how to make an impression that will bring out all the letters clearly and adds italics to her type equipment and uses them rather than capitals for the names of papers. By and large, however, she has achieved well with her first effort. Her interesting personal comment acquaints us with how she and her children were inducted into the association. Time, too, will eliminate such errors as "who's" for "whose" and "aj" and "ajayers" for "amateur journalistic" and "amateur journalists", and such violations of good practice as "Dec." for "December". The two essays by the fourteen-year-old Karran and the twelve-year-old Billy on "I Am an American" breathe a commendable spirit of appreciation of the things for which a young American should be grateful. Both articles are smoothly expressed, but Karran should learn to use "terrified" instead of "terrorfied" and Billy isn't thinking logically when he writes "there would be just one thing to do about it — a revolution!" Shouldn't he say, "institute a revolution"? But these are minor points. *Off the Galley* is a most welcome addition to the ranks of our publications. May it appear often!

Edwin B. Hill has sent forth two issues of his delightful *Spectator*. An old-timer keenly appreciative of the best that amateur journalists have produced and doing a fine piece of work in perpetuating some of it in limited-edition brochures of rare beauty, he is deeply concerned about the state of things. In the November issue he forthrightly declares:

> "It has been affirmed that amateur journalism is the plaything of a group of young persons intent on mere fun. The view is wholly false. The serious amateur seeks improvement and practice in that branch of writing which appeals to him. Helpful criticism is not denied, and he appreciates to the full the benefits of this wise apprenticeship."

And in the April number his touching conversation with Alice is expressive of a spirit that dwells in the heart of every true lover of the fine in our world of letters. These few passages are worthy of wider audience than the sparsely distributed *Spectator* gives:

> "One would be justified in saying that some of the editors of *The National Amateur* were burdened with what might not inaptly be called the courage of ignorance, while others, shall we say, displayed the arrogance of knowledge in all too many instances.
>
> "Alice looked up questioningly, and, as it was purposely meant to be over her head, she made no reply.
>
> "It's all so long ago! Has everything changed, and are what you call the 'old ideals' gone forever?
>
> "The Spectator was silent. Had the child probed the cause of the descent from efforts at scholarship?
>
> "You ought to know, Alice resumed, for you've lived so long — and is it all worth while?
>
> "The child's insight at times is uncanny.
>
> "Too long, Alice dear; and I'm very tired of it all, some days. It's all so futile, — trying.
>
> There were tears in Alice's eyes. Then she smiled.
>
> "There are always the mountains and the desert and — and — friends: these are worth while."

Truly the voice of our elder members is a stimulating and yet a restraining impulse, inspiring us to worthy effort, holding us from the petty and the unworthy.

Ex-president George Thompson, though sore beset by the trials and the anguish of life, gives out of his love for amateur journalism a number of *The Bay Stater*. Its main contribution by "Romlah" is an amusing account by a pet white mouse of a sixty-mile journey in a box. Dopey is an interesting fellow who seems to have picked up his share of English vernacular. Occasionally he isn't too clear in making his ideas plain, but he does well for a rodent! He probably feels somewhat like the parrot who declared that it was

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The National Critic

OCTOBER, 1940

APR 29 1944

One of the curious, collateral phenomena of our loosely knit and impermanent organization is the publication of papers that impinge upon but have only a vague connection with the National Amateur Press Association and its special activities. This group includes such aloof periodicals as *The Brooklynite*, *Little Wit*, *Mountain Trails* and *The Friendly Quill*. For reasons sufficient unto themselves these journals take little or no cognizance of what we are pleased to term "amateur affairs," and devote their space largely to contributed matter. This anti-social attitude may be deplored, though it cannot properly be questioned. Mr. Grant's *Friendly Quill*, one of the most attractive of the group, is described as a "hobby magazine," and the editor's hobby seems to be beautiful typography and the publication of poetry and short sketches that are considerably above the average. Last December's issue contains an appealing vignette entitled "Mejke's Guest," by Edna McDonald, keyed almost to the delicate phantasy of a fairy tale,—like a page of Grimm lightly touched with parable. I recall one or two of her earlier stories in this allusive style, and wish that she were a more prolific writer. The poetry in this issue is admirable in spirit, though somewhat carelessly composed. Patience Strong's "In The Stillness" is a sturdy affirmation of spiritual strength, excellently phrased. "Symphonie Du Coeur" by Eleanor Stevens records the fluctuant emotions of the heart in musical terms that would seem to demand a more cadenced reflection in the varying measures. "With a force that naught subsides" is surely an odd use of the intransitive verb, and the false quantities in "The tides recede slow, and long" are regrettable, but the verses end on a beautiful line, "The echoing reaches of a finished song." Agnes Staebner's "New England Autumn" is a very lovely sonnet arranged in three quatrain and couplet pattern, marred only by the unfortunate attempt to constrain the accent of what are essentially spondaic syllables to what should be an iambic measure, in the first line, and by an obvious misprint in the eleventh. The concluding couplet is perfect:

"But with this coin of passion still to spend,
It is incredible that life should end."

Pauline Dillingham's "But Loveliness" is another example of fine thought and careless technique. The first quatrain of this sensitive poem establishes the 1–2–1–2 rhyme pattern, and then Miss Dillingham goes off the deep end with couplet rhymes, remote rhymes and two lines that are rhymeless. I must repeat what I have so often said in these columns, that poetry is not a hit or miss affair; it is an art, subject to elastic but definite conventions, that are even more exacting than the restrictions of prose. In the latter field, no writer with an atom of good taste would dream of wobbling erratically from prose to verse, or from sober argument to impassioned flights of

3102

The N.A.P.A. MAILER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JAN 28 1945
COPY
SENT

Vol. 2, No. 1 | Willametta Turnepseed, Editor | Aug. 15, 1940

Louis Gilbert having donated us the Eastern Mailer we can do no more than accept and carry on, at least this year. We would like to mail regularly about the 15th of the month, but a postcard from any slightly-delayed editor will hold the mailing a few days.

Please send 300 copies of your publication, accompanied by postage at the rate of 1½¢ per pound. The Mailing Manager, as well as the Secretary, would appreciate notice of change of address in order to give you better service. (And would it be out of order to hint that sending it in on a picture postal would be highly acceptable?)

Thank you for the addition to my picture postal collection from Mrs. Jean C. Hayes, Edwin Hadley Smith, Elaine Jorgensen, Marion Cole, Edna Hyde McDonald, Anna Marie Tennant (vacationing at Chautauqua, N. Y.), Lillian H. Ferris (at Holland, Michigan) and special thanks to Robert Telschow for all the photos, and Harold Gibbons Moore for a whole selection of foreign cards.

Bayard Oxtoby solicits manuscripts of all types for the Manuscript Bureau, and welcomes inquiries from editors seeking material.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

The NAPA Mailer

Vol 2, No. 2 Willamette Turnepseed, Editor Sept. 16, 1940

Postcards from the Haggertys at Los Angeles & San Francisco bore the names of Karran Perk, her mother, Wesley Porter, Hyman Bradofsky, the Lindblads, Robert Rolley, Jack McMenamin, & Hollub---all known to me by print--as well as Edgar & Jean Hayes whom I claim as particular friends.

Benj. F. Bianchi reports he is loafing in No. Carolina's mountains; he sent me four of the most beautiful postcards in my collection -- in fact, they aren't in my collection, but are carefuly mounted on my den walls.

Ken Weiser sent me a handsome handpainted Japanese one; it was mailed at the summit of Fujiyama. Vacation time wound up with cards from Bernice McCarthy, Edmund K. Janes, Robert Telschow, Maude Jane Smith, Charles A. A. Parker, Bayard Oxtoby, Charlie Hoye, Hirst Mendenhal, J. Bernard Lynch, Meyer S. Perlgut, Mrs. Drusilla Crankshaw, Eunice Fontenot & Anthony Moitoret.

Harold Segal wants to know how I knew about "the lowdown trick I pulled on Bernice McCarthy after the banquet" after the banquet, seeing that I had to leave for New York before it was over. Does Winchell tell?

Letter from Vondy dated 8/26/40: "Death has again invaded our ranks and this time took Litta Voelchert, New York Amateur of many years' standing. She worked with Actor's Equity. She became ill on her vacation the early part of July and died last Friday. Old time amateurs will mourn her loss."

Ralph Babcock's address until further notice is 58 Maple Drive, Great Neck, N. Y.

Nita Gerner Smith is getting back to normalcy slowly in a hospital with a portable radio; she has had to save her eyes this past three weeks, she had a minor tonsillectomy, and last week she sprained her ankle.

Arriving direct this month was a grand issue of CUBICLE, and the ever-faithful TRYOUT; mention is due from last month for that handsome MICROS. (Poor Beejay, they persist in misunderstanding his titles!)

Bernice McCarthy is back home after another vacation; part was spent in Pottstown, Pa; the balance at the Haggertys hearing all about their western tour.

Ralph Babcock is applying for an FHA improvement loan to enlarge the doghouse now Elizabeth Jordan is slated for occupancy. That's what you get for believ ing in freedom of the press, she says. But members who have known Mr. Morton for years say we should have been around when his hair was fiery and he was on his feet at the slightest challenge. I defend to the death Elizabeth's right to say what she thought (and am surprised so many people thought she was bored when she was just disappointed), but I also defend Mr. Morton's right to resent it. He's a grand person and full of life; that trigger temper just adds spice.

Comments about National Amateur are enthusiastic, but why that blank back page?

Springfield amateurs thank Chas. A. A. Parker for the brochures and the Portfolio; & Ralph Babcock for the Lucky Dog and those Olympians.

Vic Moitoret suggests editors send copies of their papers to Robert Reid (see the Victorian). We are sending this month's mailing plus some left-overs.

Does Vic know the giant tulip tree at Annapolis sheltered colonists and Susquehannocks when they made a treaty in 1652? Look at it for me, Vic.

Does anyone know how Napa, Calif. got its name, and why we have no member there?

Louis B. Gilbert bequeathed me the Mailer, and I didn't know what to do with it, but since it is cut the last few days before the monthly mailing it can contain last minute items and perhaps function as the Amateur Newspaper which Harold Segal mentions -- so don't be surprised if I borrow from your letters.

FLASH! It is reported that Tim Thrift has revived his LUCKY DOG!

A134

The N.A.P.A. Mailer

Vol. 2, No. 3 Willametta Turnepseed, Editor Oct. 15, 1940

CORRECTION: All magazines for the Mailing Bureau should be sent to 202 Roseland East - NOT the address given in the Service Bulletin.

In the August 12th LIFE, a letter to the Editor is signed "J. Drenan Kelly, Boston." Is that our JDK?

Harold E. Bessom, 543 Crafts St., West Newton, Mass., active about 1910 is showing signs of revived interest. How about a little encouragement?

Vera Boxell thought seeing all the pictures in SCARLET COCKEREL was the next best thing to attending the Convention. Beginning of school year is absorbing her attention at this time.

October 1st Ernest A. Edkins left for his winter home in Coral Gables, Florida. (Thanks for the card.)

Benj. F. Bianchi is back in Florida after vacationing in No. Carolina (see October LOF) and is doing his best to make us dissatisfied with Northern winters. I propose we boycott him, EAE, Jack Bond, Leston Ayres and Franklin T. Anderson for the winter. (Indignant weather reports are now anticipated from Georgia and California.)

Virginia Baker writes she is in the hospital; she didn't say how serious it was but her puckish sense of humor seemed to be in good working order; so long as they don't amputate that we look forward to her promised "First Impressions." A card from her bedside was also signed by Lucia & Elaine.

The Big News of 1940 or any other year is that classic issue of LUCKY DOG.

Albert Chapin is preparing a book for professional publication but after Christmas we can look forward to another issue of the MINSTREL.

Jack Bond hasn't published his Southern Amateur yet but is casting calculating eyes at an available Mimeograph; right now he's tied up in sharps and flats.

Jean C. Hayes (one of those delightful people who applauds with postcards) promises another WHIM from the Hayes' manse.

George A. Thomson sent me nine picture postals from a clear sky (another of those nice NAPA gestures) but they are all of Mass. and feed the fire of my New England yen. Bayard, who likes to take digs at my appetite, would have warned against sending the Cape Cod one with the "Fried Clams" signs all over it.

Bill Groveman still can't decide whether to publish a paper or not; he's quite a livewire so we'll probably be seeing it.

In Elizabeth Diamond NAPA has found a real printer as proved by copies of announcements hand-printed on vellum, beautifully done; she collects book-plates, and her letter reveals a delightful sense of humor.

George Trainer deserves a vote of thanks for making it possible for us to get prints of pictures taken at the Convention. Incidentally, aren't Bernice, Marion & Harold photogenic?

Edna Hyde McDonald and Robert Holman are serving as judges for a contest being staged by the Springfield (Ohio) Writers' Club.

Albert H. Pedrick, whose credential appeared in the last Star-Gazing, says that he "Sometimes uses the poetic form to express his thoughts and at other times expresses them with paint on canvas, his two diversions from the routine of daily living." This is his modest way of saying that in addition to writing lovely verse, he is an accomplished artist and an important member of the Sketch Club here, as well as an Art instructor.

(Over)

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A135
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUL 28 1995

The Napa Maiter

Vol. 2, No. 4 Willametta Turnepseed, Editor Nov. 15, 1940

Helm Spink, accompany his attractive wife to a Girl Reserve meeting in Springfield, was taken in charge by local Amateurs. After a buffet dinner at the country home of Mrs. Adner Botkin we had an informal a. j. meeting which was given convention flavor by the inevitable signing of postcards. Springfield will be heavily represented in Cleveland and if advance enthusiasm from all parts of the country is any indication it will be a bang-up convention.

Incidently the Spinks completely captivated Springfielders, not all of whom, unfortunately, got to meet Harriet. She, by the way, is one of those bewitching Southern girls, and will make Hedy look to her laurels in Cleveland.

Mailing Bureau thanks Geo. O. Billheimer for a welcome contribution.

To repeat: Please send 300 copies of your publication, accompanied by postage at the rate of 15¢ per pound, by the 15th of the month to my home address.

CORRECTION: In Service Bulletin the name of ex-president Edward M. Lind was omitted; his address is 718 Harrison St., San Francisco, California.

'Tis bruited about NAPA halls that Wesley H. Porter is preparing to issue a paper, his first in a decade-and-a-half. Cheers!

Inactive members should re-read "Forewarned" in the Winter CUBICLE.

Sophronisba, of Bavardage, says if I ever heard the wild, crazy, shrieking laughter of a loon of her acquaintance on Rangeley Lake less than 30 miles from the Canadian border in the dead of night, I wouldn't be so optimistic. Dear Sophie, as the last shriek died I'd be coolly visiting Franklin Anderson in Miami.

Larry Giles promises plenty of action from Salt Lake City way before spring. (1942?)

Hedy Jordan says doves will never replace the old fashioned fan.

Tryout Smith is enthusiastic about the proposal of a Junior Department in NAPA from which members may be graduated to places of importance in NAPA. Inactive oldsters might defray postage on their publications sent through Mailing Bureau.

Via Elizabeth Diamond: Lawrence O. Cheever and his wife are now the proud possessors of a daughter, their first. Named Sara and called Sally.

Edmund Kelly Janes resigned as Recruiting Chairman. Due to pressure of other affairs he could not give it proper attention. But Bill Groveman has been doing right well. Which bolsters my argument in Fourth WOF against combining important offices. The more workers, the more results.

Walter Kopecky (new member, aged 15) sent a copy of his "Shooting Star". Small, and apparently hektographed, it is one of the neatest to date.

Personal Boycott of the Month: Ralph Babcock, who persists in sending postcards of Oyster Houses and Sea Food Grills. Putting personal animus aside, we are compelled to admit the 13th Scarlet Cockerel is one of the handsomest efforts ever to come our way. Charles Detrick and Lois Grimes are tops.

Shirley Turner succeeds in expressing her personality in her four page Inquirer.

Truman Spencer's "History of Amateur Journalism" is soon to go to press.

Elizabeth Jordan, President of the Writers' Club, while being interviewed by The Reporter on the Street over Station WIZE, rolled those big eyes and the Club's activities and members will be given a program later in the month during which time original stories, poetry and music will be heard.

Card from Elaine Jorgensen: "Virginia Baker had osteomyelitus in her lower jaw; is home now and recovering. UAPC meeting will be Nov. 1; hope to see some action there. Have three new recruits." (Vote for Salt Lake City for 1942)

Jeannette Demars, new member in SLC, has a small daughter and baby son for inspiration. WOF apologizes for two errors in her excellent verse.

OVER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

The Napa Mailer

vol. 2, No. 5 Willametta Turnepseed, Editor Dec. 15, 1940

New member Robert L. Smith, Jr. and brother Willard, of Hempstead, New York (they appropriately edited The Cough Drop) spent the evening of November 18th in Springfield, Ohio, attended the Writers' Club and met most of the local amateurs. Bob is fifteen, full of enthusiasm, and provided with a pair of youthful tolerant parents---which is practically essential to a young ajay.

Ex-President, Harry E. Martin, was in town briefly the evening of November 29th. A card from Bill Groveman informs me: "Harry E. Martin was the 51st President of NAPA in 1917-18. He joined back in 1905, was an officer first in 1907. His administration has been termed "splendid". Published AMERICAN STAR from 1900 to 1903; later the SPRITE. I believe he is an English teacher, although he may be retired." Far from being retired, Mr. Martin is editor of a chain store magazine and looks far too young to have published a paper in 1900. Due to the brevity of his stay only Miss Weikel Kaaz and myself met him, but in our short visit we covered plenty of ground. Watch for activity from Convention City.

Mrs. Billie Dettloff, temporarily on the sick list, will be at 4716 Van Dyke Ave., Detroit, Michigan until after January 1st. Ernest A. Edkins likewise is protesting indignantly against the milk diet ordered for him.

Nita and Edwin Hadley Smith are causing headaches in the town council at Point Pleasant, N.J. where they plan to build their future home. They want to build a Gunnison type home (which is so new that I can't find details on it in my new— and as yet unpaid-for — Encyclopedia; but it is erected without nails) and although it is F.H.A. approved the borough code does not mention it, so it seems they'll have to amend the code. (We all have trouble with codes in the winter.)

The Utah Amateur Press Club had its first meeting of the new season on November 6th. Harold Ellis was chosen to serve as Chairman (this is his third term) and Elaine Jorgensen as Secretary. They hope to continue publication of "UTAM" and the award of a Certificate of Merit monthly; the November award went to Ralph Babcock for his Convention Scarlet Cockerel. (Now you'll have something for that bare space on the west wall, Ralph.)

NOTICE: Burton Crane will pay $1.50 for a file of the three Japanese issues of MASAKA, and 5s in the market for two files. Will also pay 25¢ apiece for "Old Meanie" 2, 3, and 4. (Those characters on the cover of Dec. 1940 MASAKA aren't— as a local amateur surmised---Japanese for Merry Christmas.

Look alikes: Burton Jay Smith's and Ralph Babcock's writing.

This month's mailing redeems Novembers and offers (to date) two Number Ones: a promising and friendly Q E D, and Mad River Driftwood. To our minds this last is unusual in the way Editor Pedrick has managed in his initial effort to achieve the very flavor of amateur spirit.

George Panea with his "Machiavelli Up To Date" has precipitated much violent discussion locally. How I should like to sit in on a red-hot discussion on that subject conducted by Mr. Panea, with James Morton, Edw. Cole, Vincent Haggerty, Edwin Hadley Smith, George Macauley and Anthony Moitoret tearing into it.

Sophronisba says it's nice to see your name in print but personally she prefers to see it on a check made payable to her. I don't know — it looks pretty swell on the cover of Reverie, too; and Cubicle has never mis-spelled it, either.

The Mailing Bureau glows warmly at mention of Crane, Parker, Pedrick and new member Schetselaar; Thanks to them we're still in balance this month.

And thanks to Harold Ellis for three handsome Venezuela post cards!

(OVER)

THE COLUMISER

Published Bi-Monthly for The American Amateur Press Association
ANDREW MACURA, Jr. BY E. H. GABAREE, Jr.
230 Prince Street, Jan. - Feb. 1940 17 West Porter St.
Bridgeport, Conn. No. 3 Waterbury, Conn.

TO AJAYDOM

GO OUR BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND THE HAPPIEST OF NEW YEARS.

GABBY GABAREE, Jr. Editor

Five lines leave so little space in which to thank the MMS bureau for our feature articles - to you for your support - to the world PEACE ON EARTH - GOOD WILL TO MEN.

YEARBOOK

Our prexy George Kay announces that he is printing a yearbook on a "pay-as-you-go" basis. We are with him 100%, for to tell the truth we previously prepared an article starting a campaign for a yearbook with members contributing a dime each, but Kay beat me to the punch. And so we are throwing all our support to him. A yearbook is just what we want, and at the most reasonable rate of 10¢ a copy can we go wrong?? And when sending in for your copy why not look to the future by donating an equal or greater donation for the Stablization Fund. Let's send that little thin thin dime today, and also a donation for the Fund. Don't do it tomorrow, but today - RIGHT NOW!!! LET'S GO! It's MAKE 1940 AN AMERICAN YEAR!!!!!!

OUR SINCERE THANKS to Vox Junevis, & others for kind words in '39.

CONTRAST

Two travelers sitting each to each
Were writing postals home.
Feather pens, they shared a well,
Cards alike as teeth in a comb.

"We've shut up in a hostelry",
Struggled on the first.
"Without we have a driving rain,
Within a travelin' thirst."

"Indistinguishable in the sky,
The clouds opened their doors of rain.
To wash the air & slake the bare",
Penned the other in a lighter vein.

Emil Tenyak

METCHAP MONKEY-BIZNESS

Promptly at a few minutes after 2 P.M. on the afternoon of October 14, in the year of our Lord 1939, several amateur journalists were quietly gathered in the sun parlor of the Home of Percie Vivarttas, papa of that up-and-coming Miss from Joisey....Sitting quietly and looking sweet. In this group were Elliott Ruben, Norm Levine, Bob Lee Smith, Bill Snooks Groveman, and Helen A. Vivarttas. Everything was going along so beautifully untill Helen had an inspiration and got out her ajay letters and papers. Then hell broke loose!! By the time Groveman, Smith, & Levine were thru, Helen had been cleaned out of half of her papers; the other half were either lost, torn, or stepped on. Every letter she had ever recieved from an ajay was given a personal going-over by Groveman. Helen had dishes of caramels, peppermints and crackers on the table. These disappeared miraculously. And so the meeting went. Two days later Helen mentioned in writing to Groveman that she couldn't find something he had left for her. In fact, she said that she couldn't find "anything in this mess."

Elliott Ruben showing up as a new face and adding some pert comments to the discussion...Groveman with a mouthful of carmels, and a pile of TRY-OUT on one leg, trying to scratch himself while holding a copy of The American Amateur Journalist in the other hand,....Helen calling new member Bob Smith shy.. ..Levine yelling for an election.. The whole bunch making up a round-robin letter to go to chapter members not present....And so to bed untill the next meeting of the Metchap Madmen...

WHO was the woman by the name of Mrs. Fran Caliva who attended the N.Y.Empire State School Pres Asso. Convention with Walt Voll of AJ???

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

...The North Star

"The Trail Blazer of Amateur Journalism"

Vol. 5 Summer, 1941 No. 1

Personality Plus

By Burton Crane

EDITING an amateur paper is an easy job. Any old school theme will do, even if it smells like burning insulation. Nobody's going to read it, anyhow. Your public wants only your notes on amateur affairs, those brilliant paragraphs of: "Nice work, Ed; give us more *Amatutors*. . . Come again, Charlie; *The Mainer* was great. . . Wonder what became of Bogart?" Yes, it's an easy job, if you wear a gas mask.

Putting out a good amateur paper calls for brains, planning and work. If you have a paper with personality you'll get ten times as much fun out of this hobby as you will with a paper that says nothing. Deal only with ideas in which your readers are interested. Stick close

Turn to page 4, please

X-PN 4827

The Nutmegger

An Amateur Publication

Jan.-Feb., 1941

THE LIBRARY OF
JUN 28 1945

War

LABOR DAY 1939——

Today as I sit here, in the fading light of dusk, the newspaper lying on my lap where I had disgustedly dropped it, I begin to wonder at the futility of it all. A world scarred with the lessons of the past, and just recovering from the smouldering ruins of a four year session, is once more plunged into the deepest pits of HELL by a crazy paperhanger. A civilized world (God, what a mockery) gone mad with hatreds born in 1918, once more the stage for bloodshed and slaughter. A monster, dormant for years, once more raises its blood slackend, foaming mouth, demanding food: cannons and guns, the youth of the world, human flesh and bones, misery and suffering, blood and gore. And then fed, the monster will again lie dormant for another decade of two only to rear his ugly head demanding human sacrifices in the future. We thought of the cavemen, the Mayans, the Ancient Romans, the savages of yesteryear as uncivilized, as barbarians. ARE WE ANY BETTER? NO!

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2
COPY

The Nutmegger

An Amateur Publication

May-June-July, 1941

Waiting

How long he had lain there Hank had no way of telling. The clock wasn't visible from his position and he couldn't afford to get up and look. This was too important. For days and weeks he had waited but now Hank was sure his man would come, and it would soon be done with. Oh how he had worked and planned for this hour. Slowly the minutes ticked by. Hank was as nervous as a cat. Twice he had almost leaped up only to find it was a false alarm. And as he looked down the path for the hundereth time his nerves grew taunt as he reconized his man coming towards him. Hank tensed himself, and as his quarry drew near he sprang! "Did it come?" he shouted. "Nope, not today," was the mailman's reply. Once more Hank's Acme Detective Diploma had failed to come. **--E.H.G.**

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 194..

The Nutmegger

An Amateur Publication

August-September, 1941

I GO FOR DICTATORS

Yes sir, I say that without hesitation. I do go for dictators. Why dictators are our one salvation. To improve our nation we must throw out our Supreme Court, which sees to it that justice is delt out to all. That is not right. We must kick Congress out. After all the laws that they make only please some of the people. We must abolish our constitution. It gives you, and you, and you too many rights and privledges. We must abolish the free press because it prints lies about our dictator, which is no business of the masses anyhow. Freedom of speech must also go. Do you think it's nice to stand on soap boxes and tell the world your leader is a numbskull just because most of your fellow men think so? Yes, I'm one of those who like to be kicked around, and so I go for dictators.

—E. H. G.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1941

The Nutmegger

An Amateur Publication

November, 1941

What Would You Have Done?

Anne Smokley was, at 19, one of the world's best shots, if not the best. Touring through Europe she was caught up in the turmoil of World War II. Ignoring the pleadings of her friends to return to America she toured the bomb stricken areas of London giving succor and entertainment to the helpless. Despite the war they enjoyed her performances for no man in their army could approch her skill. Her fame spread through Europe, untill one day in her mail there appeared an invitation to preform for Hitler.

With a gleam in her eyes she accepted, and set off for Berlin. After an astounding performance Hitler, at the urgings of Goering claiming it was good for the people's moral, volunteered to hold a cigarette in his mouth for her to shoot at even as the old Kaiser did before the previous war. Carefully she raised her rifle, and took aim at Adolph.----What would you have done?----So did she!

—E. H. G.

X-PN 1937
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
COPY

The Nutmegger

An Amateur Publication

December, 1941

The Nutmegger

Wishes You One And All A

Merry Christmas



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

The Night Owl



November - 1941

X-PN 4827 #145

The New Era

Member United Amateur Press Association of America

Spring 1941

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

It Is Never Too Late

It is never too late till you close the day
Till the end of life, till the night holds sway,
    It is never too late.

It is never too late till our courage wanes
Till we feel dismay, till no strength remains,
    It is never too late.

It is never too late, till we know despair
Till we let in doubt, till we yield to care,
    It is never too late.

It is never too late, till we give up hope
Till we follow fate, till we feebly grope,
    It is never too late.

Fanny Hooper.

Fanny Hooper, Publisher
504 9th Avenue, Seattle, Washington

The New Era

Summer 1941

Somebody Else

Sombody else may know the timing
Soiting the words I cannot say;
Sombody else may give the rhyming
Winging themes I wonld write today.

Somebody else may paint the picture
Brighter with colors than I know;
Somebody else may lend the vista
Showing the far way in a glow.

Somebody else may sing the music
Sweeter than any I can play;
Somebody else may finger lightly,
Lovelingly, tones in the twilight gray.

Somebody else may write the story
Braver than any I can tell;
Somebody else may earn the glory
And still with me all may be well.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2

GIFT

Nassau Amateur

Vol. 2 August, 1941 No. 1

COMRADE JOSEF

By William Haywood

Comrade Josef fingered the bolt of his rifle thoughtfully, his eyes wandering over the long ranks of soldiers that lined the dusty road. They waited quietly, shifting packs, lighting cigarettes, watching for the signal that would mean moving on. Up ahead tank motors chugged idly, the exhaust smoke hanging chokingly in the unmoving air.

The sign came, and they straightened the lines, falling into a steady march forward toward the front. Josef shuffled along, his tall body swinging easily into the gait, his strange blue eyes staring out over the fields of wheat that fell back from the road on either side. A wind sprang up, whipping the dust into their strained faces, moving the grain in waves like a restless sea. Josef looked, and wondered vaguely if those fields were really threatened.

(Continued on Page 3)

New Frontiers

Vol. 1 March, 1941 No. 1

CONGRESS JUN 2 3 1945

New Frontiers

By RICHARD DUNLOP

There is a modern American school of economics that believes that our nation has a mature economy. There can be no farther expansion of the industrial or agricultural life of the United States, for the frontier is gone. Where once the nation possessed huge reserves of undeveloped land with tremendous untouched natural resources, we now have only enough to support our present population at its accustomed level.

There can be no growth in the United States; we have reached the leveling off place in population expansion, and in social and economic development. America is like a boat that has gone upstream until the river is too shallow for further navigation. We no longer can be the most progressive nation on earth. We must rest on our oars!

There are no new frontiers to conquer. When a man is hungry, he goes on the WPA or just plain relief. Our mature economy dictates it, and our government accepts the dictate. American progress is dead. We must live within our old frontiers.

Some economists may tell us this, but the American people will not believe it. Our scientists have found a frontier to probe—one with more possibilities than all the Old West, a million mysteries to solve and a million discoveries for humanity. Sociologists are on the brink of great discoveries on man's relationship to man. Theologians, philosophers, pschiatrists, industrialists, doctors, the entire nation presses on a frontier of immense length. We know nothing. We have all of the tremendous treasure chest of mysteries of today to unlock. This is our frontier. Whether in medicine or music or cooking or ditchdigging, we will find better ways to do our tasks. As long as we are men and face our future with confidence and courage, we cannot fail to save our economy and our very civilization.

With full knowledge of the incompetence of our humble publication, we the editors still feel a burning pride in dedicating this amateur journal to the cause of America. We see in our men and women a force that will triumph. There could be no higher purpose before God than ours, and it is with confidence that we look forward to New Frontiers!

X-DU 1827



NAVAL COVER NEWS

(Printed in U.S.A.)

11th Cruise — March 1942

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

SAILORS MAIL
FREE POSTAGE

⚔ ⚔

A card thus franked and cancelled January 22nd with type 3z was received from J. A. Bellavance of the Schley. Thanks J.A. it is first one to come my way.

oOo

Have about 100 ships yet to cover for FDPO, Rush covers now. Usual 1¢ a cover for service, printed sachet, this and other War Cover events open to all. Please use commemoratives on wrappers, if you have none why not enclose a few used ones.

TED HARRINGTON
P. O Box 26...
Saint Francis, Wisc.

X-PN 4827 #1150
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

North Star

"The Trail-Blazer of Amateur Journalism"

Vol. 6 Summer, 1942 No. 1

Election T.N.T

Pardon me while I dust the cobwebs from my publishing activity laurels. *The North Star* and ye ol' Rambler haven't been out your way since last fall, so we hope this issue will mend the breach of activity. By now each of you realize that the United is entering the largest political campaign in its history.

The July election will have *four* tickets in the battle instead of the usual one. But one of these—the Harmony Ticket—is a fake ticket, issued to confuse the voters. It carried names prominent on the Victory-Goodwill ticket including mine. They used V-G candidates, but rearranged the office positions! That's dirty politics! That treacherous, fake Harmony ticket was mailed from Chicago, but had no other identification. Let's keep this campaign clean.

(More on page 4)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

"I'VE GOT PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR"

THE NUTMEGGER

TOPAZ, 1942

JUST WHAT IS ACTIVITY?

Just what is activity? Strictly speaking no definite definition, so far as the AAPA is concerned, has ever been advanced. According to our application blanks it consists of writing, editing, publishing, or printing.

Writing is a broad field, but we take it to mean writing for publication, isasmuch as we are not a correspondence club, or are we? I have heard it said that we are fast developing into that category.

To edit, publish, or print a privately mailed paper is considered as activity in some circles. But how are we to consider it as such when it does not benifit our membership as a whole? Our activity clause is to promote the association's main purpose - that of circulating our membership's work to a wide read body. Therefore private mailings which only benifit a few 'privledged members' at most, do not adhere to this policy. Correspondence or good will naturally falls into the same classification.

CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2

The Nutmegger

March-April, 1942

IS ACTIVITY ESSENTIAL?

And strange as it may sound my answer is no! Activity is not essential - - but then, if that be the case, neither is breathing. You cannot live without breathing, but many of my readers, I am sorry to say, believe that an amateur journalists' organization such as ours can. Sending in your dues, and reading the bundle each month is not enough. Were it not for about 75 active members you would not have a bundle to read in the first place. In these days it is really a crime to pay for something and not use it. Why then pay for membership in the AAPA and then not use it? Get what you pay for, or don't pay for it. Try publishing a paper, or writing an article, or some verse, or something - - anything, but be ACTIVE and get your money's worth.

—E. H. G.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO THE AAPA
FROM

THE NUTMEGGER

July-August-September, 1942

THE FREE TRIP

Sam Smith, a big husky fellow, who could handle a rifle as easily as you could a knife and fork, was just the type of man Uncle Sam wanted, There was nothing on earth that Sam was afraid of---that was not untill recent years when Uncle Sam began to look for men of his calibre. Sam was no coward but he trembled with fear as he registered. From then on life was just a horrible nightmare. Then one day it happened, and now with a group of other tight lipped men he was on his way. As he rode along he thought of the days when he first begin to use a gun. The thrill as he felt the kick of the death dealing machine in his hand. But now that was all over.

(Continued on page 4)

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
MAR 1945
COPY

The Nutmegger

Christmas, 1942

The Nutmegger

Wishes You Our And All A

Merry Christmas



X-PN 4827

The Nutmeg Amateur

Fall 1942

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS

Zula Lloyd Leach

APR 29 1944

The rooms are never crowded now,
The house is always clean;
No pup digs in the pansy bed—
The fairest ever seen;
There are no wilful little maids,
No boys who do not mind:
No darling youngsters, when I walk,
To trail along behind.

And yet I could not wish them back—
Their feet have wandered far
Along the paths of otherwheres
Where many duties are:
But I will pray the Father dear,
Though eyes with tears be dim,
Whatever tasks their hands may do,
They all shall be for Him.

And when my house on earth is closed
To open wide no more,
That those I love may wander back
To greet me as of yore;
Oh, may I climb the Golden Stair
And sit me down and wait
Till those I've loved so well on earth
Have entered Heaven's gate.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

GIFT

NOV SHMOZ KA POP

The return of Hymie Kaplan

Vol. I January, 1941 No. 2

Kums Mit Mewsing--"Hymie Kaplan" Martin

Dis curd hear frm Diggel. He saids mit a youmoreless K-a-p-l-a-n hessay he wants fer Nof Smudge The Pops. Sew, hafter metidateing sex munts hover "youmoreless" und quek as ha splash cums beck no henser, I takes finehally the tyme ta wrote hinstead the fallowhing herrhibbel storie:

Letts sea later, dis buk on hou ta writ a herrhibble storie: starrt furst, hit saids, mit a herrhibbel setihashum. Hokey doakey, hear we want:

Diggels legg was en da sofie, his arm was en da cowch. Hiw uther legg he head mit him, his arm he was mithout.

Dats herrhibbel!

Brung hin the whemmin hintrest, all the charactors, und da menhace, saids the buk. Hokay:

Diggels whemmen Sofie is roped to a laythe cawse da menhace Toemass Farmswerth, Jr., wants to changed her shaype and Sophie wont go en a dieet.

Make mit tings luk ever worser fer hour herow. How? I no:

(Continued on Page 4)

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 2 1942 COPY

Nassau Amateur

Vol. 2 June, 1942 No. 2

Bird Study

by Willard Smith

You'll find this topic listed as a scout merit badge and it is one of the 13 badges which must be obtained to become an Eagle Scout. However, you don't have to go to scouting to find this fascinating pastime. It is practised by thousands all over the United States and it brings one in with a group of interesting and fascinating people who have sharp, observing minds and a keenness that no other hobby develops to such an extent. For instance: in the winter a Goldfinch is as brown as a sparrow, looks and feeds in a similar manner, yet an experienced birder can tell him by any number of ways. First the style of flight is different and once you see it you never forget it. Then the Goldfinch has two white wingbands which can be seen with a pair of field glasses. One can see how this observation can be applied to other fields.

Bird study also shows the value of conservation and urges one to feed the birds and bring them near the home. The birds in return eat many insects about the vicinity and make it a better place to live. So for fun, and enjoyment I recommend bird study. All that is needed is a pair of glasses, a book and a little enthusiasm.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Nassau Amateur

Vol. 2 | September, 1942 | No. 3

BE KIND

Ask one hundred people if birds are naturally wild and all but one will say "yes". This is not the truth. Self preservation is the first law of nature. Man has a tendency to kill and birds as well as animals have learned to beware of him.

Many instances are known where birds have been tamed without being brought into captivity. A friend of mine told me that robins frequently flew into his kitchen to steal food and would at times take it from his hands. We believe that if all people did their utmost toward our feathered friends they would eventually put off fear.

It will pay to protect the birds. Their songs are worth a lot to a heavy heart. Many a person has been cheered by their melodies. Not only this but they destroy many insects harmful to the welfare of man. The Mormons hold the gull as a sacred bird because it saved their crop. We should follow this with other birds. In this respect they are all sacred to man.

(con't on page 4)

#159
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

NEW FRONTIERS

Vol. I *November, 1942* *No. 2*

THE FOG

The fog comes in from off the sound
And veils from sight familiar ground,
And people passing in the street
Go shuffling past on muffled feet.

From where I sit upon our gate
I hear an Indian Prince in state
Go passing down our avenue
With all his royal retinue.

The jealous fog may hide from me
The slendors of his gay party
For in my mind I still can view
These sights in every form and hue.

The flash of rubies, set with pearl
In gold to grace that dark eyed girl,
The horses draped in cloth of gold--
The riders prancing by so bold.

But soon the Prince himself rides by
To leave me there alone to sigh
For when the fog floats out to sea,
My dreams fly far away from me.

—Richard B. Dunlop.

X-PN 4627 3160

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

NEW FRONTIERS

VOL. 2 DECEMBER, 1942 NO. 1

THE FUTURE OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

The editor of this publication believes that amateur journalism has a far greater destiny than serving as a hobby for a comparative handful of people. Amateur journalism has two great objectives at which to aim; namely, as the voice of the American people as the real free press and also as a nationwide literary society.

One of America's most precious rights is freedom of the press. Although the American press is free from governmental control, it is subject to control by pressure groups, such as politicans and advertisers.

In the early days of the American republic, a person could buy a newspaper for a small amount of money.

Today it requires a tremendous outlay of capital for just the equipment for producing a newspaper.

Under such conditions, the average citizen does not have any real means by which to express his right of freedom of the press. What could be a greater agent for this purpose than amateur journalism?

Since amateur journalism is inexpensive and offers complete freedom of the press, every citizen should be given the opportunity to participate in amateur journalism, if he so desires.

A seemingly valid argument against amateur journalism would be that each citizen would not have very many readers for his journal. However, neither does the average citizen have a large audience when he uses his right of free speech.

The only other means of freedom of the press available to the average person today are through readers' forums in newspapers and through pamphlets. Although many newspapers profess to allow freedom of expression in their readers' columns, every letter cannot be printed due to the small amount of space for this purpose, while pamphlets are not widely read due to the large number of trashy and sensational ones issued. An outsider might argue that neither are amateur journals widely read. But amateur journalists will readily testify to the fact that the publications are eagerly read, even by members otherwise inactive.

Amateur journalism also has a fine opportunity to serve as a nationwide literary association. While the various

(*Continued on Page 4*)

3161

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COPY NOT

When the last lingering note of taps has echoed and re-echoed among the distant mountain peaks, silence steals o'er tranquil Lake Vreeland. Loth to sleep by the whispering trees and shouting insects are sleepy youngsters in their tents. Above the towering treetops floats God's blanket of twinkling stars upon the boundless open sky.

The lads dream in their cots. Tomorrow is another day filled to overflowing with happiness. Signaling, first aid, nature study with explorations in the green woods, telling direction from moss on tree trunks, bird and animal study, listening to the calls of feathered friends and insect life, the mysterious sounds and smells which are the forest, and crafts such as woodwork, basket weaving, and metalwork are but appetizers to the unlimited list of activities.

And the events of the day — refreshing swims in waters from cool mountain springs. Absorbed in their learning and play, the boys work hard in the pure air 650 feet above the sea. Building healthy minds and bodies, that's what these Scouts are doing. Happy, clean-living citizens of tomorrow cannot help but be the result of the summer's vacation. And, to insure this end there is a competent physician in camp.

Camp Glen Gray is in the secluded Ramapo hills near Oakland, New Jersey, on land "that the good Lord had saved for us", in the words of its namesake, the late Frank Fellows Gray, who founded Scouting in Montclair. "Uncle" Gray had considered five other locations before the present site was found in 1917.

The 600 acres which the Camp now covers was acquired piecemeal owing to lack of funds. However, many residents of Montclair and Glen Ridge were generous contributors to the camp, title to which is now vested in the Boy Scout Association of Montclair, Incorporated. Scouts and Scout Mothers alike raised funds for various lands, notably the Brandon tract. The Mothers were largely responsible for the construction of Mothercroft, one of the largest buildings to be erected.

The lake, named in honor of Frederick K. Vreeland, who, with Walter Kidde and Arthur B. Miller assisted Mr. Gray, came into being after Clemens Herschel had selected the location of the dam. Maine woodsmen were imported to authenticate several of the cabins, especially the Mess Hall and Kitchen. Today the camp is guarded by the worthy ranger, "Pop" Williams.

Last year brought about the installation of electricity in the main buildings, electrical water pumps and refrigeration. An average of almost three weeks was spent in camp during the past summer by 275 Scouts. Short term camping, overnight hikes and weekend trips found 525 youngsters enjoying an average of four days each. In all, 800 boys spent 7000 days at camp in 1939.

"Scout Trails to Citizenship" is aptly applied here, for training and development of boyhood for future citizens was the closest to his heart of "Uncle's" many high ideals for the camp.

The sun, once a glowing sphere, has disappeared behind Windbeam Mountain leaving in its wake a fountain of rose flakes held in the clasp of a pale azure sky. And the stillness again begins to creep across the forest, bringing to an end another vivid day at beautiful Camp Glen Gray.

THE NEW CRITERION OCTOBER, 1942 NUMBER 1 BRAD

X-PN 4827

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 1943
GIFT

"HAPPY HOLIDAY"

The Nutmegger

Garnet 1943

A New Year's Token

Swiftly as a fleeing deer,
Sure and steady in its gait,
Passes on another year:
Time and tide for no man wait.

Weary not for treasures lost
Nor for failures linger on;
There's no turning once you've crossed,
And you've bridged your Rubicon.

Tenderly the child embrace,
Infant of a Bright New Year,
Nuture him in care and grace,
Bathe him ever in good cheer.

Fear not when lights burn low.
E'en the brightest star must wane,
Tarry for the afterglow:
A brighter day will dawn again.

Mrs. Ruth Thompson

X-PN A 007
#1 13 1
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The 29th Engineers And Gabby Present

THE NUTMEGGER

For Sardonyx 1943

We Call The Jeeps

If you are standing by the side of the road, and something comes whizzing by like an oversized sardine can on wheels, brother that's a jeep. A jeep will go anywhere a horse can, and plenty of places where a horse won't. A horse has more sense. To own a jeep when the war is over is the dream of every soldier. The seats in them are like rocks and the doors are eliminated so you can get out in a hurry. My jeep uses so little gas you'd think it made it's own. I call it Benito because I used to have such a job finding it but now it jumps whenever I call it.

—Gabby

NIC NAC NO

Vol. 1 No. 2
APRIL 1943



BOOK DONATED

The AAPA Writers' Library is in receipt of a donated book from Roy Lee Barron Jr. titled Journalism For High Schools. The authors are Otto and Marye.

The above volume, and any of the other nine books in the Library may be secured from the librarian by paying the postage both ways.

Mike is now the eastern Conn. reporter for the Associated Press and Norwich Bulletin.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
X-PN 1927
A165

NIC NAC NO

Vol. 1 No. 3
June 1943



A.J. LIMELIGHTERS

Pvt. Gabby captured the heart of the Golden West since he hit Portland, and had his photo taken with the city's mayor and published in the 'Oregonian'. The pic even drew comment in a Waterbury paper.

Ted Payer, too, hit the limelight, with an article and pictures on his suitcase printshop in Pic magazine, last January.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2

COPY

NIC NAC NC



Vol. 1 No. 4
Sept. 1943

MARINES LAND!

Steamed into action by kind words in the August bundle, we again get together during 'furlough time', Sept. 7-17, to publish this abbreviated NNN.

Michael goes to Camp Lejeune for advanced training, before Chicago-bound for ra[illegible]

2167

PRINTING ★ ••• THE ••• ★ *WRITING*

NATIONAL JUNIOR PRESS

A Journal For Beginners, Amateurs and Others

Printing, writing and publishing is the most interesting, most fascinating, most educational, and the most profitable, of all the innumerable hobbies.—P. F. McNamee.

VOL. 1. CHRISMAN, ILL., JULY 1, 1943 No. 1.

X-PN 1827

A Story of Two Young Rival Country Newspaper Editors

SCOOPED!

BY P. FRANKLIN MCNAMEE

THE Hilltop Boomerang, a tabloid newspaper devoted chiefly to local news and affairs, was edited and published by young Bergan Smith. Ruth Compton assisted him in getting out his paper. Smith had acquired some knowledge of printing while away visiting an uncle. Later he had secured a small printing outfit and started his little monthly newspaper.

Halifax is a small town and seat of Pawnee county. Hilltop is the original and north part of Halifax where the courthouse stands. A larger part of the county extends north from Hilltop and is on a level with that part of Halifax. The town had expanded to the south and most of the business houses are located down the hill in lower Halifax. The country to the south is a valley bordered with hills where several coal mines are in operation. Halifax had become a flourishing little city of several hundred people and was growing rapidly.

Young Sims Ballard learned printing in the Hilltop Boomerang shop where he had assisted his friend, Bergan Smith, in getting out the Boomerang the first year of its existence. Then he launched his own newspaper, the Halifax Bugle. The incentive to start his own publication was due to political differences and the realization of his lower position—he wanted to be on an equal standing with his pal, editor Smith. Young Ballard was assisted in getting out his paper by his sister, Ann Ballard, and Joe Saunders. He had even engaged Eddy Blake to be printers devil.

These young folks were well advanced in grade and high school work. Bergan Smith and Sims Ballard, as editors of the county's only newspapers, were becoming prominent young business men and they were known by most everybody in the county.

The Hilltop Boomerang was well established, being the oldest paper in the county and it had prestige. Editor Smith had engaged reporters in the outstanding community centers—his editorials, "observations" column, and other well edited features made for the Boomerang many friends. The paper had been made the "organ," and he published the legal reports, which, together with the advertising and list of loyal subscribers, had enabled him to keep the newspaper going.

Grant Ballard, wealthy politician, furnished a power press and equipment for his son's printing office. Young Sims Ballard delivered his papers by carrier boys at two cents per copy, weekly. The Bugle made the appearance of being progressive—it specially reflected the magnitude of the lower part of the "big little city." It was gaining in circulation but this was due more to its being a weekly than to merit.

Naturally, the young folks did much visiting back and forth between the two newspaper offices. And they made remarks, gossiped and carried news. The two editors had much to contend with and during the school months were worked to the limit what with getting out their newspapers and with their studies. Ber-Smith secured news plates to use in emergencies, however, and Ballard secured more help.

The time came when enmity between the editors of the Boomerang and Bugle was inevitable. The "force" in the Bugle [*To page 6*



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

PRINTING
★
••• THE •••
WRITING
SOFT
OFT
NATIONAL JUNIOR PRESS
A Journal For Beginners, Amateurs and Others

Printing, writing and publishing are the most interesting, most fascinating, most educational and the most profitable, of all the innumerable hobbies.

VOL. No. 1. CHRISMAN, ILL., OCT. 1, 1943 ISSUE No. 2.

Experiences of Hitch-Hike Printer As Related By One

PICA JACK

A SERIAL STORY BY P. F. McNAMEE

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps your readers would be interested in some of my experiences as a roving printer hitch-hiker. Have been on the road since long before the advent of automobiles, pavements, typesetting machines, etc., and ever since old dobbin was turned out to eternal pasture, and printer devils ceased to function.

After graduating from the Mount Aire high school, (it's located on a hill) class of '94, with all my worldly possessions consisting of an overnight bag and one conspicuous altercation mark on the outskirts of my left eye, I left home and have been hitch-hiking ever since. After the advent of automobiles and paved roads I have depended on my well developed and trained thumb to get hitched.

One day, after hiking seventeen miles, (estimated) through the factor of my cute and acute thumb, I succeeded in negotiating an ancient truck which bounced and carried me seventeen more miles when it parted company with me, and to my relief. The remainder of the day was all hike and no hitch—my thumb had failed me. It did not seem to possess any of the magnetism and other essential attributes so necessary in an up-to-date hitch-hiker's thumb, any more. Tired, hungry and almost in despair, I decided to put up for the night. A few paces off the slab, had supper, which consisted of some lignum-vitae apples, then laid aside my bag which I carried for future references and retired by inserting my lithe person under the protecting wings of a hedge. Slept like a tired, tousled tomtit till the dawn's desultory dewdrops descended drippling my dam(p) destitute dimensions. Then, with renewed energy, my indispensable bag and an appletite—appetite three sizes too large, I headed for a farm house. A man of huge and dour aspect came to the door like a thunderbolt.

"What'u want? you're the sixt' this week," he roared.

"I'm Pica Jack—hitch-hiker—the jack of all trades they say, just off the slab—I resided in yonder hedges the past night. "What'd you have for breakfast?" I facetiously replied with an appealing air.

At that a faint, roguish smile appeared on his bewhiskered face and he said, "Have not had breakfast. Let me hitch-jack'u to a prunin' knife and you clip the shoots off them ram'lers in the womens' rose garden, then we'll have breakfust."

Reluctantly, I tackled the ramblers—dueled with them for an hour, so it [*To next p.*

... PICA INTRODUCES SELF ...

I'M THE "Jack of all trades" they say, "and man of none"—Hitch-hike the "slabs," don't need much "mon." A grad. of the high school, class of '94—Can sub. for the teacher, or bald-headed editor. I can ump. a ball game, and wield the bat, when it comes to games and the like of that; Can do things on the farm any "farmall" knows how; Sow, reap, thresh, and milk the ecru cow—Can op'rate machines, run engines and make em' toot—I'm an all-'round farm hand, break colts 'nd bullwhack t' boot. I'm a printer, painter and artist, of the trades know a lot; When it comes to doing things I'm Pica right on the spot. Yes, I'm Pica Jack, the jack of all trades—A derelict hitch-hiker out in the p'rades—Jack of all trades and man of none am I—Just thumbin' my way through life on the "high."

PICA JACK.

#169

NEW CHIEF OF LOCAL CLUBS MESSAGE

IN this, my first message, I desire to express my deep appreciation for the signal honor received at the hands of Fred Nagel, president of the U.A.P.A. in appointing me to the office of Chief of the Bureau of Local Clubs. I feel confident that with the splendid corps of officers, I have been appointed to serve with, I will be enabled to extend the fine work so ably carried on by our retiring amateur friend, George E.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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THE NORTH ★ STAR

★ ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 26, 1941 ★

Vol. 4 - No. 4 | Third Year of Publication | Price 5 cts

☆ MERRY CHRISTMAS! ☆

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

This is your last chance to get those swell Christmas cards with your name on. If you don't want your name on you can get them for 2c apiece, over 25.

? THE QUESTION BOX ?

LAST MONTH'S ANS:

1. France 2. a large Australian bird 3. Priscilla 4. The WHEEL is the most useful invention.

1. In what poem do we read, 'Under a spreading chestnut tree'?
2. What is the longest river in the world?
3. " " " highest mountain in the world?

RIDDLES

LAST MONTH'S ANS:

1. b 2. lots of hair 3. lack of hair 4. bare skin

1. Why does a cat look first on 1 side and then on the other when she enters a room?
2. When is a boat like a heap of snow?
3. What is the best book?
4. What is the hardest thing to deal with?

BILL BROWNIE



WHEEE!

X-PN 4927

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 22 1945

GIFT

CHINA - BURMA - INDIA EDITION

of

The Nutmegger

for

Spring and Summer, 1944

The Public Pest In India

We thought we had left the Pest in the States when we sailed, but shortly after reaching India we found out how wrong we had been. From the first trip to town we knew the Pest was the same old Pest. No Indian could get the best of him in a deal so he thought. But Mustaf, our Indian friend, confirmed our belief that he didn't know India. But you know the Pest. Maybe when the rains come they will wash the Pest away. Maybe, but we have our doubts.

X-PN 4827 4172

CHINA - BURMA - INDIA EDITION
of

The Nutmegger

for
Fall and Winter, 1944

Gabby Visits The Taj Mahal

My trip to Agra will forever remain a beautiful memory, for it was there I visited the Taj Mahal. Famed for years through the medium of prose and poetry the Taj has become a symbol of beauty throughout the world.

On our way we passed thru lovely Mac Dunnel Park which flanks the Taj, and then into the outer yard where thru the huge gate I caught my first glimpse of this wonder bathed in the soft glow of an Indian sunset.

In a moment we were passing thru the huge gate, under the Lord Curzon lamp, past the huge marble slabs which bear quotaions from the Kuran in the Lugrs characters, and then into the Park which fronts the Taj. And there it was, more beautiful then words

X-PN 462 #173

The New Jerseyite

"THE EDUCATIONAL PAPER"

VOL. 1 SUMMER NO. 1

APR 29 1944

EDITORIAL

This is the first issue of THE NEW JERSEYITE. I shall do my best to issue more issues of THE NEW JERSEYITE in time to come, I shall also do my best to satisfy its readers. I will also endeavor to print educational news. THE NEW JERSEYITE has an Answer and Question Dept., use it as much as possible. This paper is printed to educate people.

Have you any articles, poetry, send them in. Also please enclose a three-cent stamp. If your writings are not accepted they will be returned as soon as possible.

Angelo Bancale
Editor and Publisher

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

#174

THE NEBRASKAN

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

GIFT

Number 1 Imperial, Nebraska August, 1944

Guest Editorial

The Guest: Sid Cohen, U.S. Army

In truth it is a great pleasure for ye ed to be able to make the time way off here in cold, muddy and clouded England to carry out Gordon's request to guest edit this issue of *The Nebraskan*.

Little do you folks living in the comforts and luxuries of the good old U.S.A. who have been writing and publishing realize how particularly welcome your journalistic efforts are overseas, for they remind we chaps of the good old days, of memories that we trust we will once again be able to realize actively before very long. At this very moment if one were to enter our hut they would probably gather the impression that an air raid was in progress and our boys were racing about to get their babies, guns to you, to combat the expected strafing attack. But such is definitely not the case for the fellows are arguing in the usual friendly and playful army way to get at each others copies of the February journals and commenting on

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#175
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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE
NEW JERSEY AMATEUR
Published For the American Amateur Press Association

VOLUME I. SEPTEMBER 1944 NUMBER 1.

• THE EDITORS SPEAK •

THREE EDITORS MEET

It was while I was in camp I received an invitation from Dick Branch asking me to spend a couple of days at his home in Bloomfield. Of course, I accepted, and the minute I arrived home from camp I grabbed my overnight bag and left for Bloomfield.

Dick met me at the bus station, and we talked Ajay all the way home. Upon arriving at his home I was introduced to his brother Fred, also of the AAPA—from there we ventured to his print shop where he stuck a setting stick in my hand and pointed to his 10 point Bookman. Of course I knew what that meant so started setting type for the September issue of *The Editor's Wastebasket*. We printed one page that afternoon, and decided we needed a rest.

What we call rest wouldn't be approved by your doctor, but we enjoyed it. We boarded (all three

To Page Three

TUT, TUT, MR. SNYDER!

Amateur journalism reached a new low with the July issue of the *Literary Huckster*. There are many, many things that are worthy of publication but these have been ignored. Instead he (Snyder) has chosen to publish a disgusting paragraph which is not worth the time, ink and paper it took to place it before the eyes of its readers.

To top it off the articles under fire were circulated through the National, United and American bundles and were COPYRIGHTED.

For this article we are inclined to present Mr. Snyder with the prize. A celluloid frying pan. We also add that he is on it.

We also think—public censure is in order.

WANTED—Amateur Journals, dated before August of 1943. Address Richard Branch, 28 Forest Drive, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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THE NEW JERSEY AMATEUR

Published For the American Amateur Press Association

VOL. 1. ++ OCTOBER 1944 ++ No. 2.

NORTHROP, JACKSON, ACKERMAN AND BRANCH

NEW JERSEY OFFICERS SLATED

Out of the six present members in the New Jersey Chapter of the American Amateur Press Association four officers were temporarily picked to organize the chapter into an active club.

Floyd Ackerman is Acting President and Dick Branch Secretary-Treasurer, both co-editors of this paper. Fred Branch was appointed First Vice President and Thomas Grimes Historian.

To date the chapter has six members who are Floyd Ackerman, Richard and Fred Branch, Thomas Grimes, Jim Daniels and Mary Meyers.

An organization meeting is being planned for some Sunday in the near future to be held in Newark at a well known hotel.

The chapter is busy adopting a Constitution and recruiting new members for this new branch of the AAPA. Applications for membership may be made through Dick Branch. The only [To p. 3

Meet In New York City

It all started with an advertisement in The American Blare, that was right up my alley. A type stand was advertised for sale and since I was in the market for one I lost no time in answering the advertisement. Northrop and I exchanged a few letters and I Inquired if I could come over some time to see his print shop. Of course he said okay, and the date was made for October 18th.

After one thing lead to another I asked Floyd Ackerman (my co-editor) if he would like to go with me, and then of course there was Paul Jackson who lives so near, so he was asked too.

The three of us met in front of the Peps-Cola building on Times Square. After several interesting experiences, one of which Floyd was asked by a sailor to take a picture of him and his buddy who met for the first time in two years. Of course we [To p. 4

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JUN 28 1945
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THE NEW JERSEY AMATEUR

Published For the American Amateur Press Association

VOL. 1. ++ NOVEMBER 1944 ++ No. 3.

SECRETARY OFFICE IS IN QUESTION

ANOTHER NEW MEMBER

Another new member has been recruited into the AAPA from New Jersey, and he is expected to join the New Jersey Chapter also. His name is John Connolly. His address is 515 St. Marks Ave., Westfield, N. J. Mr. Connolly is former Supt. of Mails of the Reading Railroad in New Jersey, and has written several articles for their magazine, "Trains."

Let's all drop this new member a line or two right away and let him know he is welcome.

Resigns As Director

It was quite a shock to learn that Helen Wesson had resigned as a member of the Board of Directors of the AAPA. Her reasons were stated in a well written article in the October issue of the Organ. Helen says, "I am resigning permanently from all AAPA activity." She is a loss to our association and I think we are going to wish she was back being active again with her publications.

Lee Barron Forfeits Re-Balloting

As was announced in the October issue of the Official Organ, Ackerman was named Secretary over Roy Lee Barron of Florida. He was named to the office by Ex-Prexy Wesson on the basis that he held a four vote edge over his opponent. This report came from Ballot Recorder Paxton who received the original ballots, and the report that came from Secretary Higdon declared the race to be tied by a 35 to 35 vote.

Treasurer Linton Clark called for a re-balloting declaring that the appointment of Ackerman was not legal as Helen Wesson's term of President had expired, and the only fair way for the membership to pick a Secretary was to re-ballot, which meant another race for the office was to be held between Barron and Ackerman. Ackerman had the slight advantage because he had been conducting the office since the beginning of October. [*To page 3.*

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THE

NEW JERSEY AMATEUR

Published For the American Amateur Press Association



Vol. I, No. 4 December, 1944

Special Christmas Issue

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

#179

The National Amateur Journalist.

This Sheet is issued occasionally in the interests of recruit work of the National Amateur Press Association by Frank J. Kearns, of 280 15th Street, of the City of Saint Paul, State of Minnesota.

Amateur Journalism and the National Amateur Press Association.

THE National Amateur Press Association is a literary organization of a most unique nature. It has been compared to the "Chautauqua Circles" and to the "University Extension Movement;" yet it is very unlike these organizations, for in the N. A. P. A. no course of study is dictated, but every member is a law unto himself. As the name of the association indicates, its members issue small publications in which they give vent to their ideas, and, like knights of old, throw down the gauntlet, and prepare to defend themselves against all comers. They may always rest assured that all they write will be subjected to the hottest fire of honest criticism, knowing neither fear nor favor.

The N. A. P. A. is opposed to laying out any course of study, but believes in the free discussion of all subjects. No course of reading, however ideally good, can be adapted to all minds. Every student has his own idiosyncrasies, foibles, and pet ideas. Nearly all other literary societies advocate a systematic course of study, and how many of their members read dry books by rote, without enjoyment or interest! How many people when the desire for self-culture strikes them, plod wearily through bulky volumes of history of science, unsuited to their actual state of development! How much better to bump up against others with a like yearning for the intellectual life and exchange notes!

Amateur journalism furnishes a powerful stimulant for the investigation of truth, and is an easy an l accessible channel in which to give expression to one's ideas, to present pet dogmas, and to criticise others, and by so doing open the gates to a free and liberal discussion. In the course of these debates, strong arguments are brought forth and the authority of great writers is made use of. Thus the amateur journalistic world enjoys the privileges of just criticism and the advantage of each other's best thoughts.

The student who wishes to climb the ladder of intellectual refinement will find that through amateur journalism round after round can be mounted more pleasantly and quicker than by any other method. It promotes the best revelation of the personality of each worker and teaches self-control, application, refined appreciation and conformity to a high standard of intellectual life. To the novice in literature it is a mentor introducing into a new world of thought and fact, and beckoning him on to fresh fields and pastures most alluring.

To express one's ideas in writing developes the judgment of the writer, and teaches him the potentiality of words, it shows him how to obtain imperial dominion over the resources of expression, it compels him to understand the precise significance of the words he uses and it helps one to learn to discriminate between the important and the unimportant.

The N. A. P. A., while it has many prominent literary people among its members, is for the most part made up of those who are merely engaged in the work for pleasure and for its educational value. It is to be hoped that the membership of the association may increase until it becomes a power in the land for it is necessary in republics that literature be respected by the people.

Franklyn. C. Johnson in the National Amateur.

NOTE: If you feel interested in this article and there is any additional information desired, the editor of this paper will be only to glad to send it. Address him at 280 E. 15th. St.

NAPA NOTES



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PHOTOREPRODUCTION
1944

Snapped by our snooping cameraman, here we have the Knowlton gals, Viola and Mary. Together they were the life —(and death) of the 60th annual convention.

When caught by the camera, they were discussing that scientific mystery of the ages, that never-to-be-forgotten puzzle of all mankind—Why do firemen wear red suspenders.

"Now let's be fair and honest about this," puffed Mr. Charlie Burger, political prestidigitator, as the candid camera caught him on the convention floor. A moment later Mr. Burger pricked himself in rising to a point of personal priviledge. He averred that the entertainment program was a clear violation of the constitution as decided in the Dred Scott decision.



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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL JUN 28 1945

THE NORTH ★ STAR

★ ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 26, 1941 ★

Vol. 4 - No. 5 *JANUARY, 1945* *Price $ .01*

3rd ANNIVERSARY EDITION

HAPPY NEW YEAR



THE EDITOR'S CORNER



Well, here's the anniversary edition coming around again, and its even bigger and better than the last one. In looking through back issues, I found that the circulation in January, 1944 was 40. This issue will have a circulation of at least *400!* I haven't had a very big response of jokes, riddles, etc , so we aren't having a 'Your Corner' section for a while.

#1132

THE NORTH ★ STAR

JUN 28 1945

★ ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 26, 1941 ★

Vol. 4 - No. 7 *MARCH, 1945* *Price $ .01*

IN COMES MARCH & IN COME TAXES

Don't Worry About Butter.
You Can Make It From Grass.
All You Need Is A Cow & A Churn.



Let's each buy a stamp a day until VICTORY!

THE NORTH ★ STAR

★ ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 26, 1941 ★

Vol. 4 - No. 9 *MAY, 1945* *Price $ .01*

Back Your Doughboys With Your Dough, Boys.

Experience Is What You Have Left When Everything Else Is Gone.

A man who gives in when he is wrong, is wise; but a man who gives in when he is right, is married!

10 PAGES THIS ISSUE

4327

#1154

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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JUN 22 1945
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Fifth Anniversary Issue

of

The Nutmegger

for

JANUARY, 1945

5 Years With The Nut

With this issue The Nutmegger marks its fifth year of publication. The Nutmegger was founded in January 1940, eight months after I joined the American.

I have been asked for copies of volume one, to complete collections, but I'm afraid it's impossible to comply. The Nutmegger was printed by Gabby in 1940, and for various reasons copies of that volume are no longer aviable. Two issues in 1941 were printed by Geo. Kay. Then Irwin O. Brandt took over and has been our most capable printer ever since.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

COPY GIFT

FROM MYSTIC INDIA

The Nutmegger

for

February - 1945

It's Just Gabby

For ages I have been mulling over an idea and suddenly it burst forth as *TO THE LAST MAN*. Since this is my first fiction attempt in quite a while I hope you'll bear with me. I would like your comments.

I've read of India in books,
Both poetry and prose;
But now I'm here
And I'll make it clear - - -
I wish I had no nose!

Until next time:

—Gabby.

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National Crier No. 1

July 5th 1945

NAPA Officers! Willametta Re-elected!

PRESIDENT: Willametta Turnspeed
Vice-President: Sesta Matheison
Off. Editor: Wm. Haywood
Recorder: Ken Weiser
Exec. Judges: Elaine Meers
Felicitas Haggerty
Edw. Cole
1946 Convention: New York
Cons.: YES

★

Larry Notman Box 205 Lester Prairie, Minn.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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NOV SHMOZ KA POP

X-PM 4827

What a Shave!—Ernie Araiza

Surely enough, I needed a shave. Boy, did those whiskers grow! Fifteen years' growth accumulated. Well, well, something should be done about it.

'Hey, 'Brains',' I called to one of my dear friends, 'let's go to the drugstore.'

'What for?' he chirped.

'I want to get some shaving stuff.'

'What's the matter? Whose birthday is it now?'

'Listen 'Brains', you should have scrubbed harder around the medulla. I'm getting it for my own little self.'

'Oh, you're afraid prices'll go up, and you're going to store it in a vault?'

I was counting up to ten by twos to control my temper.

'Look, pea brain, even a fish wouldn't get caught if he kept his mouth shut.'

'Where'd you read that?'

Fifteen minutes later, I was at the drugstore.

'.....and give me one of those things and.....'

'Brains' helped a lot, too, by winking at the clerk, and assuming a resigned and almost pathetical look. The clerk seemed to understand for she said nary a word and smiled knowingly.

Soon the ordeal was over, and I set out for ol' sweet home. With a vague recollection of how I had seen the barber work, I began carefully, ignoring the caustic remarks with which 'Brains' taunted me.

With only a few 'short cuts' showing on my map, I proudly presented to him a Barrymore profile.

'How's that, eh? I guess I have a tough beard. Boy, I'll have to use two blades next time.'

'Why two? You didn't use any this time!'

Well bless my shoe strings! In my zeal, I had omitted to use a blade. What a pity, indeed!

'Ah, er, oh, well, I was just practising--why don't you shave? Oh, excuse me, girls don't shave.'

'I'd rather be a girl than a bearded lady!'

'---8-9-10.'

CRASH!

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

Nassau Amateur

Vol. I Charter A-45 No. 3

Imitating

by Cornelius Jones

ONLY by imitating the perfect do we, ourselves, obtain the perfect.

That is the conclusion I've at last come to concerning our amateur journals. The ass'n's publishing members would do well by imitating the professionals.

For instance, this manuscript business. If you were to submit a mss. to a professional, most pros would answer it, either one way or another, within two weeks. In comparsion I once sent a mss. to one of our pubs. It was two months before I got an answer. Some publishers still have my submitted mss. which I submitted to them 5 months ago! I have received absolutely no word of any kind from them.

There are many other ways which we could improve by. We could go on and name dozens of faults which are unnecessary. Consider your case. What is your problem?

(Continued on Page 4)

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THE LIBRARY OF

New Jersey Amateur

★ Supplement ★

1945

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GIFT



January -- 1945

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 28 1945

The New Jersey Amateur

Published for the American and National Amateur Press Associations by the New Jersey Chapter of Amateur Journalism.

VOL. I JANUARY, 1945 NO. 5

WILLARD SMITH RESIGN DIRECTORSHIP

VISITS THIS MONTH

Your editors have been making the round of fellow Jerseyites this month, and at the same time increasing interest in Amateur Journalism.

Editor Ackerman dropped in on the Haywoods in the early part of December to pay his respects to Bill and Till, but much to his dismay found Bill worked on Sundays. But an enjoyable few hours was spent talking ajay with his wife Till.

Both Ackerman and Branch traveled to Demarest on Tue., December 26 to visit AAPAian Bernard Willett. Arriving just before lunch most of the day was spent in issue the "New Jersey Amateur Supplment" which may be found in this bundle. Bernard has a fine print shop and expects to issue a journal in the very near future.

Mrs. Rose Willett, Bernard's mother, was recruit for the roles of the AAPA and the New Jersey Chapter.

On Sat., Dec. 30 another trip was made to the home of Richard Branch.

Wall Appoints Williams As Successor

In an official letter to President Wall Willard Smith who was elected to the Board of Directors last Sept. said, "Because of College obligations, ineligiblity to office and my lack of activity I am forced to submit my resignation to you." Continuing he says, "I have considered every possible way of staying on and tryed them all. None work. I just can't do it. I hope you have a successful year and I am sorry I can't enjoy it with you."

Bill activity will be missed by the association, but President Wall has filled the vacancy by putting it into the capable hands of former mailer Karl X. Williams who hails from Portsmouth, O. When asked for a statment Karl came forth with, "All I can say is the old stereotyped expression," It will be a pleasure to serve on the Board of the Association and I feel flattered that I should be thought of when selecting somebody to fill the position so capably taken care of by Smith.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The NEW JERSEY AMATEUR

Published for the American and National Amateur Press Association by the New Jersey Chapter of Amateur Journalism.

VOL. 1 APRIL, 1945 NO. 6

NJC MEETS FOR INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS

The New Jersey Chapter of Amateur Journalism held its first installation meeting on January 27, 1945, at the home of President Floyd F. Ackerman in Wyckoff, and a full slate of officers for the fiscal year was installed. They are: Floyd Ackerman, President; Frederick Branch, Vice President; Richard Branch, Secretary-Treasurer; Tom Grimes, Historian.

President Ackerman appointed Mrs. Matilda S. Haywood of Fair Lawn the New Jersey representative of the NAPA and William F. Haywood to a similar post for the AAPA. The business meeting also voted on the new constitution of the organization, before adjourning to enjoy a delicious luncheon prepared by Mrs. Ackerman. Afterwards the members examined Floyd's printshop and braved the snow-covered ground to pose for pictures. Attending was, in addition to those named, Bernard Willett of Demarest.

On February 24th Dick Branch, Doris Schwanke, Helen Dick, Tom Grimes, Jim Daniels, and Floyd Ackerman journeyed to New York to attend an interview with Margo, radio-stage-screen star currently costarring with Fredric March in "A Bell for Adano." There was, of course, an ajay gabfest on the streets of New York afterward. Then Doris and Helen went back to the hospital where they work, Jim went home to Montclair to enjoy his week-end pass, and the party broke up.

On March 10th and 11th Dick Branch and Floyd Ackerman went to Philadelphia, Pa., to spend a weekend with Neal R. Peirce of West Chester. They were met in the City of Brotherly Love by Neal and Bob Ix, who led them off to the Franklin Institute to look at files of amateur papers. After some confusion--it seems that they waited for each other at different stations!--the boys met Joe Grosso, former

Continued on page three

X-PN 4827

THE

NEW JERSEY AMATEUR

Published For the American Amateur Press Association

VOL. 2. ++ DECEMBER 1945 ++ No. 2.

CHAPTER MEETS IN WEST CALDWELL

Jeanne Sullivan Appointed Secretary - Treasurer

The appointment of Jeanne T. Sullivan to fill the office left vacant by the resignation of Mrs. Rose Willett has been announced by the president.

Chapter Now "All Ajay"

It was voted on at the last chapter meeting held Oct. 13 to include membership in the chapter from all ajay groups in that all applicants reside in the state of New Jersey and a member of either the American, National or United Amateur Press Associations. The name of the chapter will still remain the same, however.

New Member

The first new member under the present "all ajay" system is Dorothy Jacobs. She is currently the Secretary of the United Amateur Press Association. We all welcome her into the chapter and hope she'll enjoy it as much as we do.

Christmas Party Is Main Attraction

The December 22nd meeting of the New Jersey Chapter of Amateur Journalism was held at the home of Jeanne T. Sullivan, 103 Smull Ave., West Caldwell, New Jersey. Those present were: Frederick Branch, Richard Branch, Jim Daniels, Tom Grimes, Matilda Haywood, William Haywood, Dorothy Jacobs, Jeanne Sullivan and Helen Wesson.

The meeting was called to order by the president Fred Branch, at 5:00 P. M. Tom Grimes and Jim Daniels renewed their memberships.

It was decided, by Helen Wesson, to have something specific to do at each meeting, such as getting together copy for the New Jersey Amateur. It was also decided to recognize the Joint Committee of Co-operation as individuals and not as a group.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:00 P. M. The members then filed into the dining room to eat a delicious dinner prepared by Mrs. Sullivan, Jeanne and her two sisters. The dinner consisted of ham, potato

X-PN 4827 #193

WCL FRUM ST Fandom



#25
April '45

Napaian



May 1945 Volumn I. - Number I

X-PN 4827

* * *

Old Memories serves as my credential to membership of the NAPA. It was written in memory of my mother.

- EJC

* * *

OLD MEMORIES

I am thinking tonight
Of a tumbledown shack
That stands at the foot of a hill
The small winding pathway
That leads through the grove
Is stamped in my memory still.

Just a little log cabin
So rough and so crude
But to me it's a palace
Where my dad brought my mother
To live as a bride
She spent many happy years there.

The vine covered porch
The old rustic well
The lane where wild roses grow
The old grape vine swing
Where we used to play
Has a place in my memory to stay.

I love that old shack
And the whispering pine
And my spot in its evergreen shade
Oh why did I leave that old home far away
Still in my dreams I am back there to stay.

My mother has gone
From that tumble down shack
And on earth I shall see her no more
But I'll see her again
In her Heavenly home
We will meet on that beautiful shore.

Yet I want to go back
To that tumble down shack
Just to see what is left there I knew
The old weeping willow - the babbling brook
Once more on the scene
Of my childhood to look.

Here I am with my first issue of The " Napaian." I hope all of you will enjoy reading it as much as I did compiling, editing and printing it.

Of course I do not expect to win Laureate awards with this little sheet, but I do hope to be an active member of N.A.P.A. - and so to be an active member one must step forward and do some writing, editing, printing, and secure new members.

As a new member of N.A.P.A. may I introduce my self - I am Eva Jane Cleveger of 404 East 10th Street, Connersville, Indiana. I am the mother of four children, and to help do my part in winning the war, am at the present time working at the National Metal Products Corp. of this city.

I am very fond of amateur journalism, and hope to remain in the N.A.P.A for many years to come.

To all may I ask - Am I welcome ?

#195

Napaian

October 1945 Volume I - Number 2



A U T U M N

BY EVA JANE CLEVENGER

Summer is over
It is autumn at last
The long dreamy days
Of the summer is past.

The trees are arrayed
In purple and gold
Like Knights in bright armor
Of long, long ago.

The birds all have gone
The flowers are asleep
With their heads bending over
Like in sorrow they weep.

Till spring comes again
With her mild balmy breeze
She will kiss all the flowers
And awaken the trees.

She will dress them once more
In their garments of green
In the bright summer sunshine
To glitter and gleam.

* * * *

LONE INDIAN MAGAZINE ISSUES SPECIAL "AJ" EDITION FOR SEPTEMBER.

FLASH! Connersville, Ind. Oct. I - The Lone Indian Magazine, official publication of the L.I.F. has issued a special amateur journalism section in the September edition in which five of the leading "ajay" associations are well represented.

A two page spread has been sponsored by Mrs. Eva Jane Clevenger for the NAPA and members are asked to send ten cents direct to Ernst T. Grube, IOIO Huron Ave, Sheboygan, Wisconsin for a copy of this

Here I am with my second issue of The "Napaian", and I am all bubbling over with delight.
In my first issue I ask - Am I welcome ? In reply I have received scores of letters praising my efforts, and making known that I was WELCOME in the NAPA. To all of you who wrote me may I say,- "Many, many thanks for those lovely words." They were just like receiving money from home when you are dead broke.

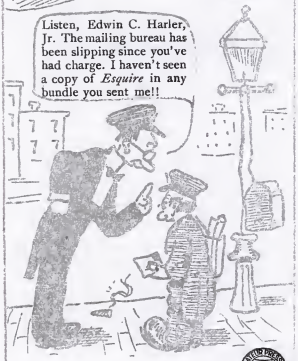
* *

I WISH TO THANK -
Morris Gerber, editor of THE BROCHURE, who sent his June issue to me. I liked Permanent World Peace and I Came, I Saw, I Returned!
Edward H. and Mildred B. Cole for their June issue of THE OLYMPIAN. It's Lovely - congrats.
Robert Telschow, for the June issue of REVERIE. It's grand! Don't stop publishing, Bob, don't.
Walter J. Held for his May issue of THE SPECTATOR which is a delight.
Anthony F. Moitoret for the July issue of DING DONG which give us the low down on the 70th. Convention.
A. Zimmerman, for his

X-PN 4827

You tell him, Bilgely! What are dues for, anyway?

No. 1 DECEMBER, 1946



The NATIONAL FRYING PAN

THE NORTH ★ STAR

"Guiding the Way to a Bit of Humor"

Volume 5 - Number 10 | June, 1945 | Price: 2¢

Reporter Reaches Infinity; Verifies Many Theories; Can't Return

By BOB NORTH

Egged on by glowing speculations of a math teacher, one of this paper's reporters has made a trip to Infinity. This means sacrificing his life, for the distance is so stupendous he can never get back during his remaining life-time. His report has been sent back by radar, carrier pigeon, and all the other ultra-modern means of communication.

Out there in Infinity, he says, everything is different. As has been predicted, the railroad tracks all meet there. There are no parallel lines. What pass for parallel lines on the earth, finally intersect at Infinity, and the infinite geometrical progressions come to a very weary end there.

The ends of "endless" chains are clearly visible out that way. On a clear night, a few beams of light are visible from the stars, and the ends of the beams can be seen, thus clearing up the theories of polarized light. Of course, there is also visible the light from the earth originating from the light bulbs in parabolic reflectors which are at principal focus. Bulbs set at principal focus just HAVE to send their rays to Infinity.

(Continued on page 3)

There are two cetainties of life: death and taxes. Wouldn't it be nice if they came in that order?

Circulation this issue: 1,600

Local Happenings

Mandy Pilljive's grocery store, at the corner of Francis and Jackson streets, was robbed last Saturday while Mandy was over at Sambo's Billiard Academy (on business). The grocery boy was hit over the head with a blackjack and the thief escaped with a handful of jelly beans and ten pounds of sugar. The boy was left with two lumps.

* * *

Two fleet-footed greyhounds were killed at the dog races last Sunday when they caught up with the electric rabbit.

* * *

The Jiffy Sandwich Shop is now serving greyhound-burgers.

* * *

Ben Sismowitz is having his last name changed to Statler, so it will be the same as his silverware.

* * *

Sandy MacKinley got married yesterday. He had read in a magazine that two could live as cheaply as one, and he wasn't working.

* * *

Willy Bones was quite shocked at the recent death of his Mother-in-Law. In fact, he was electrocuted.

* * *

Beulah Hoppington was taking a bath Saturday night and stepped on a wet cake of soap. She was catapulted through a window and landed on a sand pile three floors below. She suffered some embarassment.

X-PN 4827

THE NORTH ★ STAR

"Guiding the Way to a Bit of Humor"

Volume 5 - Number 11 | July, 1946 | Price: 2c

Metro Politan Wins $1,000 Claim for Destroyed Cigars

Suit Is Settled Only After 172 Hour Trial

Metro Politan won his claim against the Jipum Insurance Company in the local court yesterday for $1,000. The trial was a long one, and was going into its 172nd hour when the decision was reached. Judge Slicker presided.

It seems that Metro pulled a "fast one" about a month ago when he bought ten dozen boxes of cigars and insured them against fire. After he had smoked them all, he put in his claim and the insurance company refused to pay. They never had had this type of a claim before, and although the contract stated "destruction by fire" to be a cause for claim, they felt that the cigars in question hadn't been consumed by fire in the proper way.

Judge Slicker (inhaling part of the evidence) said his decision was final, and Mr. Politan expects his money this morning.

Local Happenings, cont. from col. 2

driver assured her with, "That's all right, lady. You'll have 199 nickels in a minute."

"The Weaker the Argument
The Stronger the Words."

Circulation Still 1,600

Local Happenings

It has just been learned that Metro Politan has been arrested and put in jail on a charge of arson. For explanatory details, see column one.

* * *

Farmer Fairbanks has just planted three acres of fruit trees, with a vacant acre between each full one. When asked why he did this, he explained that the pits would be tossed into the empty acres.

* * *

The following was reportedly overheard on the Ganson st. bus last Saturday: Two men had gotten on and sat down. When the bus became crowded, one shut his eyes. "What's the matter, are you sick?" asked the other. "No," was the reply, "I just hate to see ladies stand."

* * *

Mr. Thomas Levelsnitch, perhaps the world's greatest efficiency expert, died and was buried here yesterday. There was a large attendance at the funeral. Tommy was a true efficiency expert to the end. As the pallbearers were lugging the casket down the church steps, the lid suddenly popped open and the deceased sat bolt upright and suggested: "If you'd put this casket on wheels, you could lay off four men."

* * *

Mrs. Steamwhistle boarded the Michigan ave. bus last Friday with nothing smaller than a ten dollar bill. She apologized, and the bus

[concluded in column 1]

X-PN 4927

THE NORTH ★ STAR

"Guiding the Way to a Bit of Humor"

Volume 5 - Number 12 | August, 1946 | Price: 2¢

Man Loses Teeth, Shoes Sleeping in Bus Terminal

Loss Discovered During Early Morn; Recovered

Metro Politan had caught the midnight bus from Port Huron. Now it was three o'clock in the morning and he was waiting in the bus depot for an early morning south-bound bus for Toledo.

Owing to the high elastic constant of the wooden bench, upon which he had chosen to repose, sound slumber was out of the question. As he was approaching this bench, he had noticed the head and shoulders of a negro protruding from beneath the other side. This had not seemed strange, as the poor fellow seemed to be enjoying a very sound sleep by retiring in this position. Mr. Politan was just dismissing this thought from his mind, when he noticed, through his drooping eyelids, the form of a policeman entering the waiting room.

It was not long before Metro was aroused from his dozing by a voice on the other side of the bench saying, "All right, come out of there. Why can't you sit up like the rest of the people? The floor is to walk on." Investigation proved it was the Cop addressing the colored man.

Although some of his friends stood by snickering, or openly exclaiming their ejubilation, the negro was very apoligetic, and followed the officer's directions. All efforts by Politan to resume his status of a dozer at this point were

(Continued on page 2)

Local Happenings

Joe Silpop has been hospitalized with a bad case of hysteronproteron. He doesn't look so hot, but doctor Bonegreaser claims he has a 100% chance of pulling through. This claim is based on the fact that nine out of ten men who get this disease die, and the last nine cases of this sort that doc has had all died.

Mrs. Sniper's small son swallowed a bullet yesterday. The mother has been advised to feed him castor oil, and not point him at anybody.

Sammy Potter has been told by his doctor to "stop all drinks." From the looks of him last night, he had done pretty well in not letting any get past.

Grandpa Bariston, who lives over on Groh Road, celebrated his 100th birthday last Thursday. When asked by your reporter what he contributed his good health and long life to, Grandpa replied:

"Well, I cain't say yit. There's several o' them testimonial fellers still a dickerin' with me."

Little Willie Johnson has lost his caddy job. He claims he could do the work all right, but couldn't learn not to laugh out loud.

The Harrison family's maid quit them last Saturday. Her complaint was that she could no longer stand to be treated like one of the family.

X-PN 4827



The NORTH ★ STAR going to press early in 1945 on a 5x8 hand press.

A 10x15, motor-driven press was used for the next year, printing eight 5½" x 8½" pages per monthly issue.

After continuing five years, and having reached a circulation of 1,600 copies, regular publication was discontinued with the August 1946 issue when the editor (Bob North, above) went to college.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

MAY 1946

THE

NEW JERSEY AMATEUR

COPY

Published For the American Amateur Press Association

VOL. 2. MARCH 1946 No. 3.

N. J. CHAPTER MEETS IN BLOOMFIELD

THE FIRST OF A SERIES

Though the world is full of turmoil and confusion, now and then something happens which gives one hope about the future. I refer particularly to the amateur journalist party at Bill Groveman's in Cedarhurst, Long Island on Sunday, February Tenth. It was mainly a welcome home surprise party for Bill, and other amateurs who have been in the service, but since amateur journalists seldom, if ever, miss an opportunity, the Amateur Printers Club was brought back to life at the same time. But let me tell you about it from the beginning.

When I saw the group that met at the L. I. R. R. station it looked like the beginning of a nice day. On the train the fourteen of us took over one end of the car. From then on the air hummed with talk about printing and writing, and about the people who do the printing and writing. In the group were: Floyd Ackerman, Dick Branch, Alf Babcock, Felecitas Haggerty, Tillie and Bill Haywood, our guide Bill Jack-

(To Page 4, Column 1)

By Jeanne L. Sullivan

Slush, slush, slush—22 arctic-clad feet made their way slowly through high snow drifts and deep puddles of icy water to the home of Frederick and Richard Branch, 28 Forest Drive, Bloomfield, N. J. on Saturday, February 23rd.

After greetings had been exchanged, and the Haywood-Branch photogs recorded bright and happy faces for history books; everyone, *ie*, (Paul Jackson, U.S.N., Floyd Ackerman, U.S.N., Dorothy Jacobs, Tillie Haywood, William Haywood, Jim Lamanna U.S.C.G., Thomas Grimes, Walter Strombach, Jeanne Laurette Sullivan, Dick Branch, and President Frederick Branch) started partaking in his favorite diversion. Miss Jacobs, an accomplished pianist filled the living room with beautiful music just loud enough to drown out the voices of "hibitzer Tillie Haywood," and checker a la chess players Bill Haywood and Jeanne Sullivan. Jim Lamanna and Paul Jackson discussed (as only service men can) the high cost of living in Romania, since

(To next Page)

X-PN 4827

#102

The New York Amateur

Number One Issued October 1899

New Series | Spring 1946 | Number 4-5-6-7 and 8

Two Conventions

ONCE Upon a time, (1932) I was treasurer of "the America" I never saw any money in the two years I had the name, I then was president (1934). New York was to get the 1935 convention. I called the convention to order at the set time announcing the committee for the day, (the names announced were those that had assisted in the arrangements,) at this point a voice from the rear of the hall "you pick only the other side" this remark to me was off center, I thot a few seconds and concluded no sides for me, I then asked the speaker if he wanted a job? The reply was, yes. Ballot counting? He got the job, many saw 60 to 70 ballots signed in the same hand writing, no pro- test were made, we did note that the judgie took them all off to his room, the day went on, but I did notice little groups that did not admit me, I had many thots and guesses throut the day, then the banquet that even- ing, the judgie braved the flash light picture but retreated to, well you guess.



I did hear later that the New England delegates had brot him a tickler, in general he could not take it, the three days were not so good. Big bad wolves were ev e y where.

Philadelphia, (1945) what a difference, a grand time, no suspicion of any sort all friendly and home like many that atterded were here now all cooperting, the local committee were grand. Philadelphia has many historic places, special mention is made of my two visits of four hours each to the Franklyn Institufe, the best place in the entire world, to do amateur journalist research.

Eva Jane Clevenger, 404 East 10th. Street;
Connersville, Indiana presents Volume Two
Number One Of

NAPAIAN

" NOT THE BEST - NOR THE WORST "

National Amateur Press Association



THE NEW YEAR

By Eva Jane Clevenger

Father time keeps marching on,
His steps growing feeble but true.
He will soon close the door on the
old year,
And open once more to the new.

Let's greet this new year with laughter,
With hearts that are happy and gay.
And each make a vow to do our part,
In whatever comes our way.

* * * *

PREMONITION

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

The stubborn leaves that would not
leave the tree
Rattle their frozen chains. Their
metal edges
Clank in the wind that blows up
from the south,
Shaking the stiff and solitary
hedges.

But there is a robin leaving warmth
to - day,
Only his passionate longing for a
chart:
Bearing the cargo, hope, like silver
set
Upon his feathers and in his frail,
brave heart.

Many thanks for the poem -The Editor.

Having had a taste of "amateur journalism" during 1945, we hope to be able to really go places during this new year. Although both our time and money is limited, our efforts will be to bring forth the best that we can.

We would like to congratulate both Willametta and Alf for the fine work done on A Handbook For New Members.

NAPAIAN was given two points in THE VIGILANTES, December issue; by its editor H. Dean Aubry. Dean says, "NAPAIAN is another Litnews in the making." However we think we will disappoint Dean with this "awful" issue. Hope to do better next time Dean and Willametta.

Congratulations to Ray C. Higgs for his splendid 52

(over)

Eva Jane Clevenger, 404 East 10th. Street; Connersville, Indiana Presents Another -

********** Volume 2 Number 2 **********

Napaian

********** Summer Issue **********

AMATEUR JOURNALISM AS A HOBBY - NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSN.

LET'S REMAIN AS AN AMATEUR ASSOCIATION WITH 2 DOLLAR DUES

- * -

$5 Dues Will Tend To Turn NAPA Into Professional Group

- * -

By Eva Jane Clevenger

- * -

The "Five Dollar " question of today is - shall NAPA increase its yearly dues from two dollars to the unheard rate of five dollars per annum?

NAPAIAN's answer would be " NO " After all the National Amateur Press Association is supposed to be "amateur",and the increase in dues would encourage members to accept advertising to help defray the expenses of publishing and printing.

Those members who can afford the increase in dues are no doubt the ones who put out those one a year deluxe editions - and not those who struggle to bring forth the smaller and cheaper printed issue, or the mimeograph editions.

In most cases if the dues are increased,advertising would have to be solicted - and the majority of NAPA's members like advertising in amateur publications like they do the commericals over the radio.

With the small circulation of only 325,who would want to advertise in amateur publications?After all,twenty five cents per inch would be a high rate for such a small circulation.

Publications similar to the NAPAIAN couldn't even "give" advertising away - thus,those who couldn't afford the five dollar dues would say "30" to NAPA and join forces with other associations.

Let's remain in the "amateur" class and not turn "professional." Let's keep our faithful amateur writers,poets,publishers,printers and mimeographers. Let's stay in the two - dollar class!

E D I T O R I A L S

AWARDS FOR THE ANNIVERSARY BUNDLE?

With the anniversary of the National Amateur Press Association "just around the corner" - what about some awards for those members who try extra hard to put one or more fine publications in the anniversary bundle? Then the poets,the short story and editorial writers should be remembered. Shouldn't a special award be given the editor,the publisher,and the printer of the "extra" good publications?

A few awards would encourage the members to "make" the anniversary bundle - make it big - and with the best they can offer.Worth trying - isn't it?

- e j c

4327 #205



FIRST ACORN OF

The National Oaks

JANUARY, 1947

X-PN 4827 H786

THE *Second Sizzle*

National Frying Pan

MILWAUKEE, WIS. JANUARY, 1947

Quit talking chicken feed!



WE NEED A TRUST FUND OF NO LESS THAN $200,000!

X-PN 4827

The N. J. Amateur

Vol. 3 January, 1947 No. 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECEIVED MAR 3 1 1948 COPY

December 28th Printer's Jamboree

The New Jersey Chapter of Amateur Journalism has again broken all records in A.J. circles by holding two meetings in seven days.

Many members outside of our state have inquired what we do here in New Jersey besides getting elected to offices, throwing parties and revising our constitution.

Today we are met at the home of the AAPA representative Walter Strombach of Irvington, New Jersey. We have at our disposal thirty cases of type, two printing presses and seven eager amateurs. The results of our combined efforts will be found on the following pages.

Christmas Meeting At Jeanne's

The second Christmas meeting of the New Jersey Chapter of Amateur Journalism was again held at the home of our President, Miss Jeanne L. Sullivan. Our sincere appreciation to Mrs. Sullivan for a delicious turkey dinner.

National Lamplighter

X-PN 4827 MILWAUKEE, MAY 1947

It's May in Milwaukee. January's 18.1-inch snowfall is gone, but its spirit lingers on in the chilly zephyrs that penetrate our light topcoats.

Eddie Daas (NAPA, UAPA) is busy organizing The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club. Bruce Smith (AAPA) has placed flowers on the grave of our mimeo-mess, The American Peanut Roaster. Maybe we shall exhume it some day. That is, if we are so fortunate as to acquire or obtain access to some good mimeographing equipment. Bruce can't see himself laying out that much money. And I am not able to support both a press and a mimeograph.

March left on my welcome mat a National Amateur containing nine proposed amendments to the constitution adopted only two short years ago. At this rate, what a tattered document it will indeed be in 1957!

I asked Bob Dunlap what is meant in proposed Amendment II by the expression, "issue an amateur paper to the members of the association." I think the intention of the proponents is commendable, but their choice of words may lead to some future misunderstandings. Does "the members" mean all the members? a half? a fourth? or perhaps ten per cent?

Will publication of The Feather Duster, which is privately mailed to some members of NAPA but not all, qualify Dr. King to vote?

Bob says I am only trying to stir up trouble by asking such questions, that this would be decided by the convention. On what basis, Bob? Will Sam Small's vote be counted because he supports the right ticket, altho his skimpy four-pager reaches only fifty members, while we reject the ballot of Joe Blow, whose 24-pager circulates among 300 (but not all) of the members, simply because a majority disagrees with his opinions?

So much for the Small-Blow legislation. Let us us consider the Neal-Horseplay Amendment. Willametta is feebly supporting it, fully aware no sane printer will mimeo-mess one paper a year because the constitution says so. But she fails to see that the palpable purpose of Amendment IV is to disenfranchise all printers. Impossible, she says, for the amendment has no teeth!

Edentulous, huh? I can hear that proxy commitee spurning Willametta's impassioned pleas on behalf of some mulish printer who has neglected his stint of mimeo-messing. "We are sorry, Miss Turnepseed, but we just can't accept this man's ballot; his refusal to mimeograph is willful disobedience of a plain mandate of the constitution!"

SEVEN FORTY-SEVEN IS COMING!!

Napaian

Vol.3-No.1 January 1947

THE NEW YEAR

Father time keeps marching on,
His steps growing feeble but true;
He will soon close the door on the
old year,
And open once more to the new.

Let's welcome this new year with
laughter,
With hearts that are happy and
gay;
And each make a vow to do our
part,
In what ever comes our way.

- Eva Jane Clevenger.

* * *

FEELIN' BETTER, THANK YOU!

Yes, after being on the sick list for two months, I am some what better, and some improved. Now that I am at least on my feet, I'll try awful hard to be more active during the year of 19 47, thus you will see more and more of NAPAIAN, if that means any thing to you? Any member desiring to contribute material for publishing, just send it right along as all contribs are welcome, and this goes for every member - so become ACTIVE folks!

* * *

ANOTHER 52 PAGER FOR THE LONE INDIAN MAGAZINE

Another fine issue of THE LONE INDIAN MAGAZINE, a 52 pager for Christmas has hits the mails, being received and welcomed by many amateur journalists, including members of the NAPA. This years magazine carried many fine articles concerning amateur journa-

Continued Next Page.



EDITORIAL

GREETINGS! NAPAIAN and the editor is proud to be back with you, and present this - our New Years edition.

We regret that it is impossible to publish regularly, therefore we have to be content with an occassional issue.

During the year of 1946 many publications were sent us, both in the bundles, and through private mailings - and a THANK YOU goes to all who did so. It was impossible to answer all the letters and to acknowledge all the contributors of publications sent us - but we did appreciate all. Maybe there will come a day we can return the favors.

We always enjoy these little visits with you, and hope to return real soon, and so HAPPY NEW YEAR to all.

- Eva Jane Clevenger

X-PN 4827

THE NEW ESTATE

Number One | Brooklyn, N.Y. | June 1947

'SEARCHLIGHT' HAMPERED BY FAULTY BEAMS

RED RAYS FAIL TO PENETRATE

"The Searchlight,"an amateur journal boasting the slogans, "A Journal of Fundamental Democracy" and "Penetration of Dark Places a Specialty," is "democratic" only by a wide stretch of the imagination, and its "penetration" of dark places is considerably hampered as a result of the crimson color of the Searchlight's rays. It is, however, a welcome and provocative addition to the NAPA bundle.

Though apparently not a Communist periodical, the Searchlight nonetheless is politically Red.

The paper follows what might be termed the "PM mentality" in yowling "democracy"in its slogans and thruout its columns,while openly declaring in its masthead that it will practice what it preaches by prin-

→ PAGE 2

ELECTION TALK:

12-MONTH PRESIDENT, EXTRA CASH FOR ORGAN

1947-48 NEEDS OF NAPA

If the year 1947- 48 is to be a great ajay success, the NAPA can not afford to reject the progressive amendments to the constitution in July, Roy A. Lindberg, publisher of THE NEW ESTATE, asserted upon his return to the U.S. and ajay from overseas.

Furthermore, he said, the NAPA will have to elect a twelve-months-a-year president, preferably one who does not possess a reputation for handing in resignations at irregular but frequent intervals.

Adding that additional funds for the official organ are still another necessity for a successful year,NEW ESTATE's editor deplored the adverse criticism which Ssata Matheison, current official editor, has been subjected to as a result of finances.

PUBLICITY

N.Y. NEWS FEATURES NAPA AJAYS

America's largest Sunday newspaper, the New York News (4,800,000) devoted two pages of its Roto Section May 25 to amateur journalism. The publicity was in the form of a well-written picture story headed "20th Century Ben Franklins."

Included were photos showing Kim Ehrman, Anthony F.Moitoret, Helm Spink, Jeanne Sullivan, Robert Telschow, Dick Branch, Floyd Ackerman, Jim Daniels, both Haywoods, Walter Stromback and several other fans engaging in their favorite hobby. President Haywood is a member of the Sunday News staff.

X-PN 4827

N A P A I A N

January - 1948

Edited and Published By Eva Jane Clevenger, 404 East 10th. St., Connersville, Indiana.

MEMBER OF NAPA

THE NEW YEAR

Father Time keeps marching on -
His steps growing feeble but true,
He will soon close the door on the old year
And open once more to the new.

Let's greet the New Year with laughter -
With hearts that are happy and gay,
And each make a vow to do our part
In whatever comes our way.

- Eva Jane Clevenger



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF OR COME TO LIFE - YOU BUMS!!!

What an opportune time to start the New Year of 1948 by turning over a new leaf, and pledging to become active, to publish and to write for our association. Since each and every member joined for this sole purpose - why not keep your pledge?

Some of the bundles of late show that a great many of us has "left it up to the other feller" to do the publishing, while we just back and take it easy.

With the membership that we boast of, we need not publish oftener than four times a year (unless we desire to) providing each member would do her/his part by publishing that number of times. Surely this would not be too heavy a schedule for us.

We could at least TRY!!!

DECEMBER HONOR ROLL OR THE WAY I PICK 'EM FOR HONORS!!!

THE AMATEUR SCRIBE Vol.II No. 3 — Manuscripts such as "A Journey To Cuba" by Jeanne L. Sullivan; "I Write of the Obscure", by George H. Freitag;Freitag, God, and the Soil, by William H. Groveman; "Faith - Hope - Charity by Frances L. Swanson; English Sunday by William V. Stone, & The Hand Of Time by Frank Earle Schermerhorn make this journal our first choice of the bundle. It is well edited by Charles A. Shattuck, and well printed by Russell L. Paxton.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN Vol. I No. 6 — With a swell front cover "Desert Patriarch" by W. Emory Moore, together with a well balanced, well printed magazine

X-PN 4827

The National Critic

Published by President C. A. Shattuck, 2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the interests of the National Amateur Press Association.

MAY, 1949

Reviewage

By JAMES F. GUINANE

A REVIEWER in his work knows temptations as strong as the gourmet who is forced by a doctor to take a diet of bread and butter and weak tea. Much of our literary fare in amateurdom is flavorless and the temptation is to gorge upon the more sumptuous offerings when the publishers occasionally serve them up. But as this indulgence must be at the expense of the smaller papers it is not well received.

One temptation that I will not resist is to comment with gourmand delight upon Marvin H. Neel's second *Chimera*. A whole range of pleasures from the intellectual to the sensuous is provided by this handsome 24-pager and it is only fair no matter what the cost in space to mention the joys that are stimulated by the aesthetic adventure of browsing within its pages. Despite the excuses we make for the hundreds of scraggy journals that come to our desk—excuses made in the hope that their publishers will be encouraged to endure and improve—one cannot escape the truth that is limned so clearly in the presence of the work of a true craftsman. His touch is marked unmistakably in an agreeable first impression that subconsciously influences the reader throughout his reading. The scraggy journals that fail in creating a favorable first impression lose much.

Marvin Neel creates a first impression of quality with a title page that is simple like a line drawing of a classic woman's profile, and a matching simplicity is maintained throughout the volume. There are two experiences for a reviewer who receives a booklet of *Chimera's* attainments. There is first the sensuous experience

X-50 4927

NEWS CARRIER

SEPTEMBER 1949

After reading several accounts of the Brooklyn Convention, I am convinced that I really missed a good time! I am glad Tom Whitbread was elected Vice President. I still believe that all future officers of the NAPA should earn their positions, say, for example, being Mailer for a year. I believe Roy Lindberg will agree with me. Anyway, I am going to run for the Vice Presidency again.

●

Alf Babcock's latest *Cat*, no. 76, is the best yet. I am glad he and Sesta got along so well at the Convention. We all can make better music if we are in harmony. The same applies to all the NAPA members.

●

Wheeler Dryden and his son Spencer paid me a nice visit here in Detroit. He gave us several short story plays and a silent movie titled "Verdi" was shown. Mr. Dryden is a veteran stage actor and he is also a producer at the Charles Chaplin Studios in Hollywood. While in Detroit he was interviewed by Radio station WJBK, and gave a very interesting talk about his experiences in India.

●

Congratulations to Harold Ellis, our capable NAPA president. I like way he goes at clearing NAPA

#2-4

DECEMBER, 1949

The Newsmonger

VOL. 1 NO. 1 "Exchange the News"

ROBERT E. McDOWELL
Editor and Publisher
P.O.Box 134
Warner Robins, Ga.

X-PN 4827

SEARCHING FOR AN APPROPRIATE TITLE FOR MY FIRST VENTURE INTO PRINT IN THIS PARTICULAR FASHION, I CAME UPON THE WORD "NEWSMONGER", WHICH MEANS "ONE WHO DELIGHTS IN EXCHANGING NEWS". THIS WAS IT!!
SO HERE IS - "THE NEWSMONGER".

FIRST- I'd like to extend the heartiest season's greetings to one and all everywhere. May everything of good cheer , happiness, and the sincerest joy be yours. MERRY CHRISTMAS!!

"Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." - Luke 2:10

In this season of giving and receiving, we should not forget the real reason for Christmas. The one whose birthday this is. He should have our greatest gift--ourselves. His greatest desire is to have first place in our hearts and lives.
"The vitality and reality of a personal fellowship with God is the greatest contribution of Christ to the world."

The coming of Christ meant the assurance of individual salvation for all who would accept Him.

"Joy to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King."

Service is the spirit of Christ.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." - Luke 2:11

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." - Luke 2:14

Copies of Bob McDowell's latest song, "DO YOU CARE", - in sheet music arrangement- may be obtained for only 25cents each or 2 for 49 cents from the editor. All copies personally autographed.

"LET'S FACE IT", Bob McDowell's humorous column currently appearing in two magazines, will begin next month in the NEWSMONGER.

By the way, everyone is invited to submit to the NEWSMONGER. Poems, articles, jokes, fillers, columns, etc. Anything of interest to all UAPA members. Just write direct to the editor at address, top of this page.

"Knowing is doing." - Socrates

The National Critic

Published by L. V. HELJESON, 2125 Locust Street, Philadelphia 3, Penna., in the interests of the National Amateur Press Association.

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA

By DORA HEPNER MOTTORET

THERE are those of our members, and they may represent a majority, who do not hesitate to say quite frankly, "I never read the poems in amateur papers." Some of these members, if questioned, might honestly admit that they never read poems period. They might honestly add, "I never tune in music on my radio," and "I can't be bothered visiting an art gallery." On the other hand, perhaps they have just cause for lack of interest in amateur verse. At any rate, their attitude stimulates the poet in amateur journalism to examine a lyric contribution impersonally and to make sure it is really poetry before sending it to an editor.

Is a rhyme a poem merely because it rhymes, even with great strain? Decidedly not, though it may pass as a verse. The poem must not only have a poetic concept, it must be poetically expressed. In reading "Tidewater Maryland" for my instruction while visiting the eastern shore, I came upon a splendid example of the difference between verse and poetry. There is quoted the following epitaph:

> Farewell our friends and parents dear
> We are not dead but sleepeth here
> Our debts is paid, our graves you see
> Prepare yourselves to follow we.

This, of course, is a rhymed contemplation on Death. But compare it with an epitaph appearing on another page:

> Leaves have their time to fall

THE NEWS

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE



Journal of
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER COLLECTORS CLUB

The Newsmonger

ROBERT E. McDOWELL
Editor and Publisher
P.O. Box 134
Warner Robins, Ga.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOL. I NO. 2
JANUARY, 1950

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#218

The NEWSMONGER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

ROBERT E. McDOWELL
Editor and Publisher
P.O. Box 134
Warner Robins, Ga.

VOL. I NO. 3 FEBRUARY, 1950

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Adelaide Bishop, one of the most promising lyric coloratura sopranos in her field, lives in the little Georgia city of Warner Robins. Off stage, attractive Adelaide Bishop is better known as Mrs. Eugene Deatrick, wife of Lt. Eugene Deatrick who is a pilot with the 3150th Test Squadron at Robins Air Force Base at Warner Robins.

Twenty-one-year-old Mrs. Deatrick appeared in a series of operas with the New York City Opera Company. With the lead roles in such operas as Verdi's "Rigoletto", Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman and Strauss' "Der Rosenkavalier", the beautiful red-haired soprano has received acclaim from newspapers coast to coast.

Originally from New York, Mrs. Deatrick has not limited her talents to opera alone. Between opera seasons she tours the country giving concerts from coast to coast. She has appeared as the guest of the "We, The People" program as well as the Fred Allen Show.

****

As February's winner of the Monthly Quotation Contest, congratulations go to UAPA's First Vice President Robert H. Woodward; Box 1462; South Bend, Indiana. A copy of my song "Do You Care" is already on its way to him. Here is his winning quotation:

"A man should not be without morals; it is better to have bad morals than none at all."
-Mark Twain.

NOTE: This Quotation Contest expires with the April issue of The NEWSMONGER. After that the winning monthly quotation will be printed along with the name of the submitter; but there will be no prizes. Send in your favorite quotation now.

Copies of Bob McDowell's song "Do You Care" (in professional sheet music arrangement) may be obtained for only 25¢ each or 2 for 49¢ from the editor. All copies personally autographed.

Write to Eddy Arnold Record Shop; 119 S. Church St.; Murfreesboro, Tenn. for your records, sheet music, or radios. Ask for their order form which includes their vast list of records for sale.

Contributions welcomed to The NEWSMONGER!

GET STARTED NOW. Get your Bonds through Payroll Savings or at your bank or post office. Automatic saving is sure saving --- U.S. Savings Bonds.

X-PN 4827

The Newsmonger

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I No. 4

ROBERT E. MCDOWELL
Editor and Publisher
P.O. Box 134
Warner Robins, Ga.

MARCH 1950

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The Newsmonger

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I NO. 5

ROBERT E. McDOWELL
Editor and Publisher
P.O. Box 134
Warner Robins, Ga.

APRIL 1950

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The Newsmonger

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

ROBERT E. McDOWELL
Editor and Publisher
P.O. Box 134
Warner Robins, Ga.

VOL. 1 NO. 6 MAY 1950

Since no quotations arrived in time for April's issue of the NEWSMONGER I had to put in one of my own. Naturally last month was the last month a prize was offered for the best Quotation.

However, don't let that stop you from sending in your favorite Quotation. It will be printed along with your name as contributor, but no prizes will be sent.

This month's thanks and appreciation go out to Rachel Van Creme of Williamstown, W. Va. The Monthly Favorite Quotation:

"When the candles are out all women
are fair."

-Plutarch.

LET'S FACE IT

The first little pig went to a movie; the second little pig went to a dance; and the third little pig went to a barbecue .....

That is the opening verse of my new song, "Hang a Moon Above My Saturday Evening Post".

This song is slated to out-do my previous one, "Why Do They Say Two of Diamonds, When It Has Four Diamonds on the Card"?

In case my new song isn't popular and I need money, I can hock my watch--if I had a watch.

But seriously I did buy a good watch. It was guaranteed to run--but the company didn't guarantee their guarantee.

The watch is so efficient it even outran a snail the other day...

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Bob:

Welcome to the UAPA. I have just caught up on my reading, I like your NEWSMONGER, especially the December issue. I mean the prominence you gave to the Christmas and gospel message. Hope to enjoy more of your work.

Cordially,
Gertrude Wartchow;
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Last month a poem appeared in NEWSMONGER entitled "The April Fool". It was written by Rachel Van Creme who admitted she was surprised to find that this editor was born on April Fool's Day, since that is also her birthday anniversary. Furthermore, her family name was McLane. So, she told me, she and I are both Macs and April Fools!

"When some men discharge an obligation, you can hear the report for miles around." -Mark Twain.

The Newsmonger #222

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. 1 NO. 7 JUNE 1950

ROBERT E. McDOWELL
Editor and Publisher
P.O. Box 134
Warner Robins, Georgia

X-PN 4827

MONTHLY QUOTATION

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."
-Longfellow.

(Thanks to Gertrude Wartchow; Milwaukee, Wisconsin.)

LET'S FACE IT

The bus was crowded the other day. One man held on for four blocks before he found out he was holding on to his necktie.

An absent-minded professor got on, blowing bubble gum. Evidently he eventually thought it was his nose, for he took out his handkerchief and tried to wipe the bubble...

Every time I meet one of my friends on the bus, he offers to buy me a hamburger later. For ten years this has happened. To all my friends I would like to announce: I do not eat hamburgers!

It was raining when I got off the bus. The raindrops were so big they must have been the large, economy size.

But the rain doesn't bother me. I'm only afraid of one thing. ...Everything.

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bob:

Thanks for your "NEWSMONGER". We are almost state neighbors, I believe. I'm new to UAPA but am enjoying it very much.

Rosabel Boyd;
Athens, Tenn.

Dear Bob;

I am a new member in UAPA. Just recently I received the Bundle and want to thank you sending along "The NEWSMONGER". I wish you the best of luck in its publications in the future. I too, really want to take an active part in my membership.

Adrian C. Allen
Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Bob:

Of course I see the papers that will comprise the new bundle before they reach the membership--(being your Mailer) and it so happens that I also have the pleasure of mimeographing The NEWSMONGER--that gives me the jump on all others to appreciate a good one. You do send in the best copy and arrangement --though I am getting the others to do so likewise. Good luck and thanks.

George A. Boehme

#222

The Newsmonger

ROBERT E. MCDOWELL
Editor & Publisher
P.O. Box 134
Warner Robins, Georgia

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION VOL. 1 NO. 8 JULY 1950

MONTHLY QUOTATION

"Don't let a pat on the back go to your head,
at the expense of your chest expansion."

(Original)
by Homer C. Fisher
Marshall, Michigan



LET'S FACE IT

So I tried to join the police force. When the chief asked how my physical condition was, I said: "Fine! I used to be a track athlete." He threw me out. Seems he didn't want anybody who had been trained to start running when he hears a gun.

It's the same all the time. Even when I was in school and the teacher asked with what weapon had Samson killed so many Philistines. Nobody answered so she pointed to her jaw and then asked me what it was.

And they threw me out of school. All I did was say it was the jawbone of an ass.

I'll say this much for the police department. They're going to make every policeman wear rubber heels from now on, while he's on duty.

It'll keep the cops from waking each other up.

Dear Bob:

Good...good luck to you...Best wishes.

Lyle B. Watterson
Parkersburg, W.Va.

Dear Bob:

This is to congratulate you for your writings in the NEWSMONGER. I am only a newcomer in the United..might say "a greenhorn." Am over 67 and know that I'm never too old.. to learn that is.. One has to keep on learning, even if he has his sheep-skins hanging on the wall.

Geo. D. Palachek
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Bob:

I shall look forward to seeing the new issue of your NEWSMONGER in the next bundle, and I wish you and your writing career the best of success.

Robert H. Woodward
South Bend, Indiana

4224

The NEWSMONGER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

ROBERT E. MCDOWELL
Editor and Publisher
P.O. Box 134
Warner Robins, Georgia

VOL. 1 NO. 9 AUGUST 1950

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MONTHLY QUOTATION

"Genius is the gold in the mine; talent is the miner who works and brings it out".

-Lady Blessington

(Thanks to Samuel A. Swindell; El Paso, Texas)

LET'S FACE IT

My job at the radio station didn't last long. I was master of ceremonies on a farm-and-barn quiz show. Then some guy wrote in asking "how long cows should be milked."

Naturally I answered, "the same as short ones".

Then in college a noted professor of psychology told our class he had an impression. When he asked what an impression was, nobody else answered. So I told him...when he pointed to his head, "An impression is a dent in a soft place".

And I'll never forget the time I worked as a reporter on the Running Front Page News. One day the editor told me that all extremely bright men are conceited.

Huh--of course, that's silly. I'm not conceited...

****

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bob:

You must find editing "The NEWSMONGER" a joy. I'm much interested in the name of your home town. Is it not a bit unusual -- and is there a story behind it? Best wishes to you and your publication.

Marie Hand
Akron, Ind.

Editor's Note: - Warner Robins, I believe, was taken from the name of a general to replace the old name of "Wellston". Warner Robins is located right next to one of this country's largest Air Material Bases, Robins Air Force Base. The city, which before was merely a country village, has now grown to rather large proportions and seems, day by day, to be still increasing. Someday I hope to prepare an article on this city.

Dear Bob:

Have been an interested follower of your "NEWSMONGER" since its introduction and am taking this opportunity of thanking you for your contribution to the Bundle.

R. S. Craggs,
Westhill P.O., Ontario, Can.

4225

NECTAR AND WORMWOOD

"HAS BEEN TASTED BY ALL"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Byron E Phelps, Editor June 1950 First Number

INTRODUCTION

Without the usual procedure of long and flowery introductory phraseology, I am Byron E. Phelps of Company 7, Wood, Wisconsin, but due to the fact that I am leaving shortly on a furlough, my temporary address will be: 5435 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I am one of the many domiciled at Wood V. A. for reasons of disabilities of a greater or lesser degree, and incidentally, one of the many with diverse hobbies and vocations; mine finding expression through the medium of writing poetry, feature articles, and song lyrics. In this connection, I am a member of the "Wood Tattler" staff, our station magazine. The "Tattler" has won wide renown in the field of journalism within the framework of the Special Services' division of the V.A. which has charge of all V.A. Center news organs, hospital and domiciliary inclusive.

I am proud to say that through the wonderful spirit of co-operation of our editorial staff, we are considered one of the best veterans' newspapers in the nation. I shall be able to give you a clearer picture of our 'status quo' after the adjudgment of the annual contest winners in our field of endeavor; winners being drawn from Branch and Center papers on a nation wide scale. We have been consistent winners. Journalistic ability is the prime factor in the adjudication of contestants. Our record will speak for itself.

I extend my greetings and sincere wishes for the continued success of the officials and members in their several fields of endeavor. They may rest assured that I shall as a new member do everything in my power to uphold the finest traditions of the United Amateur Press Association, and incidentally shall glean much pleasure in contributing in my small way towards its cultural advancement and outstanding position in the field of journalism.

I shall go into detail of life at Wood and its lush beauty; of its green hills and peaceful valleys; of its wild life and the many things we enjoy there, in future articles.

Byron E. Phelps

X-PN 4827

NECTAR AND WORMWOOD

SECOND NUMBER
AUGUST 1950

Published by
BYRON E. PHELPS
COMPANY 7, WOOD, WISCONSIN

"HAS BEEN TASTED BY ALL"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WINDOW DRESSING

Costumes of myriad hue;
Glistened and gleamed for all to view,
Garish pinks, orchids, and greens;
All were there to enhance the scenes.
Louis Quinze, and Louis Seize,
Marvelous Damascene and frieze,
Chinese chippendale, trim, ornate,
And gold leaf De Havilland plate.
This, with feminine pulchritude,
Made a pleasing interlude,
That haunted me 'twas so obsessing--
The wizardry of window dressing.

These bright scenes, gave food for thought,
And to my mind other scenes brought;
That blacked out this gay exposure;
And its glamourous cynosure,
As I wondered why, humans as such,
Cache the ungainly so much,
Shunning the undesirable,
To feature the admirable,
And, that which lies, beyond the scene;
Should not be known by any means--
Hideous plights sore distressing,
Are hidden by window dressing.

I'd rather a true exposure;
With a frank first-hand disclosure,
That ignored the guided tours
And exposed the open sewers,
Attendant to shacks that lie;
Not meant to meet a stranger's eye,
Bringing these conditions to the fore,
This to me would 'even the score'
For I'd know the situation,
Though it gave you no elation,
Else, I'd know you were finessing--
Beneath the glare of window dressing.

This poem "Window Dressing" is a good argument in favor of slum clearance, breeding places of crime and disease, which pock-mark areas especially in metropolitan centers. The relationship of crime and disease in blighted areas are obvious. The lack of a wholesome and pleasing environment, does in a major sense exercise a psychological effect upon the mannerisms, health and behavioristic patterns of these that are so affected, which reflects in our courts of justice, and the glaring inadequacies of hospitalization facilities, and overcrowded penal and mental institutions.

I believe that statistics will show that most criminal tendencies are bred in blighted areas. Here individually and collectively, these unfortunates, victims of one of the curses of our advancing civilization, are more or less obsessed with the idea of not being a part of the main, but an island thereto, which tends to alienate them from the society, that they believe has 'set him apart' and being victimized by a complex of inferiority, they as a rule end up as enemies to that society that has imposed such a comparative difference upon them.

This raises the question of where the responsibility lies. Does it lie with society or the individual? All things being equal, I believe

A727

NECTAR and WORMWOOD

HAS BEEN TASTED BY ALL

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Byron E. Phelps
Company 7, Wood, Wis.

Fourth Number
November 1950

THANKSGIVING DAY

'Twas not a gilded mansion,
Enclosed with a high spiked fence;
But a wee cozy, farmhouse;
'Thanksgiving Day', seems lonely.
As I dream of yesterday,
Seems, its wond'rous auspices
Have faded and passed away.
A feeling of nostalgia
That is most akin to pain
Assails me at this season,
Although I should not complain.

I can picture in my mind
The family group so dear.
I so miss: "May God bless them!"
How often, I've wished they
were near.
I see a goodly harvest;
Bins bursting 'most to the seams,
And 'Mr. Turkey' strutting,
Of his fate he never dreams.
'Ere long he'll grace the table,
Baked tender, juicy and brown,
With cranberry sauce, and goodies--
And on nary a face a frown.

I hear dad's kindly blessing
As we bowed the while he prayed.
His theme was very humble
As we list' to what he said:
"Oh Lord of all creation
Who knows our thoughts and design,
We thank Thee for these blessings
And succor for all mankind
Who are in plights distressing--
Therefore bless this humble home;
Let not vain moods...depressing
Balk us where 'ere we should roam!"

"Should we be separated,
Let us feel, we're in your care,
Satisfied that Thy nearness
Will disperse gloom and despair.
Let us not judge one's station,
Whether they be rich or poor,
For You, in Your goodness,
Enter through ev'ry man's door.
We'll not bias our judgment
And think, that we're left alone,
For illness and misfortune
Most heedlessly cast their stone."

'Tis that prayer in mem'ry
That gives me courage anew,
And I see that my misfortune
Could be worse, and others too
Are taking their ills in stride,
Knowing that God is still near;
And what e'er the future holds,
We still have nothing to fear.
So, with this thought in mind,
Good thoughts chase gloom away--
We too, then can be happy
As others, 'Thanksgiving Day'.

#223

NECTAR and WORMWOOD

- HAS BEEN TASTED BY ALL -

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BYRON E. PHELPS, EDITOR
COMPANY 7, WOOD, WISCONSIN

FIFTH NUMBER
DECEMBER 1950

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEUM!



('NATALIA)

He stood on the frigid street,
As his bell he rang so loud;
'Twas ignored; by the passing feet,
Of that madd'ning Christmas crowd.
The trees, glistened and gleamed,
In the shop windows so bright,
As happy pilgrims streamed,
Thru the street Christmas Eve night.

He gazed, thru the store window,
Craving things that met his eye.
There with thoughts, arms a-kimbo,
Santa's eyes were not too dry.
Warm clothes and luxuries,
All arranged for him to view-
Thus lost in deep reveries,
His mind back o'er the years flew.

He saw a cozy fireside,
And a tree, with candle light.
He imagined Santa's ride,
On some far off Christmas Eve night,
And a Merry Christmas morn,
Candies and trinkets by the score;
Santa looked sad and forlorn,
For the days he'd see no more.

He thought of the cheerless hovel,
Where that night he would lie his head.
And like a dream from a novel,
He thought of his childhood bed.
Thus lost, in sad reflection,
That had given his duty pause,
A lady with sweet inflection,
Said, "Merry Christmas, Santa Claus".

He 'woke from his reverie,
With a letter in his hand.
'Lady Bountiful', purposely,
Faded in the milling band.
Quickly he saw the contents,
Crisp bills, and a note that read,
"For you with kindly intents,
Merry Christmas Dad" it said.

As he reached his hut that night,
And opened the squeaky door,
Turned on the dismal light,
There lay a note on the floor.
"Come live with us" it said,
"We love you and dread your plight
Let the dead bury the dead
We'll expect you Christmas Night".

As the bells joyously pealed,
Our Saviour's Natal Day,
He bowed his head, and kneelod
As folks sang Carols gay.
And there in silent prayer,
In honor of Christ, our King,
Whom ruled on high-somewhere,
And to Him the angels sing.

'Twas thus, the Christmas spirit,
Spreading warmth, that frigid night,
And to it, we give full merit,
For changing darkness to light.
As folks in every station,
Try hard to spread good cheer.
So may God grant Our Nation,
A Christmas sans war nor fear,

Byron E. Phelps

X-PN 4927

#227

NEW ESTATE

Third Year May 1950 Number 10

A Bird in the Hand

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION is now less than seven weeks away, but interest in the affairs of amateur journalism is still crawling along at a pace more characteristic of August than of May. This sluggishness is not a happy thing to contemplate in this year, of all years.

At Cleveland, the fate of the National's historic Diamond Jubilee shall be decided. If this great observance is to be an event worthy of celebration, the forthcoming year must be the most active and stimulating period in recent ajay history.

The association's first step toward creating a year of real activity must necessarily be taken at Cleveland. That step, of course, is the election of leaders capable and willing to give real leadership.

The composition of such an official board could, certainly, be a subject of endless debate. There is no time for debate. It now is time to halt the flow of wishful thinking, hoping and guessing. The wishers and guessers this year began their activity too late. Scores of hopes have been spread of late by word of mouth, by mail and by printed word that perhaps so-and-so can be talked into seeking some office. The names mentioned have indeed been most



IN THE HAND

X-PN 4827

#130

NEW ESTATE

Number 11-- June 1950

WHITBREAD
FOR PRESIDENT

BRANCH
FOR EDITOR!

HELJESON
FOR VICE PRESIDENT

REEVES
for recorder

~~ALPSE~~
~~B. Spink~~ For Secy.

Harold Segal Harold Ellis
Ralph Babcock FOR JUDGES

Rec'd Sept 8th.

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NEW ESTATE

AMATEUR JOURNALISM

№ 12 AUGUST 1950

75 YEARS

Our hobby of amateur journalism will celebrate the 75th anniversary of its organized beginning when the National Amateur Press Association observes its Diamond Jubilee next July at Philadelphia.

The most significant thing about this 75th anniversary is that, in so long a time, so few people have become adherents of our fantastic but joyful cause. We say "so few" because our membership, in these 75 years, has remained fairly constant. We pick up new members at about the rate that we lose old ones. Today, 250 to 300 of us have lots of fun in "ajay"-- amateur journalism. When our 100th anniversary rolls around in 1976, it is a safe bet that this figure will be no different.

Yet, there are many people all around the country who fall squarely into our conception of amateur journalism, but who have never heard of the organized hobby or of the National Amateur Press Association.

This month, NEW ESTATE proposes to introduce you to a few of these people. None of them know about our hobby. All of them practice it.

ROY CARTER MARTIN of Glasgow, Virginia, is 16 years old. A couple of months ago, Roy got nationwide publicity via a United Press feature story telling of his status as publisher of Glasgow's only newspaper, The Glasgow News. The paper is mimeographed and comes out every week. Glasgow isn't very far from Roanoke, where NAPA members Mart and Willametta Keffer, Russ Paxton, Ray Albert and J.R. Castleman are active.

ROGER WINES, 590 16th St., Brooklyn, is also 16. During the recent Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, Roger served as special correspondent for the Brooklyn Eagle, which ran a story telling of his other activities...editor of the Bishop Loughlin high school paper and production manager of a Junior Achievement magazine. Incidentally, the high school Roger attends is exactly half a block away from the house on Vanderbilt Ave. where this paper and other ajay sheets originate!

RICHARD JUSTA, 370 Central Ave., Orange, N.J., is a high school editor and winner of a writing contest sponsored by the Newark News. His parents are much interested in his journalistic career. Sounds like a logical prospect for the NAPA.

DAVE FURNESS, 17 Park Ave., Maplewood, N.J., is only eleven, and his partner, Billy Salisbury of 8 Park Ave., is probably about his age. These two lads received big play in Suburbia. (TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE PLEASE...)

#232

PAT WARD'S 'THE RISING STORM'— Page 3

NEW ESTATE

1950 The Teamwork Year 1951

* * * * *
NUMBER THIRTEEN

SEPTEMBER 1950
* * * * * * *

K-PN 1627



SO FAR, SO GOOD

With the Diamond Jubilee Year scarcely under way, a generous variety of first-class journals has already appeared.

ALF'S CAT 85, for September, a 24-pager as usual, is one of the best ever to come from Cranford. The large selection of authors jammed into the issue is nothing short of startling. Dora Moitoret's "Feast Amid Famine" is perchance largely true...but we shiver and shudder at the old canard that mimeographing is less expensive than printing. Ed Cole spread that notion a couple of years ago and now Mrs. Moitoret repeats it, in graphic terms. (Though she cites "The Mailer" as a mimeo paper, Dick Branch produced the issues on an offset- process machine.) NEW ESTATE would gladly drop mimeo for letterpress IF we were equipped for letterpress. We are not. Accordingly, we use what we have — and our basic mimeo plant has set us back as much as a decent-sized motorized press. Issue for issue, page for page, the printed amateur paper can be produced at LESS COST per unit than a mimeographed journal. We stand prepared to prove that if need be.

We make this point not because it matters how much or how little one spends on a journal, but because it is not fair to create the impression that a certain duplicating process is cheaper than another merely because it looks that way. (Printers, attention!)

A deluxe printed journal, painstaking produced, will of course betray the hours of labor devoted to it. It will look like it cost the publisher a fortune. This is where the misconceptions arise, and the root of the dispute.

The contents of CAT 85 were uniformly good. We think Ben Hagglund's piece, "Will the Atom Bomb Ruin the Little Magazines?," is nothing less than terrific. We don't know about the political aspects of the article, but it certainly was a good idea. Orchids to Chet Whelan, Paul Heir, Ellen Butterworth, John Wilson, George Freitag and Wilma Meyer, plus Walter Vaughan.

(Continued on the following page)

Rare Book Room

5

NEW ESTATE

Number 15 Brooklyn, N.Y., November 15, 1950 N.A.P.A.

DICK BRANCH FACING CALL INTO SERVICE

James Richard Branch of Bloomfield, N.J., the Team's candidate for editor in the elections at Cleveland, has reportedly taken his pre-induction exams and is awaiting a probable draft call, it was learned today.

No further details are at hand as NEW ESTATE goes to press.

NEW ESTATE PUBLISHER IN APC AS ASSOCIATE MEMBER

Roy Limberg, publisher of NEW ESTATE, became an associate member of the Amateur Printers' Club during a meeting at the home of Ralph W. Babcock in Great Neck, L.I., last month.

BULLETIN

Split Threatens Over Spink Issue

JUBILEE HARMONY SEEN IMPERILED

This publication is now in a position to report that certain members are prepared to issue an ultimatum within the next 45 days: Either Bernice Spink gets off her high horse or the association will see a period of intense political battling during the next few years.

A meeting to discuss the Spink problem was held quietly on Nov. 11 and 12 in an east coast town.

Those present agreed that Bernice was making a mountain out of a mole-hill and expressed willingness to fight the issue to the end.

MRS. SPINK CONTINUES DEFIANCE

Bernice McCarthy Spink, NAPA secretary-treasurer, is continuing her defiance of orders from President Thomas B. Whitbread, supported by the opinion of the executive judges, to accept the Edwin C. Harler Jr. application as a new membership.

Mrs. Spink, who sent Harler's $2 money order back to him several months ago, was instructed to accept his application last September. At the request of the president, Harler again sent the money order to Mrs. Spink.

Although Whitbread quizzed Executive Judges Harold Segal and Ralph Babcock on the matter at the APC meeting in Pt. Pleasant and passed their views on to Mrs.

(Please Turn to Back Page)



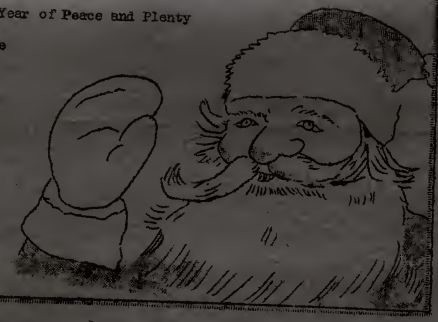
New Estate



ISSUE 16 DECEMBER 1950

CHRISTMAS 1950

This seems as good a time as any
to wish a Very Happy Christmas
and a New Year of Peace and Plenty
to everyone
everywhere
and
especially
to
amateur
journalists





NAPAVINE WORLD HOBBY GUILD
SPOT LIGHT.
By-- Leila Baker Evans.
Chehalis Wash.
Route 3, Box 197.
Sec. Treas. Of Local Guild;
N.W. Representative and
Vice President of parent
WORLD HOBBY GUILD.
President- (AMZIO BOB)
ROBERT L. SCHREIBER.
MOUNTAIN HOME, ARK.

January-- 1950. It is SPOT LIGHT time again; And Feb. 3rd. is meeting time again, At my house as usual. (Meetings are always the first Friday in each month, in the evening.) I hope a lot of you members, and your friends will be brave enough to come, even if there is some snow and it is cold. Everybody is saying "They never saw anything like it" I guess we just forget-- Seems to me we were telling each other the same thing, about this time last year!

Mr. Coon, our president and Mrs. Coon, from Tacoma, plan to be with us this time, we hope nothing prevents them from comming, Last meeting, sickness in the family kept Mary from comming. She says every time she promisses to come, something happens to keep her at home. So she says she is making no promisses this time, she is just comming!

Did you see in McCall's Needle Work magazine , page 107 what our member in Florida (Marelyn Denton) is doing? She is sure one busy woman, and still finds time to be interested in our HOBBY GUILD and what we members are doing way out here on the west coast.

Another one of our members, Bonita Spencer of Grants Pass Oreg. is a busy woman too-- She surprised us with a visit at our last meeting and is still bubbeling over with enthusiasm about the good time she had while here.

She started a business of her own, something she has dreamed of ever since high school days, She calls it Bonita's Gift Shop, and plans to sell all the things she has made as hobbies, she has a shop equipt with electric machinerythat she opened shortly before the holidays, and was kept so busy that she hardly had time to catch a wink of sleep until after Christmas. She had planned to make a lot of different things-- but was kept so busy on just two articles(plastic birdcost ornaments and a child' chair) that her dad designed years ago, that she had no time for the other articles. She plans to have a large supply on hand by next year however, and will not be so rushed.

In case any of you would like to write to her, Her adress is--
BONITA'S GIFT SHOP, Grants Pass, Oreg. Route 1 Box 968.

At our last meeting the Ahlberg boys had a new display of minerals, prospecting is one of their hobbies, Every one was much interested, and a report from the Denver Col. Assaying Co. on some samples sent in by Ned Evans, (another one of our prospectors) is looked forward to with much intrest and curiosity.

Mrs Spencer demonstrated making or weaving the plastic birds, and some of the menfolks were sure they would make wonderful fishing flies, so some samples were made-- But then came the snow-- and there has'nt been a chance to try them out yet. But they are being carefully guarded until that happy day arives-- fishing season---

Mrs. Alyce Garson brought several of her ceramic pieces to show the crowd. and exchanged some of them with other ceramic fans for articles she did'nt happen to have.

While I think of it-- I went to tell you that I have joined the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION and will be sending them a bundle of our SPOT LIGHTS for distribution each month. So those of you who would like to get your hobbies before an intirely new mailing list of people, please let me hear from you. Some of you are not taking advantage of our club paper like you should and this is a wonderfull opertunity to

The National Critic

Published by L. V. Heljeson, 2125 Locust Street, Philadelphia 3, Penna., in the interests of the National Amateur Press Association.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

By James F. Guinane

Not enough has been said to acknowledge properly the contributions of two men who have come into amateur journalism recently. If they should move on to deal in other spheres it will be our own fault for not having made known our welcome. It is not only that their contributions are uncommonly good—they have shown that to them amateur journalism is a serious interest and they have given it the rare effort of men who perceive ideals in what they do. If there is one thing tending to break up the contented mood of our hobby today, it is that spurious attitude that denies there is any artistic importance in amateur journalism and tries to persuade us that it is frolic. Those who ignore this false persuasion and strive after worthier objects make the most valuable contributions because they help to re-create our own faith in our hobby.

This is the true contribution that James M. Dille and F. F. Thomas have made. These two men are impelled by a serious interest in the arts of amateur journalism, and their inspiration is the deep-seated urge to create, not an impulse that sits lightly on the lobe of ephemerality and orders piddling amusement. When men are concerned earnestly with making things with their brain or their hands they are loosing the strange compulsion within them, yet not wholly of them, that requires self-expression. And in the act of expressing themselves they reveal the myriad facets of their mental structure. When amateur journalism calls forth such sincere effort from its adherents it assumes magnificient proportions. That this does not often happen is not the fault of the hobby but

#737

SECOND PUBLICATION BY A MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

Hello! Members of U.A.P.A. - thanks to all who sent me the lovely cards and letters - giving me such wonderful compliments on my first publication in February bundle "New Voices In Poetry" that was printed. I received a letter from Broadway, Virginia - a new member of U.A.P.A. After reading the contents I truly felt I had been rewarded for all my efforts put forth in my first publication. Among other letters I received was a letter from a U.A.P.A. member from England. I was really thrilled over that interesting letter. Am sending you poems from my book, "Cherished Memories". Hope they meet your approval.

FRIENDSHIP

The dollar does a lot of things
And spending it is pleasure;
But unexcelled is joy that springs
From friendships golden treasure.

Friendship is like a solid rock
The elements can't try it;
And no amount of deeds nor stock
Can ever, ever buy it

By: Virgil Dow Richie

LOVE

In earth below or in heaven above,
The greatest virtue by far, is love.
Our Heavenly Father gave the plan
Love thy neighbor in every land.

Without love, life is spent in vain;
No worth while success can man attain.
It is noble to love, help those in need,
Each day to do a kind loving deed.

(Copyrighted)
By: Pearl Benbow Aaron

A FRIEND

A friend is one who walks in
When all the rest walk out
One who knows you and loves you still
And trusts you when others doubt.

(Copyrighted)
By: Pearl Benbow Aaron
1315 S. 17th St.
New Castle, Indiana

X-PN 4827 H235

When I Go From Here.

When I go from here, I want to leave behind me a world that will be richer for the experience of me.

I want the creatures—the animals and birds—to be a little less afraid of human beings because they have known me, because I have blessed them and loved them and, far from doing them any harm, have done them good.

I want to leave trees that are rustling with my thoughts, trees that have heard me speaking to them when we were alone together, trees that, one day, long after my form has disappeared, shall still in some mysterious way, cherish in their very beings their secret knowledge of me, so that others who

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THE NEBRASKAN.

Official Organ of the F. K. A. in Nebraska.

VOL. 1. COOK, NEB., NOV. 1900. NO. 3.

True To Her Promise.

BY ED. B. HOWE.

JACK ROYCE was a queer fellow, but he was liked by all who made his acquaintance. He was considered the best ranchman on the North Fork ranch, and he had been nick-named "Silent Jack" by the other boys. He never had any conversation with anyone only when it was absolutely necessary, and then he would reply in as few words as possible.

"Silent Jack" looked like a man of forty years but he was only twenty-five. He had come to the North Fork ranch two years before, and was what the boys termed a "tenderfoot." He could not ride a horse that was the least wild, but he could shoot to perfection.

Jack had not been on the ranch three months before he could hold his own with any of the boys, and when he first arrived the boys all thought he had consumption, but it was not so. The Idaho sun and wind had strengthened his lungs and tanned him like an Indian.

There was one thing that the boys could not understand, and that was why he was so quiet. They tried to get him to converse freely with them, but it was no use. He would not reveal to them where he had come from or whether he had any relatives or not. All he would say on the subject was, "There is one in this world who cares for me, and it is for her that I am living." This was all that he would say.

Time wore on, but there came a change one day when Jack was brought in more dead than alive by one of the boys. He had tried to cross the river in a dangerous place and had been caught in the swift current and carried down stream, where he had been rescued by a cowboy.

There seemed to be no hope of his recovery, and his friend who had brought him in told him that if he wished any word sent to anyone that he would be glad to do it for him.

Jack looked at him with his large blue eyes for a minute before replying, and then said:

"Am I as near done for as that? If I am I wish to tell you something of my past life."

"Yes, old pard," was the reply, "I am afraid you must pass in your checks soon, and what you wish me to do, I will."

"Sit down beside me and I will tell you all," was Jack's reply.

After a minute or so he commenced, and this is the sorrowful tale he related to his trustworthy partner.

"Perhaps, old friend, you may think it foolish in me but it cannot be help-

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#1240

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Hello, members of U. A. P. A.
Thanks so much for card sent me.
I am happy to be a member of U. A. P. A.
And sincerely hope you'll enjoy my poems
From my book of "Cherished Memories."
Pearl Benbow Aaron

To My Friends

I think of each friend as a beautiful rose
In the Garden of Friendship so fair.
Some are colorful, some are white
Blooming so charmingly there.

There is nothing lovelier than a rose,
Unless it is some good friend
Whose beauty of soul the fairest flowers
With the daintiest petals transcend.

When you need hope and kindness and love
To see you successfully through,
I hope I can be the kind of a friend
That I have discovered in you.

I say this to all of my friends.
For my garden is both wide and long;
Rare beauty is spread out before me,
And so from my heart comes this song.

(Copyrighted)

Let Me Live

If I can make some pale face brighter,
Or help ease the pain of an aching heart,
Or bring back a smile to a weary face,
Then truly I shall have learned the art
Of living.

Pearl Benbow Aaron
1315 South 17th St.

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NIX



DECEMBER 1953 25 cents

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SPRING ISSUE

1953

#242

NOW!

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

THEDA L. POBST, EDITOR STAR ROUTE, LEAVENWORTH, WASH.

THREE CINQUAINS

by

Katie Hallock Bothell, Wash.

1. "....and I hope it chokes you!"

One much
Too tired to think
Received a pert request:
"Write me a cinquain, gal! she says
...Here 'Tis!

---

2. SPRING MADNESS

They tax
My house, my land,
The food upon my shelves;
And then with "blasted" forms, they tax
My brains.

---

3. MIGRATION

Lonely,
Wails the coyote
Across the snowy plain.
Wild geese fly North, and I run home
To you.

Thank you Katie! I'll do something for you sometime...on equally short notice.

Greetings, folks! Until further notice, this will be a "quarterly" paper .. an attempt to please part of you, at least part of the time.

.....CONTEST!.....

Book prize for the best (as nearly as I can judge, not being a critic), poem on the theme, "PEACE."..Any form, up to 14 lines...Now hear this! Please do not place your name on the page with your poem. Instead, seal it in an envelope with title of poem, first line and and your address. Do have your poem in the mail by May 23. Submit as many as you like. Winning poem and honorable mention will be published in a later issue unless you request otherwise. Send Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope (SASE) if you wish manuscript returned.

...All contests in this paper will be conducted anonymously. (I want to be sure that they are as fair as I can make them.) I hope always to publish winners, because (to me) a contest loses its point unless contestants know what the winning item was like!

Guest poet next time, Beverly Bailey...O. K., Beverly? Meantime, if you liked Katie's cinquains (her first, she says), how about a note to that effect? Katie is nothing if not versatile, and a "real fine" person besides.

ooo

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NOW!

SUMMER ISSUE - VOL. 1 - NO. 3

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

THEDA L. POBST, EDITOR STAR ROUTE, LEAVENWORTH, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

MOOD OF MEN

Some folks say "The sky is red,"
Then turn their head,
Go hurrying to catch
a train
or a plane,
Only half of them sane.

"She exclaims a lot," say others,
Her more quiet brothers,
Raised brows, sly glances,
"Oh dear..
Is she sincere?
Let's just move over here!"

The seats are taken on
the train,
the plane,
The half-insane, the quiet brothers,
are over-wrought,
and have forgot
The lesson Mother Nature taught...

About how long it takes to
Culminate all things great,
The patient waiting, not another
Substitute for Nature's Mother.

....Beverley Bailey

MOTHER

Her life
Shows love, not scorn,
True, firm, faithful and kind.
Her life's at stake..she'll give to save
The youth.

...H.L. Motsinger

The straight and narrow path would probably wider if more people used it. And no doubt there would be no serious hazards either.

FLOWER GEMS

I like to see geraniums
Blooming in a window
As I go by.
They make a house a home.

A bed of yellow daffodils
Changes a hut into a palace,
For it took a queen within
To plant them there.

The shabbiest dwelling
Is made bright by flowers,
And hearts within are happy.

One thing is true--

Love reigns where flowers grow.

.....Emma Jacobson

DID YOU KNOW THAT....

Florence Walker Jones has a book of poems now? It's SONGS OF THE HEART! Price $1.00. You who have read Florence's poems in UNITY publications will want these sunny, inspirational verses.

Address: 404 So. Douglas,
Lee's Summit, Mo.

IF YOU HURRY....

You can still get Truda McCoy's TILL THE FROST for only $.50. At this price you can buy several as gifts for your poetry loving friends.
Address: Rte.1 Box 339W
Pikeville, Ky.

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VOL. 1 AUTUMN ISSUE
NO. 5

Hour

- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -
THEDA L. POUST, EDITOR STAR ROUTE LEAVENWORTH, WASHINGTON

****-****-****-****-****-****-****-****-****-****-****-****-****-****

OCTOBER ORCHESTRTION

Today
In falling leaves
And taut wings Southward bent
I read the score of Winter's wild Lament.
-Elizabeth Mobry.

DAYS TO REMEMBER

You take my hand and through October fields
We go to watch the maples turned to flame
By frosty fingers.
We need no words to say how memories live
In these last brightly burning days
While beauty lingers
And the year burns slowly
Like a dying fire.
*Mildred Hill Schlade.

HE OPENED THE CLOUD

God in His wisdom
Knew just what to do:
He opened a cloud
To let the sun through.

Peeping through windows
And shining through doors,
It chased away blues...
We're happy once more.
*Dorothy Johnson

****

(-The pooms by Clara Gates and Emma Jacobson were two of the Honorable Mentions in the Peace Contest. -)

****

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME BUT SHOULD NOT END THERE!

MILLENNIUM

The great gray ships
Edge near our shore
To take our sons
To foreign wars.

The slow sharp pain
Stabs near our hearts
As from the piers
Our vessels start.

When will these ships
With glory come
Through ways of Peace?
Millennium?
-Clara Gates.

WHEN WILL PEACE COME?

When will Peace come to this tired world?
When will Love's banner be unfurled?
When will War's slaughter cease to pain
The hearts of wives who wait in vain?

The cries of orphans rend the air
As mangled forms lie still to stare.
Blood soaks earth's war-torn aching side
And leaves a stain time cannot hide.

When will Peace come? When Truth, not Greed
Is foremost in each nation's creed;
When Love, not Hatred, rules the earth
Then Peace shall have its rightful birth.
-Emma Jacobson.

X-PN 4827
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#245

VOL.1 - NOV.-DEC. 1953 - NO.6

THEDA L. POBST, EDITOR
STAR ROUTE,
LEAVENWORTH, WASHINGTON

NOW

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-

DEATH OF AUTUMN

Make a coffin, long and wide,
Summer vanished, Autumn died;

All her glorious beauty lost
On a night of killing frost.

Dig her a grave and mound it over
Spread it with a patchwork cover

Made of leafy bits and pieces
From her gayest party dresses.

Now remorseful winter winds
Beat their breasts and wring their hands...
It's too late to make amends.

...Lois Hiers, Canada, Ky.

"Thanksgiving should be Thanksliving"-
Anon.

When I boast of worldly goods
and say:
"These things are mine",
Lest I forget, teach me to
know
"These things are Thine."

These rooms so warm and clean,
The homey things I see,
I sometimes take for granted
Yet I know they're all
from Thee.

For blessings great and small,
for family dear,
For friends with whom
to speak a kindly word,
Teach me in humble gratitude
to say:
"I thank Thee, Lord."
...Myrtle Monroe Wilcox,
Washington (State)

THE LOST POEM

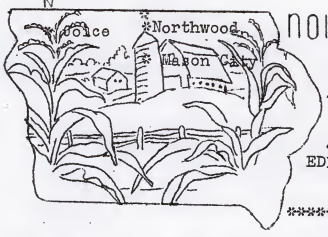
Long years ago I read a bit of verse
At Yuletide in the early fading light:
All but one line the long years could disperse:
"The woods are gaunt against the winter's night."

Now when I say that one remembered line
The mood comes back in startling red and green,
In sound of carols and in scent of pine
And I am once again a 'sweet sixteen'.

How can so few words resurrect a mood,
Bring back fond memories and hearthfire's light?
That poem must have been so very good!
"The woods are gaunt against the winter night."
...Edith Downs, Ohio

WE WONDER DEPARTMENT:
What happened to a certain poet whom we saved space as long as we dared? We sincerely hope she is not ill...or even worse, "mad"...though we have it on fairly good authority that all poets are a little...mad.
T.L.P.

X-P N 4827
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#246



NORTH IOWA SCRIBES

MAY '53

VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 1

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION * PUBLICATION *

EDITORS: Margaret Aamodt, Ella Bedsaul, Effie Fenney, Carol Hendrickson, Nina Phalen, Catherine Wagner.

****

Presenting: First Edition of "NORTH IOWA SCRIBES"

Introducing: The Editors, a graphic description of each so you will know us as regular U.A.P.A.ers. These six are all members of The North Iowa Writers Club, a group of 36 writers from 10 different north Iowa towns.

Margaret Aamodt, of Joice, mother of two musically talented daughters. Has had poems and juvenile stories published. She is editor of a missionary news bulletin, county chairman of Iowa Poetry Day Association.

Ella Bedsaul, a nurse at the I.O.O.F. Home in Mason City. Utilizes her spare (?) time writing poetry and has had over 143 poems published in the last two years, in 9 newspapers, 26 poetry magazines, 8 brochures, and radio programs, in 27 states and in Belgium. Ella's new book, "Wild Goldenrod" is just off the press. Member of Chaparral Poets, Iowa Poetry Association, U.A.P.A., and National Writers Club.

POWER OF PRAISE

A word of praise has often been
The keynote to a man's success,
A radiant beam through Gloom's
dark halls,
The hope again for happiness.
A man who labors long and hard
May lose the vision of his goal;
But friendly faith and cheerful
words
Will keep him far from Failure's
dole.
Deny no man a worthy word--
That costless gift more prized
than gold,
The power that spurs a striving
heart
To reach for heights yet to
unfold.

by Margaret Aamodt

I AM A BOOK

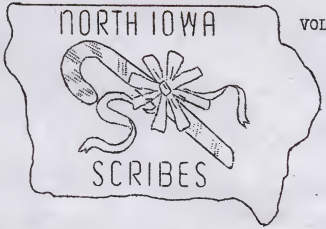
I am a book.
Place me on shelves
And around your cozy fireplace.
I am inanimate but I teach.
I am a book.
It matters not where,
On judge's stand or kinder-
garten floor,
Or on a dresser of a debutante;
Words are forthcoming
If one chooses them to be.
I am priceless, the salt of the
earth.
I am a book.

by
Ella Bedsaul

Published: Lyrical Iowa, 1950

X-PN 4827
N

#247



VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3

D E C E M B E R 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION - - - - - - By:-

Margaret Aamondt, Ella Bedsaul, Effie Fenney, Carol Hendrickson, Nina Phalen, Catherine Wagner, Alice Weitzel, Nettie Howard, Lucille Factor. (EDITORS)

- - - - - - -

VOLUME 2 APRIL 1954 NUMBER 2

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

THEDA L. POBST STAR ROUTE
(EDITOR) LEAVENWORTH, WASHINGTON

SHUT-IN ISSUE

#248

5-Ai 27
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X-PN4827
.N

TO EACH ONE

A heart must know its winter
Of cold and dark and pain;
But to each one in season
Its bird-songs after rain.
...Theda

FROM THE INSIDE OUT
by
Katie H. Hallock

The most cheerful shut-ins I know are the ones who give their thoughts and energies to making others happy. How can a shut-in be cheerful and happy? Perhaps in the time-honored way of counting one's blessings. No one is so badly situated that he or she cannot look about and see many others in much worse circumstances.
Joy is an inside job and all of us should strive to keep happy thoughts bubbling up by thinking of ways to please others. Someone said: "Give what you have. It may be better than you know!" Perhaps just a friendly letter will lighten someone's day.
Has someone made you happy? Then sparkle, like a diamond; pick up and reflect all your joy-moments. It will give a lift to others.

ILL PEOPLE ARE HUMAN
by
Marie Hand

After months of illness you may formulate some pretty rugged ideas about some of your revolting healthy callers! Among these are the smug "Chin-uppers" and the amateur psychiatrists. The former is falsely optimistic and the latter has read two or three articles on mental health and knows all the answers..."You just need more interests!"
But the welcome caller is the friend who knows that the shut-in is still a human being and comes calling naturally. The invalid can be natural and even shed a few tears without fear of being misunderstood. I wonder if an eleventh commandment might be "Thou shalt use your common sense when calling on the sick!"

PERVERSE PREFERENCE

The fields are covered with moon-mould
Like a big round cheese.
Tomorrow a frugal sun
Will scrape it all off
With a dawn-whetted knife.
But I <u>like</u> my fields Roquefort.
....Elizabeth Mobry, Shut-in Poet.
(Cedar Rapids, Iowa)

PN4327 .N

#249

4-MAR 3
Copy-----1954



February 1954

Volume I Number IV

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
by

Margaret Anmodt, Ella Bedsaul, Effie Fenney, Lucille Factor, Carol Hendrickson, Catherine Wagner, Nettie Howard, Alice Weitzel, Nina Phalen.
EDITORS

Editorial, by Lucille Factor ---"Battleground Anonymous"

Within every man and woman lies one of the biggest battlegrounds in history. Within the sacred precincts of the individual lie territories undiscovered, great potentials and assets, also great destructive and chaotic forces.

On the outer surface of man's existence - where outer wars are continually emoting, with greater and more potent weapons, every voice is raised in some way, for peace, and the ending of wars.

Were man to realize that the real enemy lines within, and his first duty was to corral himself, a great step forward would then have been made. The utter futility of a civilization so intelligent that it may usurp the powers of a creator, in its powerful weapons, atom bombs, hydrogen bombs, which, by the way, can save life, or destroy it, yes, the futility, the fears that lurk for us, because we know that the individual (the man) who has not yet conquered himself, is governing the weapon that shall, unless man awakes from his lethargy, destroy us.

Ancient history, to the modern student, has never meant much. We call Latin a dead language. We think of old Rome, its ruins, its very way of life, as a dead civilization, yet it had its culture and was as advanced in its way, as we are in ours. The dust of time has left us much to rediscover in the ruins of ancient Rome.

Let us here pause and ponder, what, or who, shall some day sift through our dead atom-dust to find even what we were. Arise, individuals, accept the dictates of your Creator, and fight the good fight, and WIN, for posterity's sake!

HIGHER PLANE

Our lives are often obscured
By disillusionment and fear,
But like the misty mountain road,
As we climb higher, all is clear.
by Ella Bedsaul

OF LIFE

Beat, beat your head against the bars
Of ignorance's cage!
Can you escape to reach the Book
And turn the other page?
by Carol Hendrickson

1954 WORLD PEACE 1954

The hidden work will flower full world peace.
Come take the time to share our hearts new lease,
To walk a mile in joy and peaceful ways;
While men weave schemes for robot chores, increase.
by Catherine Wagner

5 - A 27
Copy 1954

#250 X-PN 4827 N

A UNITLD AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
* PUBLICATION *

VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 5 APRIL 1954
****

NORTH IOWA SCRIBES

EDITORS: Nina Phalen, 510 Fifth St., SE, Mason City, Iowa; Margaret Aamodt, Ella Bedsaul, Effie Fenney, Catherine Wagner, Carol Hendrickson, Alice Wetzel, Nettie Howard, Lucille Factor and Jennie Beyer. Miss Beyer of Manly, Iowa is a new member of our club, and we hope of U.A.P.A
****

IOWA, translated from the Indian, means Sleepy Ones, or Sleepy Waters. From the Wide Mississippi on the east to the muddy Missouri on the west, it is a state ever changing. The low rich Mississippi bottom land at Muscatine raises some of the most delicious melons in the U. S. The hills at Decoran, known to many as Little Switzerland, of Iowa present a real picture. West, across the prairie land you will find some of the richest farms in America. Iowa, known to most, for its corn and hogs, is also a state of many beautiful parks, and scenery. There are many strange caves to explore, historical places to see, in "Iowa, land where the tall corn grows." by Alice Weitzel

IOWA, THE HAWKEYE STATE by Lucille Factor

When, the French trader, Joliet, and the famous Jesuit missionary, Father Marquette, first gazed upon this prairie land with its undulating slant to the southeast, many vigorous thoughts must have coursed through their minds, but none so vigorous as the people whonow make up our state. Yes, we have a rich heritage from the Kiowa Indians. As Alice has said, we are noted for our corn, great gold nuggets of goodness on which our hogs grow fat. Let Mr. Farmer speak for himself: "Hello, World, I am Mr. Farmer of Iowa. I am great because Iowa is great. I have the best barns, most modern homes, drive the best car, and send my children to the finest schools. Our wives have all the modern conveniences, our children attend 4-H clubs, daughters with their mothers attend farm bureau meetings. The farmer of the past with his mud-cake boots, has given way to the bronzed Atlas of today, who turns over the rich soil with his modern tractor. Yes, I'm a present day business man. I'm 'hep' on questions of the day. I am a selfappointed 'Monarch of all I survey' as my eyes gaze across lush acres, in contentment. I am Mr. Iowa Farmer."

We would like to call on our famous sons and daughters for a word, but time and distance do not permit, Hartzell Spence, with his "One Foot In Heaven", the son of a Methodist minister, former address, Mason City; Bill and Cora Baird, now on T-V, "Puppet Makers de luxe", also from Mason City, Meredith Wilson, radio star, also a Mason Citizen, and many others.

Come for a ride along our highways and view the modern farms, and up-to-the-minute cities and towns. You will hear the bob-o-link, the robin, and many other birds, especially our state bird, the goldfinch. Smell the fragrance of our state flower, the wild rose. Iowa is rich in hisotric lore, as the sacred dust of its pioneers who gave it birth. We hope you all like us. Lucille.

X-PN 4827 #251
N
5- OCT 26
Copy 1955

THE NOMAD

"Semper in Transitu"

NUMBER 3 SEPTEMBER 1955

PROSPECT

The cross-country trip was fully as pleasant as had been hoped for.

The National Parks - Grand Tetons and Yellowstone - supplied the most gorgeous of scenery. The Nomad's collection of color slides was there-by richly augmented.



The Columbia River Valley is beautiful.

The Oregon and California coasts are a treat to the eyes of this old down-easter,

X-PN 4827 #252
N
5- OCT 26
Copy 1955

THE NOMAD

"Semper in Transitu"

NO. 5 1955 OCTOBER

THIS MONTH

AS THE TYPE is being set for this number of the NOMAD, the World Series is coming in over our TV. It is entirely possible that some mis-prints will result.

Perhaps it all goes back to the old saw that you cannot do two things well at the same time. No one but grandpa, that



is. He used to read the paper and soak his feet at the same time, and did them both well.

The old saws are not always true,

X-PN4827
N #353

Napanotes

A YELLOW JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERNAL POLITICS OF THE
NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Number 1 *WINTER* *1955*

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Here is sort of a preview of such a paper as was hinted at in *The Polystich* for November, 1954. We seek to expose *malfeasance in offiice,* but we have no quarrel with members of long standing for being militant conservatives, so long as they do it with clean hands. If we hear of a member threatening to sue another for libel, we do not want the plaintiff for a friend. If he sues us, we'll try our best to give him a good time.

PN4827

ADVENTURE in the NIGHT

Night was falling as I began to stroll over the arch of steel that connects Manhattan with Brooklyn. Beneath the bridge the water moved restlessy, darkness adding mystery that was absent in the daylight. Ships anchored along the shore caught my interest-where had they come from, where were they going and what were their cargoes.

Suddenly a man barred my path. I walked around to avoid a head-on collision. Again the man stepped into my path.

"Stranger," said the man,"can you spare me a little of your time?"

"No," I replied as I quickened my steps. I am well aaquainted with the ways of the gentry with a sad tale to tell, who seek anything from a dollar to a dime to end a seven days fast.

"It's not money I'm after, said the man as he hastened after me.

"Well,what is it?" I asked, resigned to the fact that I must listen to a tale of woe that was to end with a request for a coin to buy coffee or a night's lodging.

"I want to talk," said the man. "If I am to keep my senses I must talk."

"Talk about what?" I asked.

"See that ship over there on the Brooklyn shore? Well, believe it or not, mister, I was once master of her. We carried bananas. Good job, at least it was until I fell in love."

With the mention of love I was sorry that I had encouraged the fellow. It was nothing but another ruined by love and drink tale.

"No," the fellow seemed to read my thoughts. "It wasn't a girl. Of all the things to go daffy over can you find anything more strange than bananas? It was like this. I couldn't see a banana without wanting to eat it. For some reason or other bananas didn't agree with me. The doctor said they would be the end of me if I didn't give'm up. Not being able to stay on the same ship with a banana without wanting to gobble it I quit. Haven't had a ship since. Queer that, being put on the beach by a banana."

"Say," said the fellow," you haven't the price of a couple of bananas on you, have you."

Ted Schirm

Our Town

Tottenville is the most southerly point in the the State of New York. To reach it you ride down New York Bay for five miles to Staten Island. A train ride of eighteen miles brings you to Tottenville.

One of the sights of Tottenville is the Conference House, where American and British leaders met in an effort to end the Revolution. Walking into this old house on the shores of Raritan Bay is walking back into history.

A man once said: "God could have made a more beautiful place than Staten Island, but He didn't." There are many grand and historic spots on Staten Island, but to those of us who live in Tottenville it is the grandest place of all.

ANCIENT HISTORY

In 1929 I joined the UAPAA. Dr. Clyde Noel was secretary of the group. After holding some minor offices I was elected president.

I have many memories of those years, the most precious being of the many friends I made during that time. I would like to hear from those who were active during those years in any of the amateur groups.

I once held membership in the NAPA, winning a laureate for an essay that I wrote on early american journalism. Jeff Jennings convinced me that I should rejoin the fold.

Many thanks for the papers forwarded, epecially F.F. Thomas, jr., for his "Far Afield."

I like that note from Vondy,"Welcome home."

The Rolling Stone, published by Ted Schirm, 5380 Arthur Kill Road, Tottenville, 7, S.I., N.Y. Member, NAPA.

NORTH IOWA
MERRY
XMAS
SCRIBES

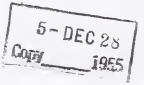
DECEMBER 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO
PUBLICATION ---------- Ry--

#255

Present Editors:

Jennie Beyer, Ella Bedsaul,
Carol Hendrickson, Nina Phalen.



X-PN 48 27
N

Christmas.

We'll sing a song of Santa Claus,
With face so smiling, big and round.
His whiskers are so frosty white,
Just like the snow upon the ground.

We'll sing a song of Christmas light,
As yule-logs blaze and cheeks will glow
With loving thoughts this Holy night,
While Christmas bells ring o'er the snow.

--Jennie Beyer.

Autumns Magic

Jack Frosts magic finger now weaves,
Intricate colors on the leaves.
And flame tipped maples autumn dress,
Foretells the coming winters stress.

-----Jennie Beyer.

Toyland Ball.

It's Christmas eve and the clock on the wall
Chimes the hour of twelve to begin the ball.
The toys all gather from under the tree
To choose their partners for the dancing bee.
The little tin drummer beats out the time,
The old music box rings out with a chime.
It's a lovely sight as they take a whirl,
With each little toy and his dancing girl.
The grandfathers clock is having a chat with the elves
With the old arm chair where grandmother sat.
All dance and sing till the break odf dawn,
Then each little toy gives a sigh and yawn
And quickly scurries back under the tree
To wait for Christmas and the childrens glee.

--Jennie Beyer.

Winter.

The snow
So quiet falls,
To shroud the land in white
And pine from green to
purest pearl
Is robed.

--Jennie Beyer.

Hope.

There is hope in the hearts
of men,
Faith in the future of mankind
Good will too, but sadder
When
All things are lost and love
is blind.

Let that star of Bethlehem shine
That faith and hope shall
always glow,
Through years to come for
you and me.

---Jennie Beyer.

High Ways.

High way
Lanes bind us all
Together, like a long
Gray ribbon, in a huge
bough
Of friends.

By Nina Phalen.

X-PN4827
APR 21 1955
#256
5
Copy

THE NORTHWESTCORNER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume I | April 1955 | Number 2

Ellen Butterworth
1820 16th Avenue
Seattle 22, Wash.

Linnie Jessup
6757 Erskine Way
Seattle 6, Wash.

Katie Hallock
Route 4 Box 7
Bothell, Wash.

The three of us thank all of you who took valuable time to write us about our first paper. Each time one of us got a letter, she phoned the other two. It was exciting and heart-warming.

I enjoy contests, and bless those two Reitci gals for setting some up.

I am sure that I have written all those who sent me birthday cards in January, but thank you, again. My birthdays get bigger and better as I get bigger (Hi! Irma, move over and let me in that lineup) and older. One of the first things that I look for in the Bundle is the birthday list in THE MAN SAYS and my intentions are good but, I am afraid that I often mislay it for a week or more, so right here and now I say "Happy Birthday" to all who have birthdays in April in case circumstances prevent a more personal note.

It is time for me to get off the line. Ellen and Linnie have a few things to say also. Bye now, Katie.

HE GOES BEFORE

I feel again the freshness of
that morn
And see the swaying lilies there
in bloom.
My soul with love and sorrow,
too, was torn,
And followed those who hastened
to the tomb.

When at the stone I heard the
Angel say,
(The thrill I felt that day is
present still)
"Your Lord has risen, look...
this is the day,
He goes before you, and He
always will."

... Katie

SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC

Roll on, tranquil old Pacific
Across thy spacious waters blue,
Float sounds of peaceful
murmurings,
Musical wavelets passing through.

Roll on old ocean while sunset's
Opalescent hues cast a golden glow
Over waters of rhythmic rocking
As a glorious sun sinks low.

... Ellen



5-OCT 26
Copy-----1955

#257

THE NORTHWEST CORNER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

EDITORS:

Ellen Butterworth
1820 16th Avenue
Seattle 22, Wash.

Linnie Jessup
6757 Erskine Way
Seattle 6, Wash.

Katie Hallock
Route 4, Box 7
Bothell, Wash.

October 1955

* *

May I say "thank you" in this way to all you wonderful people who sent me cards during my recent illness?...and to all those who signed the card sent by Eddie Daas. My grateful thanks.

Ellen

X-PN4827
N

Many a card of greeting
Gay with bequtiful flowers,--
Pansies, lilies, forget-me-nots,
Brightened my hospital hours.

I read their verses often,
Each time with a feeling of love;
Knowing the prayers you said for me
Reached the one above.

Ellen

It is October: I am in the country where the morning air is crisp and keen. The flowers have died, their roots safely tucked away under the fallen leaves.

Winter is coming: yesterday the beets and cabbage left in the ground were tinged with frost and a late dandelion bloom had its yellow petals shining with silvery crystals.

Fall may be beautiful but I love the spring. The years have rolled on and now it is the winter of life for me, but ever in the memories of bright, youthful, spring days are fresh in my mind. The anticipation in the air, buds bursting forth, flowers lifting their heads to the warm sun, garden seeds pushing aside the earth, eager to see the world. Over all, in a clear, blue sky hang white, floating clouds. I love the newness of each spring day....the beginning!

Would that I could go back past the winter to the brightness of spring.

Ellen

5-6 Copy #258

THE NORTHWEST CORNER

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION PN 4827 .N

EDITORS:

Ellen Butterworth
1820 16th Avenue
Seattle 22, Wash.

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6757 Erskine Way
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October 1955

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Ellen

X-PN 4827
5 DEC 16 N
#259

THE NORTHWEST CORNER

Vol. I December 1954 No. 1

Editors: Ellen Butterworth, 1820 16th Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Linnie Jessup, 6757 Erskin Way, Seattle 6, Wash.
Katie Hallock, Route 4, Box 7, Bothell, Wash.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****

CHRISTMAS IS A VERY HAPPY SEASON

We should make Christmas a season of great joy and spiritual unfoldment. We must not allow ourselves to be overburdened or anxious with activities, worries, misunderstandings and such. We must take time for prayer, not getting too busy to stop and thank God during these busy days. Let us all remember what the birth of Jesus means to us and the world. He is the love of God and at this season of His birth more persons feel His great Love, a desire to give more, do more and to be more at peace with their fellow men. Love makes us more pleasant and peaceful. When we live in love, the hours and days are so blessed that we have time to accomplish more and our strength and health is more abundant. Wherever we go, or whatever we do, we can rely on God's love for patience, understanding and forgiveness of our fellowman. Let this Christmas season be a happy time of the year.

..... Linnie

****

AND IT WAS CHRISTMAS

Like an angel's kiss
The soft snow touched each fir bough
Lightly....Frosting the shadows.
No whispering breeze
Disturbed the branches
Yielding to the weight as snow piled higher.
At dawn....a veiled world met the sun
Who, in delight, cast irridescent jewels
And strands of shining tinsel over all;
Birds began their singing
And it was Christmas morning.

.....Katie

****

TRIMMING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

"Why did you cut one so tall?" asked Mrs. Brown of the deacon who brought in the tree. "The tip almost touches the rafters!" Christmas was a busy time for the ladies of a small, primitive church in a far northwestern town of scant population. Ornaments could not be bought, so the ladies made all the decorations.

"We'll need more red and green tarlatan for the stockings,

Northwest Corner

5-DEC 28
Corn

#260

Editors:

CHRISTMAS 1955

Ellen Butterworth
1820 16th Avenue
Seattle 22, Wash.

Linnie Jessup
6757 Erskine Way
Seattle 6, Wash.

Katie Hallock
Route 4, Box 7
Bothell, Wash.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

X-PN 48 27

, N

MUSINGS BY LINNIE

GOODBYE 1955: Goodbye old year; you've been so dear, so kind, so gengle; yes, so patient with millions of us. You have given us another chance in life to make good. You gave us three hundred and sixty-five more days to try again, you have given us one more year to be with our children and loved ones. You have brought us through the clouds of doubt and discouragement. You have given us the light of a new year and a new life. What a wonderful year you have been.

True--to some you have brought great losses and disappointments, but in each life some rain must fall. Some days will be dark and dreary. To those who have been called upon to suffer losses, you have this to cheer you; why have you been the loser? BECAUSE YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO LOSE. Do you feel that your losses are more than you can bear? It is because you never knew before how rich you were. You are really richer in spiritual and material things than you were before; that is why we say it has been a dear old year to us. Let us remember that beautiful thought, "Blessed is the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven."

To live a year in this big, beautiful world with a sunrise every morning and a sunset every evening, and an opportunity to be of service to some one, sandwiched in between each sunrise and sunset; Can you think of any greater blessing than a year of life, and love and service in this world? How often we overlook the best and biggest things in life; worrying over some little trifling incident and then pronouncing the year a failure because we did not put the right value on the great common things of 'life'. The old year has brought many joys and blessings to us all, one of the best, another year of life. As we look back do not forget its relation to the future, do not hold it alone responsible for the unfortunate things that might have come into our lives. Let us be thankful.

****

May the joy and happiness of the Christmas season hang beautiful pictures in your mind, -- a peaceful sanctuary for the heart, is the wish of Katie, Ellen and Linnie for all of you.

****

MEDITATION AT CHRISTMAS

Beside the south window where my house plants reach up for light, I sit quietly meditating of Christmas, the birthday of Christ, and the gifts He has given the world. Across the street are four

AMATEUR NOTES & QUOTES

5 - AUG 15 1957
Copy 7

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editors: E. H. (Drik) & Evelyn P. Johnson

Calhoun City, Mississippi

Volume I *-June 1957-* *No. 1*

#41

X-FN4827

Hello Fellow *UAPA* Members:

Now that we have a breathing period from our own free-lancing and our work of editing and publishing *AMATEUR NOTES & QUOTES*, we will come in off the sidelines and try to be more active in *UAPA*.

With the current issue of our magazine, we are going bi-monthly, so that we may have more time to devote to other activities. During the past year we have sold to several better-paying magazines and have made some very good contacts. All this, we feel, will enable us to do a better job with both editing and writing.

Seems that the Bundle is a good place to express opinions and we have one we'd like to mention. Since *UAPA* is an organization for writers, why not have more on the subject of writing? Why not weave in more of the beneficial material along with the entertainment and personal notes?

To do our part in the matter, we are reprinting, in this sheet, an article from our magazine that we hope will help some aspiring poet. If you'd like to see more along this line (dealing with poetry, fiction and non-fiction) let us know about it, won't you? *AN&Q* has carried some wonderful articles on writing and selling by writers in almost all the states and several other countries, and we could arrange to reprint some of the shorter ones in our sheet.

NORTH-WEST CORNER

#262

JAN - 2 1958
Copy

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Volume 4 *December, 1957* *Number 1*

X-FN4827 .N

TALLEST LIVING CHRISTMAS TREE

Bothell is supposed to have the tallest living Christmas tree. This tree stands on Main Street and has been lighted every year for the past twenty years or so, but it was not until 1954 that it won the title of the Nation's tallest.

Ed Sullivan, on his television program, asked for claims to the tallest Yule tree and Bothell's entry was the only one to top the hundred foot mark. It has been measured to be 108 feet high.

Early in December each year the 770 bulbs are lighted when the switch is thrown at a civic ceremony. Near it stands a church where Christmas music comes over the loud speaker during Christmas week.

This tree is visible for miles, and with its many-colored lights it is truly a beautiful sight. Those of you who have a television have an opportunity to see it almost every Christmas when the tree lighting ceremonies are filmed by CBS-TV and King-TV.

--Katie Hallock



X-PN4827
5-JAN 14
Copy ____ 1959
#263

ON-WINGS-OF FRIENDSHIP

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Lilian G. Whitaker
2723 East Second St., Long Beach 3, California
Volume 2 December 1958 Number 3

HELLO!

MAY I BE YOUR FRIEND?

On wings of friendship I come today
Hoping to bring you cheer;
Hoping to share if your way is sad,
Hoping to share if your day is glad,
----Oh, may I be your friend?

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."



---your editor greeting you.



Printers:

WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES
Calhoun City, Mississippi

PN4527 .N

An Announcement to AJ . . .



My Model 15 Lino is shown.

Due to the pressure being put on me by all the AJ organizations that I belong to I am forced to print something for the bundles (even if I have to take it back.) #264

I am not in favor of writing letters to other members . . . if you have something to say—pick up type and PRINT IT ! And by printing I mean that you should use any method that you have: mimeo, type, duplicator or plenty of carbon second sheets.

This is No. 1 of a Series!

HAL D. WATSON
101 W. Main Street -- Latta, South Carolina

NOVEMBER 1959



MAR 13
COPY
1959

#265

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Lilian G. Whitaker
2723 East Second St., Long Beach 3, California

Volume 2 *February, 1959* *Number 4*

X-PN4027
.N

HELLO!

MAY I BE YOUR FRIEND?

On wings of friendship I come today
Hoping to bring you cheer;
Hoping to share if your way is sad,
Hoping to share if your day is glad,
----- Oh, may I be your friend?

The colors of some old pictures fade with the passing of time, but the pictures in our hearts never lose their brightness.

--your editor greeting you.

Printers:

WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES
Calhoun City, Mississippi

X-PN4827
.N
1266

ON WINGS OF FRIENDSHIP

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Lilian G. Whitaker
2723 East Second St., Long Beach 3, California

Volume 2 *February, 1959* *Number 4*

5 -MAR 13
Copy 1959

HELLO!

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Printers:

WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES
Calhoun City, Mississippi

X-PNA827
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#767

ON WINGS OF FRIENDSHIP

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Lilian C. Whitaker
2926 East Broadway, Long Beach 3, California.

Volume 2 *July, 1959* *Number 6*

HELLO!

May I Be Your Friend?

On wings of friendship I come today,
Hoping to bring some cheer;
Hoping to share if your way is sad,
Hoping to share if your day is glad,
.....O, may I be your friend?

"Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?"

And why *do* we think evil, when it is just as easy to think *good* - and much more pleasant.

this is your editor greeting you.....

Printers:

WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES

Calhoun City, Mississippi

OCT 1 1959
X-PN4827
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Copy

ON WINGS OF FRIENSHIP

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Lilian G. Whitaker
2926 East Broadway, Long Beach 3, California

Volume 2 *September, 1959* *Number 7*

H E L L O!

May I Be Your Friend?

On wings of friendship I come today,
Hoping to bring some cheer;
Hoping to share if your way is sad,
Hoping to share if your day is glad,
..... O, May I be your friend?

"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Isn't this heartening ... there will always be a time to harvest..

..... your editor.

greeting you

Printers:

WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES
Calhoun City, Mississippi

X-PN4827
.N

ON WINGS OF FRIENDSHIP

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Editor: Lilian C. Whitaker
2926 East Broadway, Long Beach 3, California
Volume 2 November, 1959 Number 8

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On wings of friendship I come today,
Hoping to bring some cheer;
Hoping to share if your way is sad,
Hoping to share if your day is glad,
..... O, may I be your friend?

.....

'For the beauty of the earth;
For the glory of the skies;
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise."

'Grant us thankful hearts, O gracious Lord,
on Thanksgiving Day."
This is your editor greeting you.

Printers: *WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES,*
Calhoun City, Mississippi

X-PN4827
.N

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

October 1959

THE FINAL DIAGNOSIS

This year's Convention should be identified as the "Year of Surprises". No doubt but that the biggest surprise was Eileen Fields. When Youngstown was selected for the 1959 Convention it was on account of its being in the heart of Ajay activity. It was planned to do extensive publicity and recruiting in that region but the plans of 'mice and men'went amiss as they sometimes do. Eileen had never attended an Ajay gathering except a meeting of the Milwaukee Club some seven years ago. However, surprisingly enough, she accepted the appointment as Chairman of the Convention Arrangements Committee, and remained the lone member of it.

She immediately pitched in to plan her program and,believe me, if the Convention had lasted a week, there would have been not a dull moment. She was advised as to the essential needs of the Convention: a place to meet, eat and sleep. And above all, not to worry about anything for when amateurs get together there is always something doing. So when we arrived on Wednesday evening we were asked to go to the new Community House where we had our first surprise seeing a play excellently acted by amateurs who played like professionals.

There were surprises galore the next day and one of the biggest was when Osborne Nicholson arose at the morning session and said that he wanted to join! He gave me the nicest compliment I ever received when he said that he came to the Convention especially to meet me. And he also said: "Here are our people" and this after such a brief meeting with us. He has an effervescent and vivacious personality and is interested in the things we do and are trying to do. Come to Ocean City next July and meet him.

Before the Convention most of us had pictured Wilfried Myers as a tall, lean, professorial man but discovered that he was "one of us". His letters had been rather prim and precise so "all of us" were agreeably surprised that he really was "one of us". I enjoyed every minute I spent with him.You already know he will be a very active President as a publisher and recruiter. Give him a helping hand. Don't be a "blushing violet". Do something!

While visits to newspaper plants are not a novelty to me, the very friendly young woman who was our guide through The Vindicator plant was a pleasant surprise as was the fine young man who took us through the TV rooms.When we saw ourselves on television it was not a"surprise" but a real "shock", at least to me. I was horrified!

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???????????? A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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? W ? Grace M. Weitman, Publisher
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? H ? 994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York
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? O ?
? ? Number Ninety-Nine February 1959
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5 MAR 13
Copy ____ 1959

SPRING VIOLETS

The growing fields wear a splendid gown
Of lavender polka dots on bed of green,
And in the hidden places of our town
Violets enhance the glowing spring scene.

They creep into corners of old fieldstone walls,
Warm gently the toes of the gated rose trellis,
Down rock garden steps they stealthily crawl,
Sweet faces lifted for the sun's warming kiss.

Down mossy hillsides they cheerily spill
Tempting the hand to pluck their beauty;
And though we happily pick our fill,
Magically they are reborn, growing wild and free.

-Naomi Chekofsky

* * * * * *

Lola Dorragh Zautner, 1404 Sun Court, Rockford, Illinos. Born August 28, 1901 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Single. Had many original squibs and short articles in The Chicago Tribune; two articles in Farm Journal; besides having several articles in Contest Magazine, had a monthly column; always in RFD's Register-Republic. Hobbies: Coaching shut-ins (by mail) in the basic of contesting. Doing local publicity for Indoor Sports, Inc.; collecting view postcards of hospitals and Memorial postal stamps (cancelled or new); keeping up my professional (nursing) reading.

Milly O. Wells, Box 304, Glasgow, Montana. Born September 22, 1909 in Crosby, North Dakota. Married. Children: Verna Farro (28), Rita Bummer (25) and Shelson (15). Has had articles published in The Buckboard Review (Sherman, Texas) and her trapping stories appear in The Western Trapline (Forsyth, Montana). She writes: "I was born and raised on a farm in North Dakota. Married when I had only two years of high school. When I was forty years old I took the other two years of high-school by correspondence and have several credits from college correspondence and extension. Had over two years of newspaper reporting on a weekly and daily. Taught Sunday school for about ten years? Have taken writing courses an at present edit and publish The MontanaHistorical Pen Pal Bulletin and The Teen's Pal for Young Folks. Both have stories, humor and poetry for hobbyists and pen pals. At present I am taking an extension course in Children's Literature for college credits. I hope some day to gather enough credits to teach school. When my son graduates from high school I will have more time and can be away from home to go to school."

X-PN4827
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MAY 14
Copy 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

#272

Grace M. Veitman, Publisher

994 Ocean avenue Brooklyn 26, New York

Number One Hundred March 1959

SPRINGTIME

It is Springtime--Can't you hear her
In robin's symphonies?
Know the sweetness of her magic
In blossoms' mysteries?

You can see Springtime unfolding
When grass starts turning green;
Feel her softness, when the breezes
Caress the rushing stream.

It is Springtime--can't you sense it
Whenever cool rain starts?
But best of all you know it's Spring
'Cause she whispers in your heart.

-Ruth Hetric

Paul Morgan, 10216 South Normandie Avenue, Los Angeles 44, California. Born in Laurel, Delaware. Birthday, September 14th. Married. Has a booklet "Remember When" which he will send any member a copy for self-addressed envelope. Has a column in Brewery Gulch Gazette of Bisbee, Arizona. He writes: "My life time hobby is writing letters to those less fortunate than I. I am a ten-year shut-in. Letters help me, they will help others if given a chance. Am a natural born lover of all God's creatures--hundreds of birds come for fresh water and seed we provide. In return they give us their love and song."

Henry L. Freking, 204 West Broad Street, Quakertown, Pennsylvania. Born August 16, 1878 in Louisville, Kentucky. Married. Has a son and two daughters (56-33-30). Publishes the "65 Magazine" for people over 65. Hobbies Flowers and this magazine. He organized the "65 Club" in Quakertown and conducts a picnic for oldsters each summer. The club furnishes groceries, clothing, transportation, companions to needy persons past 60 years of age.

THE CLOCK TICKS

Listen to the clock's tick
Throughout the day and night.
It's constantly ticking time away
And your life grows shorter each day.

-William F. Evans

X-PN4827
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace M. Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York

Number One Hundred One April 1959

#273

JUN 16

SOUTHERN CONSTELLATION

Southern Constellation at near break of light
Formed a cone of twinkle in the starry night.
Half hour later sun reaching for the dawn
Southern Constellation was nearly gone.

Nightmares of thought breaking in our dreams
Vanish from the cosmo of new day and morning themes.
Beauty of the night time, lovely dawn in light,
Turn the ill of thought to loveliness of day.

Singing lovelies, gowned with robes of color
Rise, like new day suns to sunrise their brother.
Chorus of the night soft, subdued, low,
Sing love of God in Nature, gardening of the soul.

Marion F. Butman

* * * * * * *

Edith E. Eisenhut, P. O. Box 1268, Zephyrhills, Florida. Born July 31, 1900 in London, England. Raised in Canada, now an American. Married. Children: Lowell (31), Joan (26) and Lynn (21). Has written "Guild-o-Gram" for two years. "Interested in writing, Photography, fishing, traveling, and people. Presently making and projecting slides in and around Florida. Own two fishing cabins on little Manatee River for a hideaway. Employed as Secretary to and Executive in the Citrus Industry. Beginning publication of FLORIDA MAIL-O-GRAM, sharing my life with others."

Greg Jennings, Long Grove Road, Barrington, Illinois. Born October 30, 1944 in Chicago. Single. Has a column in the local paper, The Frontier Enterprise. S?he writes: "My hobbies include reading, collecting stamps, and working for a newspaper. I attend Barrington Consolidated High School as a Freshman. I am a member of the Student Council at School. I have visited England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland and France. I plan to be a writer when I grow up and would like to work on a newspaper. I certainly consider my experience on my own newspaper good experience for the future."

A road map is enlightening,
Verily a boon to men;
Telling a chap most everything
But how to fold it up again.

Ella Mae Forrest

5 -FEB 20
Cop... 1959
#274

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE

PUBLICATION

X-PN4827
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Edward F. Daas, Publisher

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Number Fifty-Six January 1959

The Co-Operative Publishers of this issue are:

Gertrude Van Kaat, 3728 North Bosworth Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois
Naomi Cherkofsky, 15 Aberdeen Avenue, Saugus, Massachusetts
Sonia Davis, 2879 Sunset Place, Los Angeles 5, California
Martha M. Clark, 1931 St. Clair Street, Hamilton, Ohio
Clarence Speyer, Route 9, Box 121, Wheatfield, Indiana
Sadie S. Gunning, Box 331, Sheffield, Pennsylvania
Wilbur C. Lane, 643 Poplar Street, Coshocton, Ohio
Charles Schindler, Knob Lick, Missouri

You too, may become a co-operative publisher of this paper. The cost is $2.00 per page or a dollar for a half page or less. Here you have an opportunity of getting your writing published at a small cost. You may also become a co-operative publisher by contributing financially to the cost of the paper without sending a manuscript. We have many unpublished manuscripts on hand waiting for sponsors.

BETTER THE HUNTED

Better the sweet-faced trembling doe
Fleeing on delicate hooves over new-fallen snow,
Knowing the acrid scent of fear,
Hearing the hum of death winging near.

Better the conquered evading the tyrant,
Hiding in niches, freedom's aspirant,
Knowing hunger, the churning stomach,
Fear-swelled heart bursting on each hummock.

Better the martyred, holding fast to hope,
Dreading the cold steel rack, the lynching rope,
Praying for strength to transcend pain,
For death, for an unconquered brain.

Than the hunter, sure and proud,
Sighting his quarry, standing uncowed,
Steady finger on instrument of death,
Usurping God's right to sever breath.

--Naomi Cherkofsky

* * * * *

PORTRAIT OF A QUATRAIN CONTESTANT

I scratch my head, purse my lips,
Shut my eyes and think.
Where are all the brilliant quips
Which caused my head to shrink?

--Nona D. Spath

X-PN4827
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4775

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

ODDS AND ENDS

Edward F. Daas, Publisher
545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Number Fifty-Seven February 1959

5 -MAR 13
Copy 1959

The Co-operative Publishers of this issue are:

Gertrude Van Kast, 3728 North Bosworth Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois
Pauline Matuga, 543 Merchant Street, Ambridge, Pennsylvania
Clarence Speyer, Route 2, Box 121, Wheatfield, Indiana
Jane Marquardt, Route 1, Box 399, Hartland, Wisconsin
Charles Schindler, Knob Lick, Missouri

You too, may become a co-operative publisher of this paper. The cost is $2.00 per page or a dollar for a half page or less.

At all the meetings of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club the members present sign birthday cards for UAPA members who have birthdays in the weeks following until the next stated meeting. When a meeting is postponed for a week or two, some members do not get such a card with the signatures but they do get one from the Secretary. At some of these meetings the cards do not get to everyone present especially when they are not passed around before the lunch is served. On account of the late mailing of the Bundles since my illness, several members did not receive cards on their birthdays since the membership did not know of the date until too late. My apologies to these and to avoid a repetition of this, I am publishing the dates until the middle of the following month. Here are the birthdays in early APRIL:

2-Victor E. Bacon
3-Mrs Easter Ellis
4-Mrs Ruth Gavin
6-Mrs Luella B. Goodrich
6-Robert H. Woodward
10-Mrs Edith E. Seiffert
12-Morris Gerber
13-Mrs Cel Keiser

Here is a Thank You from a recipient of a MAPC card:

Hi, Eddie and members of the Milwaukee Club. It was a real thrill to get the nice birthday card.

With all the little birds and fishes
And all the happy birthday wishes.

Also with all the signatures of the different members.

Some in blue and some in red,
Some in pencil, be it said.
Some with easy sounding names,
Some might make good guessing games,
Some write large and some write small
But how I love them, one and all!

No offense, folks. Just my way of saying 'thank you' to all of you.

Clara Ballard

X-PN4827
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#276
5 -MAR 13
Copy ___ 1959


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X-PN4827
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11277
5 -MAR 13 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS

THE THIRTY-SECOND ISSUE
JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1959

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Ann S. Wiestling
1410 National Road
Wheeling, West Virginia

Dear Members: Thanks for the lovely Christmas cards and notes. There was a note on almost every card which pleased me. Glad Alton Chapman has recovered good health and is happily married. I received a greeting from him and his wife.

We have had many wonderful letters from members about WHEELING IN THE NEWS for December. We are happy that you enjoyed reading our paper. We want you to know that Helen A. Wolfe is Author of TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN and THE HAIL, two poems which appeared in above issue without names. (My error) We are especially delighted that you liked HAPPINESS HILL by Audrey Myers and that many of you wrote her. Her address is Alton, Indiana.

Our Wheeling Poetry Society had a splendid program last week on Ballads. The members responded with originals. There were twelve of us present in spite of the four-inch snow that was falling outdoors. We appreciated Ann's car more than ever that night. Please try the reading and study of Ballads for one of your group meetings.

Thanks everybody for all the lovely Christmas greetings. Happy New Year to all.

A VALENTINE

Roses are red
And lilies are white;
Will you be
My date tonight?

Daisies are white
And violets are blue;
I want you to know
I'm in love with you.

A crocus is blue
And so's columbine;
What I mean, dear,
By my Valentine.

FLORIST SHOP ON ZERO NIGHT

Flowers!
Those beauties I so love,
Whose sweet perfume I drink!
White Hyacinths! Yellow Jonquils!
Blue Hyacinths! Pale Azaleas!
Windows full of beauty
To live in my heart,
When my hands are empty.

ETCHINGS TELL

The thinking man need not speak
For etched on forehead and cheek
Are buds of charm, of care;
Life wields an artist brush
That cries, or sings like a thrush,
To stencil blossoms there.

Kind thoughts at home in his heart
Will play an important part
In tracings clever and swift:
The Autumn harvests with grace
The roses that bloom on his face
Their beauty is God's rich gift.
--Eva R. Hartley

WORDS ARE LIKE WINGS

Words are like wings of an angel in flight,
The rainbow in the valley of the moon ...
The calling fragrance of the one you love,
As lyric as the rhapsody of June.
-- Martha M. Clark,
Hamilton, Ohio

THOSE FLEETING SOCIAL GRACES

Why, when I awake at night
From senseless dreams, to all but Freud,
I always know the answer that
Escaped before? I am annoyed.

Just think of folks with parlor tricks
Who do the darndest, clever things!
How I envy them their skill!
The "Ohs" and "Ahs" their nonsense brings.

When others tell bright jokes or sing,
I tell myself I'll do the same,
But just you wait until I'm asked
Then hear smart repartee go lame.

Don't forget! We are going to meet again next summer... in YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO See you there. --Ann S. Wiestling

Ed. Note: See you at the Convention, Martha. We hope to meet all the Ohians, please.

X-PN4827
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#278
5 -MAR 13
Copy 1959

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Ed. Note: See you at the Convention, Martha. We hope to meet all the Ohians, please.

X-PN4821
.N

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ISSUE
MAY-JUNE, 1959

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Ann S. Wiestling
1110 National Road
Wheeling, West Virginia

Congratulations to Editors of the new publications: LONE-STAR SCRIPTS. It is well-written - neat and attractive. Could not decide on the best article or poem.

THE QUEST by Zita H. LeCompte is well-planned and interesting. Will be watching for next month's copy. Good luck!

Hello to Marion Butman and Edith E. Eisenhut of Florida. FLORIDA-MAIL-O-GRAM is charming - the type that sparkles with fun and good reading. Come again.

GATEWAY OF INTERWEAVE was new recently. It is full of interest. Keep on with your poems and pictures, Mary Grace Garlitz.

I have been sending out cards to members about the Convention. Out of six replies two are coming and four are not. It will be fine to meet Virginia Hahn and Orolla Halstead. I have not met them.

A number of poems have been received for our paper and some are short enough to be used in our columns. Thanks.

PLANT A HOPE

Plant a seed beside your doorstep
Grooning fingers point above
And the tendrils grow and lengthen,
Reaching for your care and love.

Plant a bulb, it bursts the wrapper
You can see the sap-filled spear
Turning brighter - smiling onward,
Yellow bud will soon appear.

Plant a hope in your life garden
Nourish it with faith and prayer,
God will add the strength and color,
He has promised - He will share.

--Eva R. Hartley

LITTLE POTATOES
Florence E. Fry

Enough little potatoes make a bushel
The same as the big ones do;
That the little are not as desirable
Is all in the point of view.

(Cont. in Ann's column)

Don't forget our rendezvous in YOUNGSTOWN!

SEA MAGIC

Sapphire tints of sea and sky
Are mutually reflected
Whon vitalized by constant breeze
Whore dunes of sand collected.
Soon opal clouds thon deepening tones
Darken the day's bright dome
Whon sea winds mock the morning clouds
By lashing waves to foam;
Thon all our loves soem near again
Sharing nature's incantation;
True devotees of sky and sand,
In wordless speculation.

See you in Youngstown!

THE ANNOUNCEMENT

Something wonderful happened in the night,
Not by calendar nor by decrees,
Filmy curtains swayed in the moonlight
Touched by tropic-laden breeze.

At dawn the catbird's mocking song
Awoke her sleeping devotees,
Then from spirea hedge ere long,
High and clear, a thrush's melodies,

Sweet trills and runs, almost ignore
Belief in finite minstrelsy,
Announce true Spring is at the door--
Every singing heart agrees.

--Ann S. Wiestling

LITTLE POTATOES continued

The world is filled with little potatoes
Each one doing his bit of work;
The wheels of industry could not turn
If the little potatoes should shirk.

Hurrah for the little potatoes!
Without them there'd be great loss;
If there were no little potatoes,
Over what could a big one be boss?

-- Florence E. Fry, Fremont, Ohio

YOUNGSTOWN, here we come!

OCT 1 1959
X-PN4827
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#280
Copy

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
THE THIRTY-FIFTH ISSUE
JULY-AUGUST, 1959

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Averne
Wheeling, West Virginia

Ann S. Wiestling
1410 National Road
Wheeling, West Virginia

The 64th UAPA Convention, and my third, has come to a close. It is more delightful each year, as one meets new people all the time - and new friendships are formed.

Eileen Fields, our Chairman, certainly did her part and we had no dull moments. She attended all meetings and tours. She was always the same sweet person, apparently not the least excited when things did not work out as planned. If a Citation had been given to the best-dressed person, Eileen would have stolen the show. One night, it was a charming blue dress and hat, then Saturday night, here she came in pink. (Confidentially, her blue won most votes, by grapevine, you know!) We were glad to meet her kind and ever-courteous husband.

Paul presided at business meetings until after election. He spoke about "how close we are together at this Convention." How true - just a small group working out problems in a friendly way. He gave a number of Citations and WHEELING IN THE NEWS received one for mimeographing. Our Opal won first in the Poet Laureate Contest. Thanks, Paul, for the four you gave the Wheeling Editors for their faithfulness during the past year.

I especially enjoyed the tours through The Youngstown Vindicator Plant, the TV Station WFMJ. One P. M. we went through General Fireproofing to see the lovely office furniture and equipment designed by them. The building was modern and cool. The files and desks were beyond anything I have used! It was really somepin'!

The Memorial Luncheon at noon, Saturday, and Banquet in the evening were a success. The eats and programs were splendid. Marjorie Stanley inspired me to start writing children's stories. I brought home one of the small papers she gave me. It takes laughter to digest a big meal - Wilda and her helpers provided plenty!

After this program, we had to bid each one good-bye, and snatch a few hours sleep. Some members left for home at midnight. We came Sunday. (See page 3) Eva R. Hartley

This year, I put into practice the old saying, "Better late than never." I reached the Ted Hotel on July 24 just in time for dinner. Eva was beyond reach and no UAPA members were available so I enjoyed a solitary dinner in the attractive Walnut Room at the Ted.

Eva soon discovered (by grapevine, I guess) that I was in town and we moved into a second floor room together.

Thank goodness I did not wait until Saturday morning to come as I had first intended. I would have missed Harriett and Mr. Nicholson. I have admired her poetry ever since she joined UAPA, but that did not prepare me for the wonderful talk she gave us about her friend Edna St. Vincent Millay who has always been my poetic idol. She ended her all-too-brief discussion by reciting "Renaissance". Had she written nothing else, that alone would have placed "Vincent" at the top of this century's poets.

(If this one meeting with the Nicholsons is a sample of next year's Convention in Ocean City, that conclave will be as memorable as was this one in Youngstown under the direction of our efficient and delightful Eileen Fields.)

After the meeting Eileen, Eva and I had the pleasure of seeing part of Paul Suter's library which contains many volumes that would make any book collector green with envy. Among other things was a Bible dated 1599 with hand-written notes by former owners spaced several hundred years apart.

What do you know? Space is gone and I have told about only a few hours of the Convention. Wonder if I'm too long winded or was the Convention just too full of good things!

Since we were staying over Saturday night, we planned a breakfast date for ten A. M. after which we started for home. Next July, we hope to see all those present at this Convention, and many more.

-- Ann S. Wiestling

X-PN4827
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

#231

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
THE THIRTY-SIXTH ISSUE
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1959

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Ave.
Wheeling, West Virginia

Ann S. Wiestling
1410 National Road
Wheeling, West Virginia

UAPA CONVENTION

My get up and go has got up and went
I was harassed by troubles; in any eve..
Another should come and climb on the pile,
It would lessen my life and steal every
smile;
In fact, so many lay stacked on my heart
I would have two more weeks before I
could start
To worry about it - so I packed up my grip
Delighted to venture this Youngstown trip.
Since coming I've met you, my friends,
alas and alack,
My get up and go - they got up and came
back -
And now I am ready to travel back home
My troubles have vanished and joy has come.

SOFT WORDS

Soft words
When emphasized
Construct a bridge across
The swampy pathway known to man
As life.

LILIES FIRST

Snow on the Autumn leaves
Masking every trail,
Clinging to bittersweet
Tripping down the vale.

Snow bends chrysanthemums
Forming stylish graces,
Roses look on spellbound
Lifting pretty faces.

Snow nurses lily bulbs
Gratifying thirst,
We hope that in God's springtime
Lilies blossom first.

THANKS

Thanks to God
For His healing feast;
We eat and are satisfied,
We drink His cup of pardon, certain
Of His understanding Love.
May our lives reflect
His Image. --Eva R. Hartley

KEY MAGIC

Sapphire tints of sea and sand
Are mutually reflected
When vitalized by inviting breeze
Where dunes of sand collected.
First opal tints then deepening tones
Darken the day's bright dome
When sea winds mock the morning clouds
By lashing waves to foam;
Then all our loves seem near again,
Sharing nature's incantation;
True devotees of sky and sand,
In wordless speculation.

UP WHEELING CREEK

When stars are lost in the neon's glow
And nightfall brings no cooling breeze
I would return to a little old house
All hidden among the trees.
When daylight goes and starlight comes
And sleepy birds sing their vesper thome
In giant trees that stretch their arms
Protectingly above the stream,
When harried by our daily tasks
That creek again comes to my mind ...
The way it seems to pause before
That house and then, meandering uncon-
fined,
It finally flows into the town
Where no trace remains in the muddy stream
Of its other life where it is free,
Where trout still splash and children
scream
And old men fish and dream. Fatigue
Departs, if I, in retrospect,
Can spend brief moments beneath those oaks
Along the placid creek where I still expect
We'll meet again as on the summer day
We found that place remote and yet
So few the miles from our busy streets
On a dusty road we will not forget.

I want to tell you how nice it was to receive all those cards and greetings. Thanks to each and every one who remembered my Birthday.

--Ann S. Wiestling

X-PN4827
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I Need Thee Lord.

Harriet Nicholson

5-DEC

I need Thee Lord each moment of the day,
For well I know there is no other way,
To walk through life and in Thy love abide
Except I walk with Thee, my gracious Guide.

I need Thee Lord when skies are bright and blue
When heavenly thoughts have cast a golden hue,
Upon the earth beneath, rose tones of peace,
I need Thee Lord, my gratitude increase.

I need Thee Lord, as evening shadows fall
When I have failed to know "My God is all"
O leave me not, dry Thou my scalding tear
Right here and now dispel all hidden fear.

Thus may I walk the way O Lord with Thee,
Companion Thou this very hour with me,
In calm and courage may I climb each hill,
Hold Thou my hand Dear Lord, I need Thee still.

X-GN4557
#283
JUN 1

A 1960 QUARTERLY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

NEW YORK IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL

THE CITY WITH EVERYTHING



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Have you recruited anyone for UAPA recently? *English and Journalism Teachers, Librarians, School Paper Staff, Small and Hobby Printers, Neighborhood Newspaper Publishers, etc. are ideal recruits.*

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP
in the

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

I ENCLOSE $1.00 and credential for one year's membership, for which I am to receive the official organ, THE UNITED AMATEUR, be entitled to vote and run for office should I so elect, enter all Laureate competitions, contribute to the official organ and affiliated papers, and receive benefits of all the various bureaus.

I WILL BE ACTIVE IN ☐ WRITING ☐ PUBLISHING ☐ PRINTING

Name ..... Address .....

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Date ..... Proposed by .....

Your credential may be in the form of a poem, short story, essay or paper edited or published by you. Send with check or money order to

EDWARD F. DAAS, Secretary, 545 N. 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Why not contact a prospect now?

X-PN4827
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#285

ON WINGS OF FRIENDSHIP

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Lilian G. Whitaker
2926 East Broadway, Long Beach 3, California

Volume 2 *March, 1960* *Number 10*

5 -APR-1
Copy

H E L L O!

MAY I BE YOUR FRIEND?

On wings of friendship I come today,
Hoping to bring some cheer;
Hoping to share if your way is sad,
Hoping to share if your day is glad,
..... Oh, may I be your friend?

The kind of a friend I'd like to be
Is the kind of a friend Christ is to me;
My love unbiased by race or creed,
My tasks each day for the greater need;
Unselfishly giving of kindly deed, ---
Just as Christ does for me.

your editor

greeting you.....

Printers: *WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES*
Calhoun City, Mississippi

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#286

ON WINGS OF FRIENDSHIP

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor: Lilian G. Whitaker
2926 East Broadway, Long Beach 3, California

Volume 2 *April, 1960* *Number 11*

HELLO!

O, MAY I BE YOUR FRIEND?

On wings of friendship I come today,
Hoping to bring some cheer;
Hoping to share if your way is sad,
Hoping to share if your day is glad,
..... O, may I be your friend?

The kind of a friend I'd like to be
Is the kind of a friend Christ is to me;
My love unbiased by race or creed,
My tasks each day for the greater need;
Unselfishly giving of kindly deed,
Just as Christ does for me.

your editor

greeting you.....

Printers: WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES
Calhoun City, Mississippi

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#287

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GRACE M. WEITMAN, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number One-Hundred Eleven April 1960

SPRINGTIME

In and out
Among the bowers
I see a parade
Of Springtime flowers.
Galaxy of bloom,
Spangled like stars,
Their heady perfume,
No beauty mars.
Maud Strike

Maud Strike, Shellbrook, Saskatchewan, Canada. Born on a farm ten miles from there. Birtday, August 16th. Single. Has had poetry in Western Producer, Farm and Ranch Review, Free Press Weekly, and Poetry Digest. She writes: "I sell fillers of any type to whatever editor is interested. Also sell articles, poems, recipes, household hints and short stories. Create my own knitting and crochet patterns and sell them. Workbasket and Woe Widow have bought the latter and a knitting hint of mine is included in the April issue of Work Basket."

Peggy Mulder, 743 North Philadelphia Street, Anaheim, California. Born October 5, 1909 in Boone County, Illinois. Widow. She writes: "Having reached the age of 50 I find myself the head of the house. I was widowed last September. Our family consists of Roselle (13) and my father who will soon be 85. My son Harry has been away in the navy nearly two years. He is now attending Submarine School in New London, Connecticut. I am going through quite a period of re-adjustments. I do my best to provide a happy home for us. We have our own home and a big yard. I must be the painter, gardener, fix-it man, cook and housekeeper. And I work several days a week. I want to try and do writing - it is a constant hope and dream that never leaves me. I don't know how or where to break through. I haven't reached the point of submitting any of my work to anyone. Because I feel that each of us must do what we can to help our fellow men. I have a project I'd like to tell about. In my four years participation in Girls Scouts, I realized a need. Many girls went without uniforms because of the cost. It started me thinking and I did something about it. With a few dollars given me I have managed to establish and maintain a uniform project. I hunt and buy uniforms and accessories from Thrift Shops and rummage sales, and resell them to the girls. I am not in it for profit, only try to manage to always have enough to go hunting again when my supply runs low. It rarely happens that I do not have a size to fit any girl who needs a uniform. I am happy to have been accepted as a member of U.A.P.A. Many kind members have written and welcomed me. I enjoy the monthly Bundle and admire the writings. I hope, some day, to be a part of it."

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H288

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace M. Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number One-Hundred Twelve May 1960

UNLESS YOU HAVE GIVEN

1960

You have given to art its due
Where tears and dreams interlace,
Or looked at the fangs in the lion's mouth,
Or the world with its huge false face.

You cannot sing to the clamoring throng
With its slogans of black or white,
For these are the soul-starved in weary quest
Of beauty as liquid as light,
Whose islands of truth are Shangri-la
To those who sing in the night.
Martha M. Clark.

* * * * *

Edith W. Harris, 7224 West 14th Street, Minneapolis 26, Minnesota. Born June 14, 1921 at Vancouver, Brithis Colombia, Canada. Married. While ay high school she published a small paper. She writes: "There is quite a story behind its publication. I always loved to write, and started to write a little paper by hand and in ink and pencil, My former school principal got hold of a copy and persuaded a columnist on a local paper to do a story about THE FROZEN NORTH and my need for a typewriter. Following publication of his column, I received a Royal portable from a local business man, who then made inquiries about a mimeograph that someone had and wasn't using so I acquired that also. I published my paper until 1947 but it quickly became a losing proposition financially to such a point that I could no longer afford to continue it. I have been working at various jobs since high school graduation and have been married for five years, so haven't had much time for writing. I would love to write professionally, but One Dollar is the most I have earned for an article. But the joy of expressing thoughts and opinions is such that financial gain is secondary. However, I am still using that battered Royal and sure wish I could earn enough for a new typewriter. Writing, of course, will always be one of my main interests. My hobby at present is collecting cat figurines, and other items with cat themes such as new and old books, new and old-fashioned view-cards and valentines, plates, buttons. I have figurines from twenty states and seven countries, and last Fall won honorable mention at the Minneapolis Lions Club and Hobby Show, for my display. I try to make contacts by mail to obtain cats from different places, and have just started a small collection of cat antiques. Besides being a housewife and working at a nursery part time, I enjoy gardening (we have half an acre), figurine painting, making holiday novelties and centerpieces, photography and reading."

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace M. Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number 119 December 1960

5 DEC 1960
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NEMESIS

At day's end the ghosts ride forth
Twilight phantoms, spurring their mounts...
Sitting them well, carrying bludgeoned trophy skulls
Hoar-headed monsters, hideous and foul
Confessions on horse back.

Each ghost; an instant, better forgotten
Each head; a deed, better buried
Conceived in the day, remembered at night.
Plaguing, hounding, allowing no peace
Killed, damned and deceived
Man, beast, woman and child
Victims, all of them, victims of greed
Of gluttonous, stone-hearted greed.

Listen softly--the ghosts are riding by!
Over my bed
Their hoofs pound into me head
Do you ride beside them tonight?

Jeanine Mason

Jeanine Mason, 427 East Broadway, Waukesha, Wisconsin. Born December , 1937 in Medford, Wisconsin. Married. Children: Karen (15) and Kris (4). She writes: "My hobbies are astronomy, classical piano, oil painting, tailoring and law. The interests and hobbies mentioned above are those I am actively engaged in at the time. Naturally, included in the group would be writing poetry. There are many other sports, interests, etc. too numerous to mention which occupy the time not taken by the above."

PERSPECTIVE

I miss the point in modern art.
What may this scene try to impart?
Confused, I wonder can this be
A cloud or possibly a tree?
A daisy towers over men,
An eagle's smaller than the wren,
A dainty, tiny, climbing flower
Exceeds the height of Eiffel's Tower.
It grieves my nature-loving mind
To see distortion of this kind.

Caroline E. Kauffman

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
THE THIRTY-NINTH ISSUE
MARCH-APRIL, 1960

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Ann S. Wiestling
1410 National Road
Wheeling, West Virginia

RECIPROCITY

I am the sandy shore,
You are the restless sea,
In storm, you lave, explore
The land that belongs to me.

The wind and waters bend
My plants, and age my trees,
The sun and I suspend
Such selfish acts as these.

You are my bread and wine,
I am your Mother Earth,
To harm you, I decline,
Our need is of mutual worth.

Hoosier Challenger Book Award

PRAYER

Itemizing blessings, we espied
Many cups of tulips, dignified,
Offering gold to passersby;
Faith exemplified our guilt,
We grow flowers that never wilt,
Prayer teaches how and why.

OUT HOMESTEAD

We sold our country home today
Our own for fifty years,
The old grindstone, alfalfa hay
And corn - rich golden ears,

An Early Harvest apple tree
Where children loved to swing
Some berry plants; we gave for free
Some baby wrens to sing.

We gave the morning glory vine
That kissed the window pane;
The sunsets that I claimed were mine;
We did not sell for gain.

My Mother kept the rocking chair
And certain roots to start
We lost our little homestead there -
But memories warm the heart.

--Eva R. Hartley

MARCH STORM

Cold Winter lingered long this year,--
A boorish guest who would not go,
(While snows piled high against the house
And weighed the spruce tree's branches low.)

He made a start, he glanced about,
Then sank deep in his chair again.
(The wind outside renewed its wail
And rattled every window pane.)

His robust tales were tiring now
For long ago we'd had our fill.
A thud against protecting glass --
A storm-worn bird clung to the sill.)

"Your coat? Your hat? Your fur-lined
gloves?"
One rudely hinted at which he frowned.
(The gale increased. A resounding crash!
A tree of many years was downed.)

At last he stretched and bid farewell.
His wind-lashed figure marched out of sight
(As the storm died down, I thought I heard
A far Spring song in the growing light.)

THE ANNOUNCEMENT

Something wonderful happened in the night,
Not by calendar nor by decrees,
Filmy curtains swayed in the moonlight
Touched by tropic-laden breeze.

At dawn the catbird's mocking song
Awoke her sleeping devotees,
Then from spirea hedge erc long -
High and clear, a thrush's melodies.

Sweet trills and runs almost ignore
Belief in finite minstrelsies,
Announce true spring is at the door -
Every longing heart agrees.

--Ann S. Wiestling

NOV 1 1960 #291
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
THE FORTY-SECOND ISSUE
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1960

Paul E. Pross, Jr.
840 Argyle
Chicago 40, Illinois

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

WINDFALL

A Column of Verse

DEATH
By Leona Peffly

The seed within the earth is hid,
Buried until the spring;
But from the lowly seedling's grave
Comes a lovelier thing.

A worm is wrapped in silken strands -
As still as death it lies;
Then from the ugly worm's small tomb
A gorgeous creature flies.

Thus I, someday, in death will lie,
For death comes to all things;
Then my free soul, transformer for e'er,
Will rise on golden wings.

COMPENSATION
By Sallie J. Shull

Within the coiling mainsprings of the mind
Lie garnered treasures of remembered things
Which are released, by will, in rhythmic flow
To supplement the need of senses lost.

The splash of color of the western sky
Returns in beauty to the sightless one,
And ears stone-deaf may hear the sighing pines
Or listen to the night bird's serenade.

Ineffable and mystical are words
That lie behind the closed and muted lips,
And spirit-fires may burn with steady flame
For those who live in palaces of dreams.

THE RAIN EATER
By Paul E. Pross, Jr.

And this sharp rain that beat
Against my pin-cushion head;
Could have been white needles of creation
Had I been a rainbow's thread.
--Paul E. Pross, Jr.

APPRECIATION

Your second Vice-President is proud to present to you the column WINDFALL, edited by Paul E. Pross, Jr., our President.

Thanks, readers, for your votes - we deeply appreciate your thoughtfulness and will do our best to make UAPA worth while for you - if you will help us. Watch this page for Association News!

Time forbids my writing each one of you but rest assured I enjoyed the letters and cards that have come. During 1960-61, let's try to be as kind as Bea Winkler, as wide awake as Martha Williams, humorous as Pearl Thomas, alert as Alice Julian, poetical as Geo. J. Crawford, persevering as Eddie Daas, courteous as Otto Anderson, ambitious as Olive Gilbert, cheerful as Kathleen Haley and Frances L. Vaughn, deserving as Lilyan Cuff and as friendly as Grace Weitman. We know other members who would qualify, especially Dr. Thompson!

WHEELING IN THE NEWS' Editors are glad to receive a Presidential Citation from Wilfried Myers. He has done a grand job- we keep in mind he holds a full-time teaching position. We look forward to your publication in the next Bundle, Wilfried.

HARVESTING

A longing came to me some years ago:
That harvest time be softened by a glow
Of love and friendship hearts would understand;
To black and brown I loan a helping hand.

With deep concern I tie each golden sheaf,
Distribute grain that it might bring relief
To man or child; let polished words reach out
With praise, dispelling gloom and doubt.

Then harvest time becomes a magic chest
Where deeds come home for pleasant hours of rest,
Where fertile seeds are planning for rebirth
A time when thoughts mature and spell

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
WHEELING IN THE NEWS
THE FORTY-THIRD ISSUE
NOVEMBER - DECEMBER, 1960

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Paul E. Pross, Jr.
Apt. 212, 840 Argyle
Chicago 40, Illinois

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

WINDFALL
(A Column of Verse)

NIGHT LIFE
By Merlin F. Teed

We met one night in a tavern
A place known as Felice's Cafe,
And a spark ignited between us
That has glowed - even far away.

Who knows what mystic existeth
That comes together over a drink,
Two people searching for something
Will all at once find that it does exist.

The conversation between us took meaning
For at last there is much to share,
No longer is just drinking the answer
For forgetful solace from worldly care.

Soon when the evening is over
And our separate ways we must go,
Each feels a stir of contentment
For the day ahead with joy to behold.

HAPPINESS IN THE HILLS
By Ethel Bierman

Deep in the hills, snugly nestled among
the trees,
Bright little houses warmly proclaim
their joyous triumph
In achieving that which all men seek -
serenity.
A radiant peace envelopes them, signaling
to all the world
That here lies happiness for all who wish
to come and know
The peace and beauty of the hills.
The brightly painted roofs, gleaming in
the sun,
Are gaily colored flags of freedom won
from care and strife.
The brilliant hues of flowers and sweet
songs of birds
Are symbols of love beckoning all to
lasting joy.

PRAYER AT CHRISTMAS
By Eva R. Hartley

For Christmas, Lord, please let me share,
With pilgrims on questing feet,
A heart of love, unselfish prayer
For souls on Bethlehem street.

They wander east, then turn about,
Uncertain - the final goal;
They seek the Star - yet harbor doubt,
And search with a hungry soul.

Thy servant prays for strength to give
To those on this Christmas night,
A heart of love, a joy to live
In Christ, our true source of light.

WONDERING
By Juanita H. Nolte

What train of thought
Coursed through the Virgin's mind
When told she soon would bear
The Prince of Peace?
Did grave concern cast shadows
In her path?
Or did a veil of faith cause care to cease?

YULE THOUGHTS
By George Jay Crawford

Christmas time is coming
All should be glad and gay;
For Christ the Saviour of mankind,
Was born upon this day.
And thus to celebrate His birth,
We gifts to others give;
That we may imitate His life,
And to His statutes live.
Peace on earth, good will to men,
The anthem, let it ring;
Because it is the peace of Christ,
And this is why we sing.
At Christmas time be happy,
Be cheerful and be free;
God loves a cheerful giver,
Say friend, does He love thee?

George Jay Crawford and wife are shut-ins.
E.R.H.

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A New Year Preachment

PN4827
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#294

NEW OF INTEREST FROM UAPA 1962 CONVENTION CITY
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Dear fellow UAPA members:

We'll be Glad To Have You in Birmingham!!

... and one of the nicest things offered the coming 1962 UAPA Convention, July 26-28, is the pleasure of staying at the Molton Hotel—one of Birmingham's better hotels.

All 1962 UAPA Convention actitivies will be held in the Molton, from the first business meeting to the Big Annual Banquet.

The Molton Hotel is air conditioned throughout; Molton is only a short walk from the shopping center ... two blocks to be exact. Within a four square area you'll find the church of your choice — Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, etc.

When you open this folder you'll see one of the every-day menus of the Terrice Grill, just off the lobby of The Molton ... in the Grill you may order just a cup of coffee or tea, or a Banquet for 50 or more persons. The prices are most reasonable.

On the last page of this folder are room rates, please read them over and if you wish additional information, write Mr. William Wright, manager, he will be only too happy to send you inclusive details.

In the meantime if there is anything you wish to know about Birmingham ... write and ask me ...

For the best UAPA ever ....

Most cordially,

Thom Henricks,
Convention Chairman.

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION #295

Published by

The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club

Agnes Staudy, Secretary

3623 East Munkwitz Avenue, Cudahy, Wis.

The 237th meeting of the M. A. P. C. was held Saturday, September 23rd at the home of H. W and Myrah Lawrance. In attendance were Irma Reicis, Jim and Jeanne Bryant, Eddie Daas, Agnes Staudy and, of course, the Lawrances. This was the smallest of our meetings, and began with a story read by Agnes Staudy; a story concerning a widower amd his teen-age twin daughters. She received comprehensive criticism toward the next re-write of the story. Treasurer Evelyn Marbes then dropped in to bring our attendance to "eight". Evelyn will be employed by the Home Show this year and will give talks and show films of various Mrs. America pageants (in connection with the Home Show) to church groups and various clubs. Evelyn was Mrs. Wisconsin in 1958 when she joined us. Jim Bryant read two different beginnings of a story of a harassed housewife who leaves home in the middle of the night and "returns" via a mysterious phone call. He received constructive criticism from our Irma Reitci who always seems to know just what a story needs. Jenne Bryant read a science fiction rewrite anout little "bubble people" who invade the home of a housewife. It is a delightful story in which the little "bubblers" scamper around the house cutting samples of everything around the house, including a swatch from the dog's tail. We enjoyed hearing it again. Myrsh Lawrance read an article called "Tune In On Your Good" about how one can tunebne's mind to the right thoughts and close out the things that tend to distract one. As usual, it was well thought out--and indeed written (we were there when she finished it) under harassing conditions when he: she had to "practice what she wrote". Well done, Myrah. The group then enjoyed coffee and cake and a fun-gab for a while afterwards with our charming hosts.

The 238th meeting of the M.A.P.C. was held Saturday evening, October 21st at the home of Sharon Linakens. Picture, if you can, cars being driven slowly down roads far out in the country, with someone's head sticking out an open window, peering at unlighted road signs and house numbers. A heavy fog somewhat hampered efforts to locate Sharon and Tom's "castle", but we finally made it. In spite of all sixteen members showed up! Young master Scott Linakens met each arrival with a friendly "baby talk" greeting and after looking the crowd over, climbed up on Ray Schmidt's lap and sat there contentedly for most of the evening. What is this fascination you have, Ray? I think Ray enjoyed this young "prospective member" too, judging from the smile on his face. After minutes were read and greeting cards signed, the meeting got under way with a spell-binding story by Joanne Bryant, one of the newer members. It was the last word in timeliness, dealing as it did with Martian visitors, trip to the moon, spacemen, etc. We were fascinated with it and shuddered delightfully as the story unfolded. I don't mind confessing my skin was all "goose bumps" as my imagination pictured the

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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DAWN

The hush of night still lingered in the wood,
Then suddenly and far away
A bird awoke forgreet the day.
To utter thanks for light and life and food.

There, fairy goblets, dew filled, tipped the grass,
And glistened as the sun came up;
Longing his morning Draught to sup
He drank his fill from every tiny glass.

The sweetest warblers their court to pay,
Each insect in its tiny bed,
The bees and butterflies o'er head,
Their homage offered to the lord of day.

Lillian F. King

Lillian Frances King, 911 Euclid Avenue, Long Beach 4, California. Born in Chalfant St. Giles, England. Birthday July 26th. A widow. Children: Lillian Gray, William H. Haupt, Beatrice Pretzinger, Frances Franklyn and Louise Plyley. Has had two poems in Charles Wonasilis' "Realms of Poetry" and poems in numerous publications. She writes: "I love to work in my garden and have a very nice one. Work in my Church. I use my phone a great deal, keeping in touch with sick friends who may need encouragement. I write a lot of letters and enjoy doing that. All very simple things but making up a happy whole, and I enjoy reading."

Raymond L. Bickford, P O Box 612, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Born January 19, 1896 in Greenfield, Massachusetts. Married and has two children: Betty (38) and Leslie (35). Is a regular contributor to Magnet, Circus Review and daily papers. Author of "Art of Clowning" which sells at $1.00 per copy. He is known as Rayford the Clown, former press agent for Hunt Brothers Circus. Likes to collect and read weekly newspapers, country wide and Foreign (if printed in English). National Chairman of the Clown Club of America. Would like to get in touch with some one capable of printing a 5X8 or 6X9 paper.

The ways of the world are not cruel
If we observe the golden rule,
Co-operation with one another
And then realization that I am your brother.

Emma Barnett

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NOW!

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

EXTRA EDITION



THEDA L.POBST, EDITOR STAR ROUTE, LEAVENWORTH, WASH.

This issue dedicated to all shut-ins and to those who care for them.....

THESE AND THE BRAVE

They cannot battle in the worldly markets
Nor set a price upon a day's work done.
But, smiling, when a smile is sheer endurance
They earn a place beneath a kindlier sun.

...Theda

SEASON OF GRIEF
by
Elizabeth Mobry

Fear not the darkness or the ache.
They shall not always be.
Our hearts are seeds that God must break
To set our spirits free.

Folks, our guest poet this time is Elizabeth Mobry (non-member). She is a shut-in and a really inspired poet. Several of her poems have appeared in Catholic Publications. I have yet to read one of her poems that did not carry a message of courage and faith. ...Katie is back again, with an article. Katie knows her subject! ...Would like to mention here the fine work of one of our UAPA members, Margie Bin! Her "Shower of Roses" mag, for shut-ins is one of the best. ...Blessings on all the "Katies" and the "Margies".

WANTED: A very few carefully thought-out poems for the September and December issues of NOW. Deadline for September poems..July 25th., for December poems, October 25th. Unless you are invited as a guest I am asking for contributions from heretofore non-contributing members ONLY. (This means YOU who have NEVER contributed to any Bundle Paper thus far.) I hope to encourage more active participation and ask your help in raising the standards of amateur verse. (Any criticism of my work is welcome). Remember the dictionary (and even the hated book of grammar are not to be scorned). Oh horrors! grammar..in poetry? (Light verse the exception..) Some readers don't care ... but some do! Will you help?

Nothing over 16 lines please, in order to present more poets. 12 lines or less even more welcome! How about some free verse? (Not necessarily "free-for-all"). And all of us have a terrific postage bill...so I repeat, SASE! Your little brain kiddies are safe, with old Aunt Theda, but please see that they have a "round-trip ticket!"

T.L.P.